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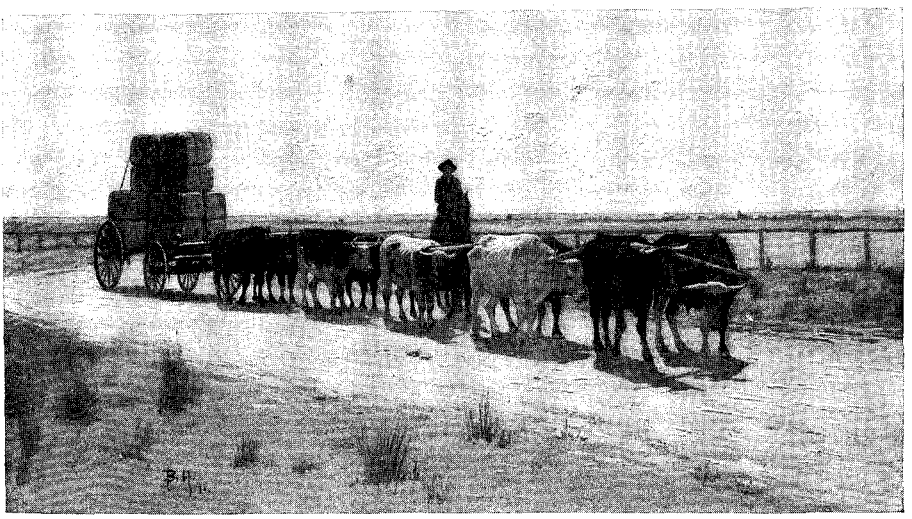

Hauling the Wool to Melbourne.

STATION LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

By Sidney Dickinson.

AUSTRALIA, the island-continent, resembles, to those who are acquainted with it, one of the atolls that lie in the tropic waters about it, being, in effect, a great ring of fertile soil surrounded by the barrenness of ocean, and enclosing, in its turn, a desolate sea of rock and sand. Dwellers upon the outer and inner circumferences of this circle look upon similar horizons. One is formed of water, the other of land, but both are equally flat and unbroken, both suggest infinite spaces, and both tire the eye with their aspect of unrelieved monotony. In this inhospitable land of interior Australia all the kindly influences of nature fail. The rain-clouds shun it or pass over it without meeting the hills that should arrest their course and pour them down in showers upon the yearning soil; rivers, wandering inland from their sources near the shore, sink into it without causing it to smile; its secrets are locked in perpetual drought, and its histories are written in the bones of men and beasts that, striving to penetrate its mysteries, only added thereto by the uncertainty of the fate that overtook them in its wilds.

Along the entire coast-line of Australia, and extending inland variously for a distance of from fifty to two hundred miles, is a belt of rich, arable land, which, although not unvisited locally by drought in certain seasons, rarely disappoints the growers of grain and

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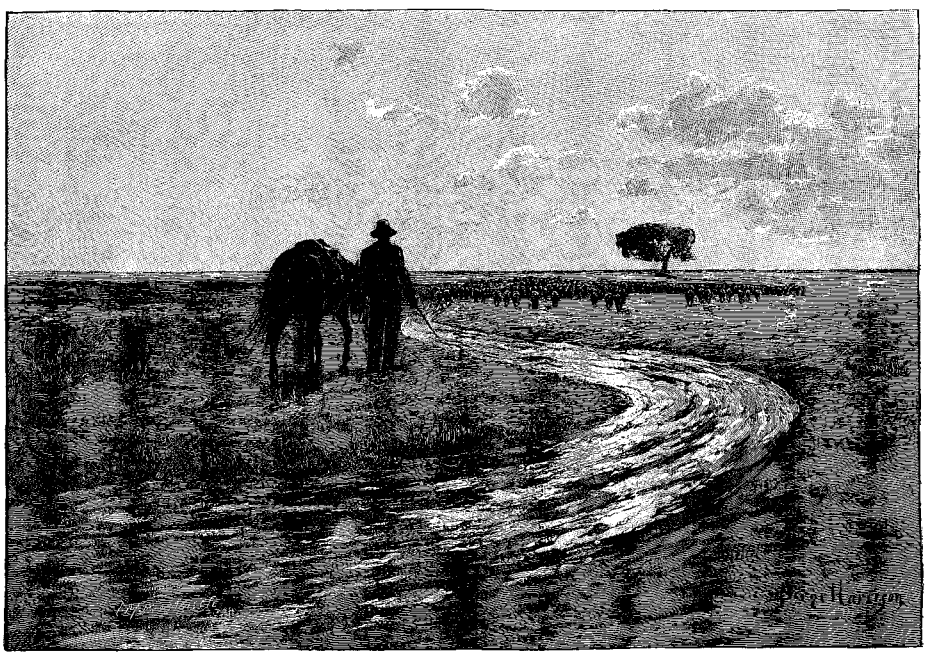
fruit, and of all necessary things that spring from fertile soil. In these regions the grass grows rankly and the wheat waves thickly under genial skies; the valleys and hill-sides are rich in orchards and vineyards, and the slopes of the mountains are covered with a jungle of "scrub," out of which, like pillars in a cathedral, the boles of enormous eucalypts project themselves. Here dairies flourish, and apples, oranges, figs, and all other cheerful fruits ripen in the semi-torrid sun, and a thousand spouting presses pour forth juices which, by their superb bouquet, recall to travelled minds the floods from Burgundian wine-tubs, and choicest samples from the tuns of Bordeaux. No country exists of finer possibilities (nor, when its youth is considered, of more encouraging achievement) than this of the Australian littoral, which is already well cult of description, and less well defined. It is a country of vast spaces and expanding views, now extending in level and unbroken stretches for a hundred miles, and again presenting enormous belts of stunted timber, streaked by infrequent and capricious streams; here showing shallow lakes with barren shores, and there a cone whose even slope confirms the evidence already given by the volcanic nature of the soil. In these districts one misses both the richness of the coastal farms and the barrenness of the dead interior, yet catches suggestions of each. The soil is not adapted to vegetables and grain, yet the heavy growth of "bush," the occasional waterways and ponds, and the occurrence of nutritious grasses forbid its abandonment. Even at its best, however, it is not the place where an experienced American or British farmer would look



Driving the "Culls" to Market.

developed from Brisbane round to Adelaide, and includes in its capabilities the growth of every food that is known to man.

Between this zone of Australia Felix and the haggard desert within lies another region, more irregular, more difficult for profit, and only after the autumn and winter rains is there a trace of green upon it. Early in the history of the colonies efforts were made to reclaim and cultivate it, but all ended in failure. The soil was obdurate, the droughts were frequent and protracted, and often

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Making a Dam.

broke up in destructive floods; agriculture fought a losing fight for a time and then succumbed, and millions of acres in Australia's middle belt would have been abandoned to the desert had it not been that Providence saw fit, in ages agone, to give to humanity one animal—the sheep.

In every phase of Australian development one observes the influence of the Scotch. These people, the best of all British colonists, are found in all parts of the country, and in many towns, and conspicuously in Melbourne and Adelaide control affairs and give the prevalent tone to society. Observing the important part they have played in the history of the country, it is natural enough to find them credited with the inauguration of that industry which has had the chief influence in making the Australians, in proportion to their numbers, the richest people in the world.*

* The latest available statistics (1890) show that the average wealth of Victoria is £390 per head of population, and of New South Wales £360 per head. The United States is second only to Australia in average wealth, £240 per head.

The history of Australian wool-growing began in 1793, when Mr. John McArthur, of Sydney, landed at that port a herd of eight fine-woolled sheep from the Cape of Good Hope. The success which crowned his venture, in the shape of a rapid improvement in the quantity and quality of the wool that these sheep produced, was so great that Mr. McArthur, ten years later, sailed for Europe to secure some specimens of Spanish merinos, for which he believed the hot, dry climate of pastoral Australia was particularly adapted. The Spaniards, however, knew the value of their flocks, and had made the exportation of merinos a capital offence. Therefore the Australian Jason, disappointed in his quest for this fleece, which, if not itself golden, he believed would put much gold into his pocket, returned to England, where his enthusiastic accounts of Australia reached the interested ears of the farmer-king, George III. As McArthur's luck would have it, the king, some years before, had been presented

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by his cousin of Spain with a pair of the finest of these merinos, and from the increase thereof he graciously gave to the Australian four splendid animals, with which he set sail rejoicing. These high bred sheep landed safely in Australia, and fully realized all the expectations of their owner; they improved the grade of wool, and so increased and multiplied that, at the end of 1890, their progeny had spread all over Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, and numbered 101,267,084 individuals, representing, with the land upon which they pastured, at least £400,000,000.* Newfangled notions prevail but slowly in Australia, and it was not until about 1830 that Mr. McArthur's enterprise was generally imitated. Then, however, there was an important movement into the interior, and the wilds of New South Wales and Victoria were startled by the unaccustomed sight of wagon-trains "trekking" across the wastes in search of a new Canaan of sheep and wool. The early "squatter" came with a conquering air. Before him lay limitless regions, absolutely ownerless save of nomadic tribes of blacks, and as he ascended some gentle slope, and saw the vast expanse of plain and forest, stream and lake that stretched around him on every hand, he extended his arms like the discoverer of a new world and cried: "All that I see is mine." This act was his title-deed, and was not disputed until, years after, the state interfered to control, in some small measure, its ravished domain; he pitched his tents, like Abraham, amid his flocks and herds, and apportioning territories as large as many European principalities among his sons and daughters, lived in truly patriarchal fashion, and reaped the rewards of virtue and of an eye for the "main chance." It is scarcely necessary to say that the Scotch were conspicuous in this hegira, and that the list of squatters throughout Australia to-day reads like the bead-roll of a Highland clan.

A remarkable concurrence of fortunate events assisted the early squatters. The Government of the day supplied them with all the convict labor they desired in the guise of "assigned servants," and for twenty years they saw their flocks increase, and clipped and sent away their wool, with very little expense to themselves. When, about the year 1850, over-production reduced profits until fat sheep were sold at a shilling a head, and the business seemed on the verge of failure, the discovery of gold drew hundreds of thousands to Victoria and New South Wales to devour the surplus and restore confidence. When the ensuing increase again brought supply and demand into equilibrium, the American war broke out and advanced the price of wool, and later still, when the competition of the Argentine Republic began to be felt, the frozen-mutton industry arose, and again brought sheep quotations to the comparatively remunerative figure of seven and eight shillings per head, where they still remain. It is impossible to secure information as to the total wealth that has accrued to these lucky squatters through such exceptional circumstances, yet there are many individuals whose present annual income is from £10,000 to £100,000, and one pastoral king, who owns some thirty "stations" in Victoria, Queensland, and New South Wales, recently informed me that his net profit in 1890 was £192,000.

Many of the Australian stations are of magnificent proportions. "Old Jimmy Tyson," as he is familiarly known, who is reputed to be the wealthiest man in Australia, and worth at least £2,000,000, pastures 70,000 head of cattle upon a single one of his properties, and owns stations, both in New South Wales and Queensland, each of which is larger than Bavaria. Mr. Alison, of New South Wales, in his two adjoining stations of Mergular and Canonbar, holds an area greater than Belgium, and in the same colony Mr. William Halliday's "Brookong" station (one of the finest in Australia) comprises 200,000 acres and carries 250,000 sheep. The three stations in the Riverina district of New South Wales, owned by Mr. Henry Ricketson, upon which most of the material and illustrations for this article were secured, carry over 200,000 sheep, but are small compared with some of his other properties, one

*The average annual increase of sheep in the last ten years, throughout Australasia, has been 3,500,000.

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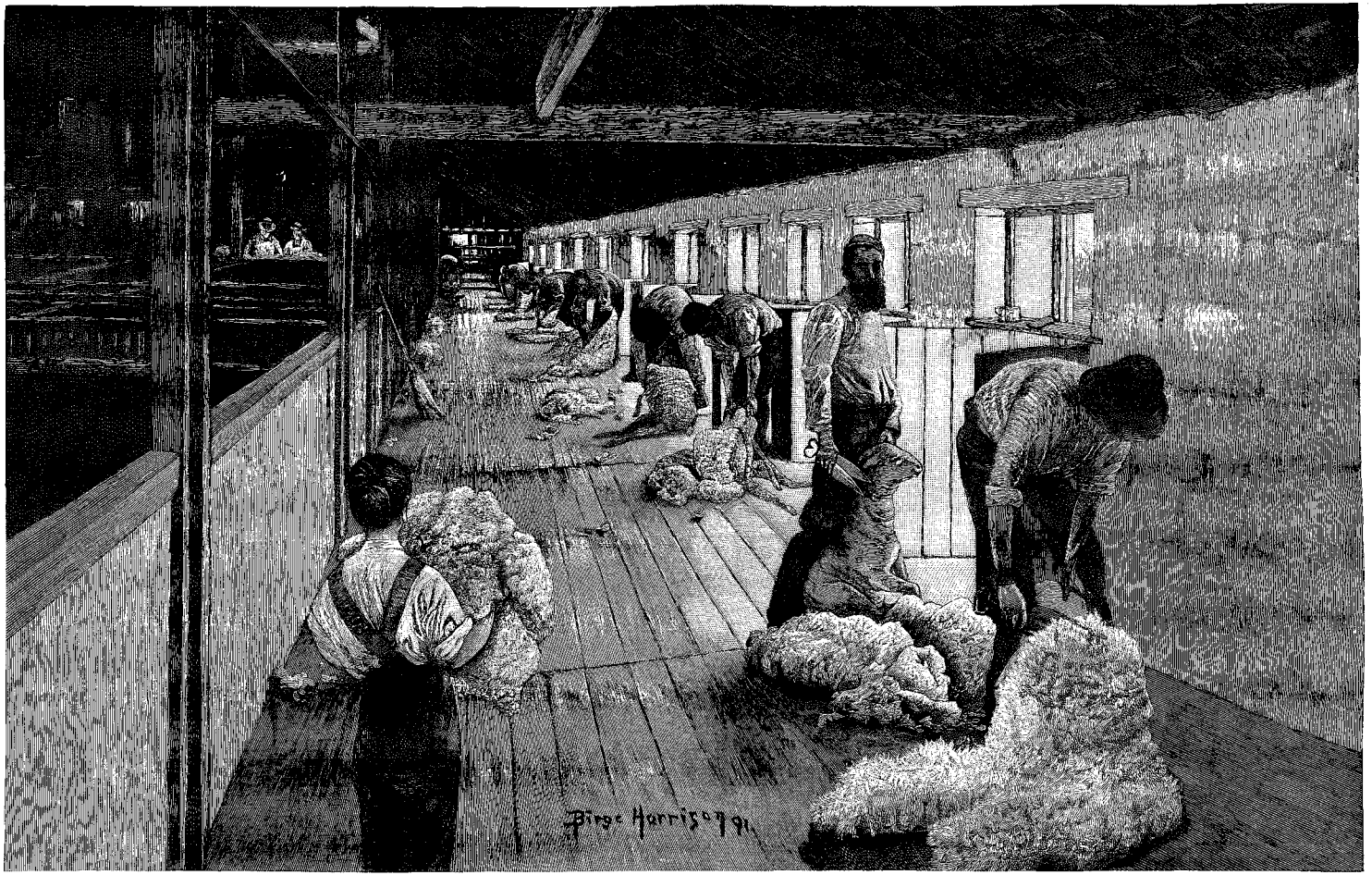

DRAWN BY BIRGE HARRISON.

The Shearing.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

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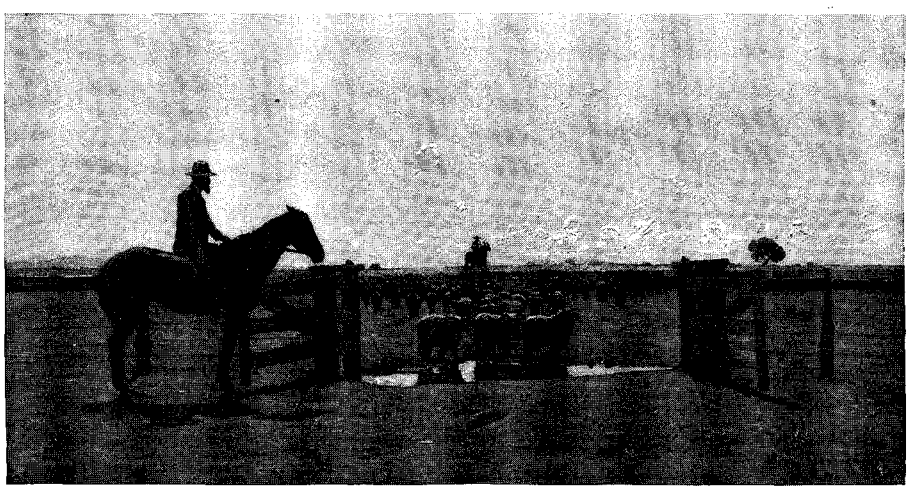
station in Queensland consisting of over 753,000 acres, or 1,177 square miles. The stations of Fairbairn & Sons, in southern Queensland, and of Elder, Smith & Co., in South Australia, carry over half a million sheep each, and assist very materially in swelling the enormous wool clip of Australia. Figures like the above might be quoted indefinitely, but it is enough to say that at present the pastoral lands of Australia include an area somewhat in excess of that of all the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, the two Virginias, Kentucky, and Tennessee combined.

The acquisition, practically without cost, of enormous station properties naturally attracted the attention of the various colonial governments, and after a spirited fight between interests already established on the soil and those that sought to assume possession of it, laws were passed restricting the holding of each individual, and throwing open a large part of the country to "selection." As the purpose of this article is descriptive, rather than statistical or historical, it is unnecessary to enumerate the provisions of the various laws that were passed upon this subject. It is enough to say that they were very frequently evaded, and that, although the amount of land which any one individual was allowed to retain was gradually restricted, and at last brought down to the present figure of 320 acres, the large station-owners managed to hold on to most of their possessions by the use of "dummies." By this device the squatter himself, all the members of his family, his servants, shepherds, boundary-riders, station-hands, and rabbiters each registered a section, the dummies duly handing their "selection" over to the original holder for a slight consideration. Here and there a crafty one, perceiving the strength of his position, refused to surrender his "selection," and set up for himself in the midst of his employer's acres, where he remained, as a thorn in the flesh to the latter, until induced to move by a substantial bribe. To the present day many directors of such a *coup* remain, forming the class known as "cockatoo farmers," who are regarded by the squatters as an intolerable nuisance—a distinction which they often seek to perpetuate by exercising their right of running roads to their domains through the surrounding properties, leaving gates open between various "paddocks" and thus mixing the sheep; pasturing their own small flocks upon the "runs" about them, and by a thousand petty annoyances forcing the sale of their holdings at three or four times their real value. In general the laws authorizing "selection" upon station properties were quite unjustifiable. They were passed in order to promote agricultural enterprise, but most of the



Changing Paddocks.

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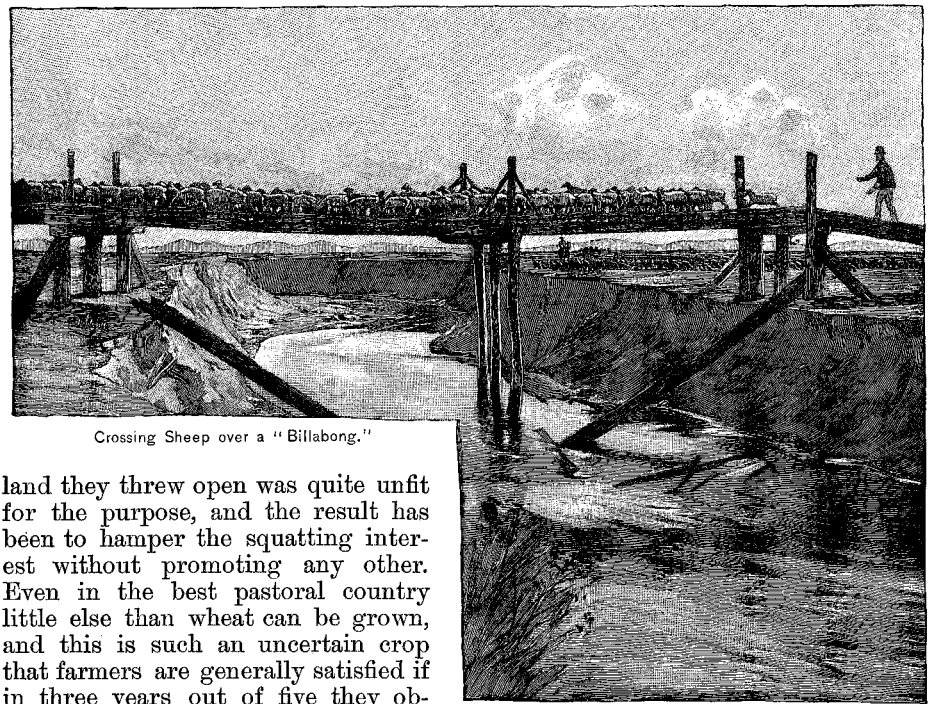

Crossing Sheep over a "Billabong."

land they threw open was quite unfit for the purpose, and the result has been to hamper the squatting interest without promoting any other. Even in the best pastoral country little else than wheat can be grown, and this is such an uncertain crop that farmers are generally satisfied if in three years out of five they obtain a remunerative harvest. A time may come when it will be necessary to extend the agricultural area in order to accommodate the increasing population. That time, however, is still far distant, nor can the greater portion of the land now given up to sheep ever be utilized for husbandry without extensive and costly irrigation.

Nothing can appear more unpromising to the unpractised eye, either for agriculture or any other useful purpose, than most of the pastoral land in Australia. It consists chiefly of endless plains of sunbaked red and yellow clay, sparsely carpeted with short, dry grass, which is in many places so scant that the sheep seemed pastured upon absolutely bare soil. The experienced squatter, however, has discovered that this sterile expanse produces a grass which, while it seems to wither, retains decided nutritive qualities. Although it can support but a limited number of sheep to the acre, it affords these few a rich and fattening diet.* By watching the "paddocks," as the various fields are called (some of these "paddocks" contain 12,000 acres), and changing the flocks from one to another as necessity may demand, he keeps them in excellent order; and although he has learned many bitter lessons from former years of drought, he generally manages to prosper in spite of apparently hostile conditions. He has been taught to place little dependence upon the yearly rainfall, and stores in "dams" (as he calls his reservoirs scooped out in the hard soil) the abundance of one season against the possible dearth of the next. When grass is plentiful and rank, he garners great quantities of it in stacks or ensilage pits, and endures a siege of two or three years of famine with untroubled mind. Losses he has in these

* The grazing value of Australian land varies greatly. Fair pastoral country will carry one sheep to the acre, and an average of one sheep to two, or even three acres is not to be despised. Even a ratio of one sheep to five acres is not unusual. In the Colac district of Victoria, which is one of the richest in the Colonies, the land will carry three or four sheep to the acre, but can here be worked to greater profit for agricultural purposes.

The value of stations is gauged by the number of sheep upon them. A fair average is about £3 per sheep, with land, buildings, implements, dams, and all other fixtures thrown in. The best properties of Victoria and New South Wales are valued at from £4 10*s.* to £7, and even £10, per acre for the land alone, and in case of sales on this basis the stock are either sold by auction, or taken by the purchaser of the land at a valuation.

The average income of station properties is from five per cent. to twelve per cent., according to season and the skill of the manager.

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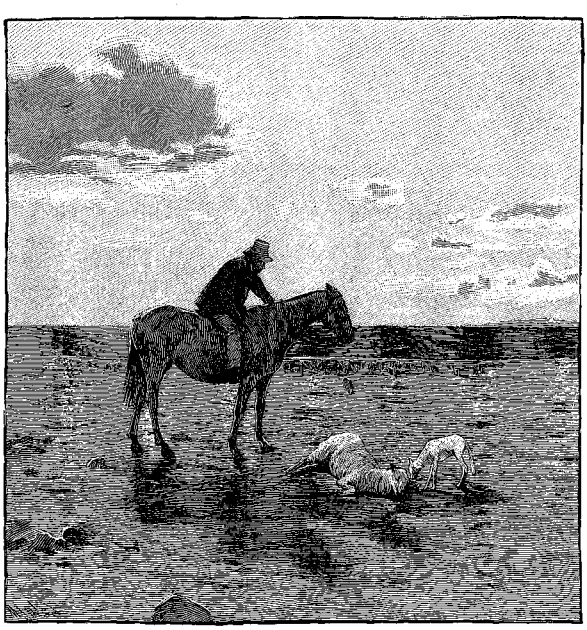
seasons, of course; but they are slight compared with the ruin which often threatened him in former times, and one good year at present more than atones for two bad ones. It is a matter of congratulation, however, when the seasons of ripening and of rain follow each other in due order. The average squatter is not an emotional person, but he is nevertheless accustomed to rejoice loudly when he hears the tumultuous downrushing of the autumn rain reverberating upon his roof of corrugated iron, promising rich pasturage for the lambing ewes and consequent strength to their offspring. It is astonishing to look forth over the expanse of these erstwhile barren plains and see how suddenly they revive at the touch of the showers. In a few hours the brown wastes of burnt earth are veiled in delicate green, and in a week the grass is ankle-deep, and the sheep, like the young woman observed by the elder Weller at the Ebenezer Junction tea-drinking, seem "swellin' wisibly before our wery eyes." The tenacity of the soil, which militates against the growth of crops, assists the grass by holding the water near the surface, where it can be drunk up by the thirsty roots; and so rankly does it grow that the ducks and geese leave the rivers, and the cranes and herons the fens, to feed upon its juicy substance as it lies half-sodden in shallow pools.



An Orphan.

The life and cultivation of the sheep represent the mainspring of station experience; the squatter's year begins and ends in the sign of the Ram. The twelvemonth which affords elsewhere four seasons, brings to pastoral Australia but two—those of shearing and lambing. Both are periods of feverish activity and arduous toil, while between them life is easy and even indolent. The shearing season, although lasting only two or three months in any one section, comprises in its complete round nearly nine months of the year. It is earliest in the hot districts of northern Queensland, where it begins in February—the August of the South's inverted year—and slowly spreads down over the country, carrying with it the enormous nomadic bands of shearers, through New South Wales and Victoria, where it ends during October. From Victoria many shearers pass over to Tasmania and New Zealand, where, the climate being cooler, shearing does not end until midsummer.*

The shearer is a distinct identity, a peculiar element in the ranks of Australian labor. He holds himself aloof from the ordinary workers, and looks upon his employment in the light of a profession. He is usually well to do, and owns his horse and equipment. He is often a small "selector," who takes a turn at shearing to help out his income; or the son of a prosperous farmer. He is also, as a rule,

* The wool clip in Australasia in 1890 amounted to 1,600,000 bales, of the aggregate value of about £25,000,000. About seventy per cent. of wool exported is greasy, and thirty per cent. scoured, and last year's prices were, on the average, 10½*d.* and 18*d.* respectively. These prices are well up to the average of the last twenty years. There is great variation in the weights of fleeces before and after scouring. There are records of clips weighing thirty pounds each before scouring, but nearly two-thirds of the weight disappeared when the wool was ready for manufacture; six-pound fleeces (scoured) are, however, very common.

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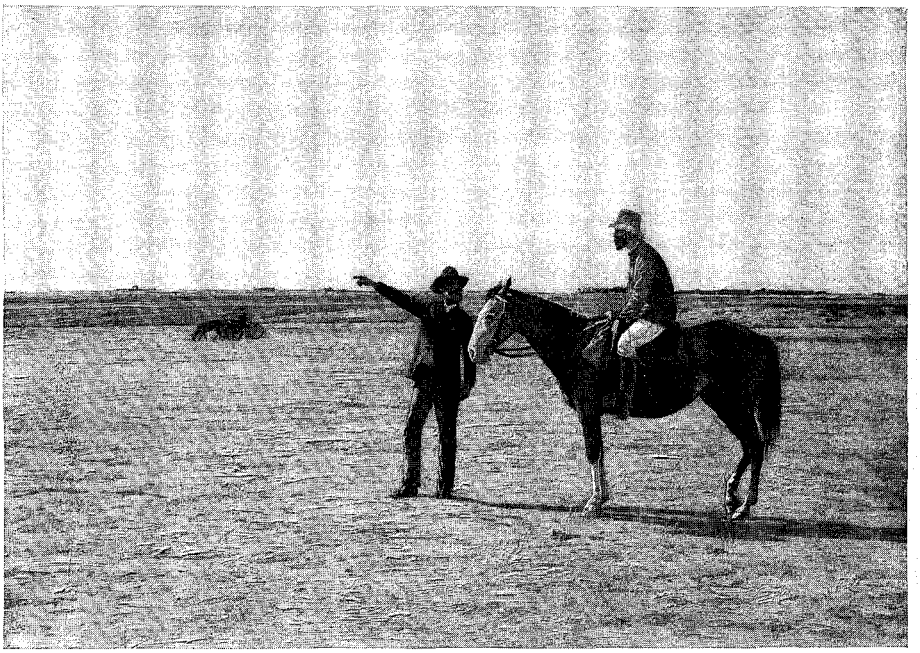

The Boundary Rider's Orders.

frugal and temperate, and by careful investment of his money may even rise in time to become a station-owner himself. Many of the shearing fraternity, however, confess to a taste for pleasure, and when the season is over, and they have received their checks for £120 or £150 (for all payments for station work are made in checks, and not in cash), they settle down at some convenient "bush pub." until they have "knocked it down" (to use their own expressive vernacular) for the board and lodging and poisonous liquor which the establishment provides. When their money is exhausted they are turned out, and "humping bluey" (shouldering their blanket) and carrying a smoke-blackened "billy," or tin pail for making tea, they sally forth into the hot summer weather and make their way northward again to await the opening of another shearing season.* In this estate they swell the noble army of "swagmen" or "sundowners," who are chiefly the fearful human wrecks which the ebbing tide of mining enterprise has left stranded in Australia, and who have earned the title above quoted by their habit of turning up at sunset at the station gates to demand a night's lodging. Their demand is seldom refused; in fact every well-equipped station has its "travellers' hut" for the accommodation of these gentry. Nor are rations withheld. They are all provided with the regulation pound of mutton, and the pint of flour for the evening "damper"—an unleavened cake baked upon the coals, which would confuse the digestive powers of any other stomach than that of the ostrich or a swagman. The native hospitality of the squatters accounts in part for this treatment, but it is largely abetted by the rejected "sundowner's" habit of killing a few sheep as he passes through the paddocks, wringing the necks of

* Shearers make use of an ordinary jargon, in converse among themselves, of which the stranger can make little or nothing. The following sentence was repeated to the writer by a gentleman who overheard it in a conversation between two shearers in the "back blocks" of New South Wales: "I waltzed down to the shed, took down the tongs (shears), pulled out a blooming papillon (woolly sheep), and was going down the whipping side (right side) with both blades heavily loaded (with all expedition) when the boss came up and shot me dead (discharged me). I went back to the hut with a hop, skip, and a jump, collared my swag (seized my blankets), chucked the hide on the old crocodile (saddled the horse), went down river like a frog (with long jumps at full speed), and had clipped a hundred and forty by sundown the next afternoon."

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DRAWN BY BIRGE HARRISON.

Night on the Plains.

ENGRAVED BY SCHUSSLER.

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stray geese, or "accidentally" dropping a lighted match under some hayrick or woolshed. Station-owners stand in wholesome awe of these vagrants, of whom it is not uncommon for a single station to quarter and feed as many as three or four thousand in a year. The unwritten law of station usage forbids them to remain for more than one night in any given place; having enjoyed shelter and the provisions above described, they must in the early morning resume their journey.

A station at shearing time is one of the busiest places in the world. Hundreds of men are actively engaged in the multitudinous exercises which the occasion demands. Some are driving in the flocks from paddocks that are often forty and fifty miles away. Others are washing the sheep, drafting the various kinds into appropriate pens, dipping those that give indications of disease, and tarring the cuts made by the shears; while the shouts of the herders and the shrill barking of the sheep-dogs add to the excitement. In the long shearing-shed, roofed with corrugated iron, and furnished on one side with pens packed with sheep awaiting the rape of their fleece, a score or two of men, bent half double, and each with a woolly animal between his knees, rapidly ply the gleaming shears. The warm and greasy coat falls around the shearer in unbroken masses; in a few minutes the sheep, a naked and grotesque parody of his former rounded self, is ejected through a small door in the side of the shed, and another, dragged forth by the hind leg and unavailingly kicking and struggling upon the slippery floor, is undergoing the same operation. The rapidity with which the most experienced shearers work is remarkable. A first-class hand will clip from 120 to 140 sheep in a day, and earn therefor the comfortable wage of 15 to 18 shillings. In many sheds the click of the shears has been exchanged for the whirr and rattle of the shearing machines, which, although no quicker than an experienced workman, give a cleaner cut, and, in skilled hands, do not wound the animals. As fast as the fleeces fall they are gathered up by boys and carried to the sorters, and thence to the presses, where they are condensed into bales, marked with the device and number of the station, and then loaded upon drays for conveyance to the nearest railway by straining "bullock teams." These picturesque trains of six or seven yoke of oxen are not owned by the squatters as a rule, but by professional teamsters, who follow the movements of the shearers, and truck the wool from the stations at a price agreed upon. Arrived at the great wool stores of Melbourne or Sydney, Brisbane or Adelaide, hydraulic presses squeeze three of the bales into the space that one occupied before, and they are then ready for their long voyage to London or Antwerp.

The shearers are quartered on the station, either in the huts which surround the homestead buildings, or in tents pitched hard by, wherefrom at night are heard to issue gay sounds of revelry, accompanied by the dulcet strains of an accordion, or of fiddle scraped with strenuous bow. The shearer's life, although a hard one, is free and healthy, and has its attractions.

The shearing fraternity, like every other body of laborers in Australia, is highly organized, and has a powerful "Union," with connections and ramifications all over the Colonies. So important has this body become of late that an opposing combination has been formed by the squatters, under the name of the Pastoralists' Union, to resist their exactions. A contest unparalleled in the history of the country has recently been going on between these organizations in Queensland. The bone of contention has been the principle of "freedom of contract," the pastoralists insisting that they should be allowed to hire anyone whom they chose, and the shearers demanding that only members of the Shearers' Union should be employed. There was no issue raised as to wages or hours of work, both sides being practically agreed upon these points. As the squatters refused to relinquish their rights in engaging whomsoever they wished, a general strike was ordered, every union shearer refused work just as the shearing season opened, and camps of armed Unionists were formed

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upon the routes between the stations and the railways, in order to intercept any free laborers who might come to offer their services to the squatters. The country was also patrolled by mounted shearers armed with rifles and revolvers, and uttering sanguinary threats against the station-owners and all who should venture to assist them. Many woolsheds and fences were burned, and only the timely occurrence of rain prevented the use of the "fire-stick" upon the dry grass of the runs. The squatters sent to Melbourne and Sydney, and brought up steamer after steamer loaded with "free" labor, and called upon the Government to protect them. The Government responded by sending to the scene of action police, mounted troops, and Gatling-guns, and marched the laborers through howling hordes of Unionists to their destination. Many arrests for intimidation, followed by trials and imprisonment, kept the strikers within bounds, and after three months of obstruction on one side, and dogged persistency on the other, the shearing was completed. The expenses of the struggle to the Government, the squatters, and the Shearers' Union were enormous, aggregating, it is estimated, something over $1,000,000. The most serious aspect of the case is that, although defeated, the Unionists show every intention to renew the fight at the first opportunity, and, by striking at the leading industry of the Colonies, to involve an enormous class of landowners and agents, shipping, brokerage, and commercial firms in the labor war which has already hindered by twenty years Australia's full development.

The labor of shearing is lightened and brightened by the number who engage in it. The toils of the lambing season, however, fall entirely upon the permanent force of the station, which is never large, and in an unfavorable year this limited contingent has abundant work cut out for it. The visitor to Australian stations is, in fact, apt to be surprised at the small number of men engaged upon them. The invention of wire fencing permits the vast runs to be cut up into convenient sections at small expense, so that the numerous shepherds who were formerly indispensable are now no longer required. Indeed, the working force of the largest modern station may be limited to a manager, two boundary-riders, and three or four hands for general work. If the summer rains have been copious, and a rich carpet of new grass invites the pregnant ewes, there need be no apprehension of unfavorable results. But if the blazing skies of January and February have withheld their moisture, and March has come and gone without its expected showers, there is trouble ahead, and much vexation of spirit. The ewes, scantily fed upon the juiceless grasses, grow weak, and when their hour of trial comes fall in thousands and die of starvation; while their offspring, deprived of sustenance, sprinkle the plains with pitiful fluffy balls. When these conditions prevail the whole station must be constantly patrolled, the fallen ewes assisted to rise and gently led to the water-holes, and to the hay which is carted out by tons from the station-yard, while the motherless lambs are taken to the homestead to be nourished by hand. But in spite of all attention hundreds will die and all the flocks be much weakened. In former years a severe drought in lambing-time spelled ruin, and as many as 20,000 sheep often died on a single run; but nowadays the squatters are well armed against it and regard it with little apprehension.*

One frequent accompaniment of drought, however, the squatter still holds in mortal terror, and that is fire. Every dry season brings its story of acres blackened, homesteads ruined, and sheep destroyed, and no amount of foresight avails to avert the catastrophe. A fire on the vast Australian ranges is as terrible as the prairie fires of the American Northwest, and a thousand times more destructive. Driven by the fierce north wind that often bears down with hurricane force across the whole country, it passes on with the speed of an express train, leaping the rivers, climb-

* About one-third of the total number of sheep on a station are breeding-ewes, from which an annual increase of from seventy-five to eighty-five per cent. is reckoned. It is considered a "bad year" when a fifty per cent. increase is secured. About one-fourth of the flocks are sold annually, in the shape of "culls" for the butchers or as "store sheep" to the small farmers, who fatten them for the market. Those that are poorest as wool-growers are selected for such disposition.

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ing the mountains, dissolving the forests, and burning to a cinder all the sheep and cattle in its path. To guard as far as possible against this calamity most stringent laws exist concerning the careless or criminal use of fire. Station hands in the dry season watch a lighted match as anxiously as if they stood upon a powder magazine, and on days when the north wind is abroad will even deny themselves their cherished smoke, lest a single spark falling upon the tinder-like grass should involve the whole region in flame. An equal danger, in stations which front the rivers, or the tortuous creeks that empty into them, is sometimes found in fire's opposing element, water. Although the local skies are like brass, and the earth under foot like ashes, heavy floods may be collecting in the upper stretches of the river. The sheep have perhaps for days and weeks been cropping the scanty pasturage that the drought has spared upon the edge of the stream, which now consists merely of a succession of water-holes between long stretches of sun-cracked mud. Then, in the middle of the night, perhaps, there comes the rush of clammy wind that forms the *avant courrier* of the storm, and when the morning dawns the river is "running a banker," the plains, as far as the eye can reach, are covered with a muddy sea, and down the tawny current the drowned sheep roll in thousands, entangled amid the wreck of fences and uprooted trunks of trees. Against such vicissitudes must the squatter strive lest he become too full of fatness and forget the weak estate of mortals.

The manager of a station must be a man who has had experience of these things and overcome them. In him is vested an absolute control of properties which their owner, immersed in other pursuits in Melbourne, Sydney, or even England, often leaves unreservedly in his hands for months and years together. His work is nominally light, but his responsibility is enormous. He must control every enterprise that is being carried out upon the often vast area under his supervision; attend to the station's equipment and accounts; forecast, as far as possible, the occurrence of wet or dry seasons, and be prepared for either; see that the sheep are sufficiently nourished but not overfed, and keep himself informed as to the exact condition of every flock upon the run. He must vigilantly watch for the appearance of foot-rot (scab is now unknown in Australia), a neglected case of which may result in contamination that will cost his principal thousands of pounds; he must fix the date of shearing, and make full preparations for the lambing season; select the sheep for the market; separate grade from grade, and attend promptly to the thousand and one details which changing conditions thrust constantly upon him.

The manager's lieutenants are the "boundary-riders," whose duty it is to patrol the estate and keep him informed upon every portion of it. These are young, active men, to whom fifty miles a day upon horseback is mere pastime; well educated often, not a few of them younger sons of patrician English families, all habituated to fatigue and hardship, and finding in the free, wild life of the plains a fascination from which they rarely break away. The nature of their duties may be partially understood from the following conversation. We had sat down to supper, the artist and the writer, with the station manager and two of his "boundary-riders." One was old in the business, the other was acquiring a knowledge of his duties through stern experience.

"Where have you been to-day?" asked the manager, addressing the latter.

"I have been along the river for ten miles, then crossed over to No. 4 paddock, came down by the woolshed, and around by So-and-So's selection to the house again."

"Ah! that's about thirty miles; you took your time about it. Did you find much water in the Seven-mile Bend?"

"Well, there was a decent bit of water there."

"There was, was there? And how high was it? Did it touch the roots of the old red gum, or was it only up to the burnt stump?"

"I didn't notice; it seemed a goodish height."

"You didn't notice? What did you go there for if not to notice?"

"I went there because I saw some

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horses there, and wanted to see whose they were."

"And whose were they?"

"They were ours."

"All of them?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"So you don't know? Did you take any particular note of their brands? How were they marked and colored?"

"Well, all the brands I saw were our brands. One horse was white, and there were two black ones, one of them a mare, and four bays, one with the nigh hind foot white, and a docked tail."

"Well, I'll be hanged! And don't you know that that is one of old Mac-Taggart's horses? Been on the station three months, and only a matter of a couple of hundred horses on it, and you don't know their marks yet? The fence is down somewhere; did you find the break?"

"I didn't go to look; the fence was half a mile from where I was."

"You go and look to-morrow. The idea of a man supposed to be a boundary-rider and not knowing MacTaggart's horses! And how high is the grass in the paddock with the last batch of weaners?"

"Oh, it's a pretty good height."

"But how high—half an inch or an inch? I want to know how long it's going to last them this dry weather. And did you see any new rabbit burrows anywhere?"

"I don't recollect any."

"In other words, you didn't trouble to look. You'll have to keep your eyes open better than that if you expect to do anything on a station"—and so on for half an hour, with questions covering every paddock, gate, water-hole, and a dozen other details of locality, which the manager had as clearly before him as if he were looking upon an elaborate map of the property. The boundary-rider's course of education is arduous, but when it is completed he is like a carefully indexed book of ready reference, which his superior can open on the instant at any desired page.

The ordinary station hands fill the post of general executive, and with no distinctive duties outside the limits of the homestead are likely to be called upon at any time for all sorts of offices. There is always plenty of work for them, for, as most stations are remote from the centres of population, many necessary manufactures and repairs must be done on the premises. Blacksmithing, fence-building, the erection of sheds and outhouses, the digging and bricking up of cisterns, and the practice of a dozen other trades are constantly in operation. Besides these employments there is branding in its season, the breaking of colts to saddle and harness, and, in many localities, such commingling of work and sport as is found in curtailing the superabundance of rabbits and kangaroos. There is also land to be cleared, which is accomplished by "ring-barking" the trees, and leaving them to stand until the slow process of decay brings them to the earth, where they are either set on fire or allowed to rot into the soil upon which they fall. The growths of eucalyptus, iron-wood, wattle, and box, by their absorption of water starve out the grass, and their destruction is essential to the reclamation of the soil. There are few more ghastly sights in nature than an Australian ring-barked forest, whose twisted limbs of pallid white suggest the spectres of men who have died in pain. Besides the working force of stations above enumerated there is usually a Chinaman, who assiduously attends to the growth of vegetables, which are as essential here as on board ship to prevent outbreaks of scurvy—a disease by no means uncommon in the early days when mutton and "damper" constituted almost exclusively the station bill of fare. There is also a "black fellow" or two often loafing about the homestead — degraded, shiftless characters, the unworthy remnants of once powerful and dangerous tribes. Not infrequently they are the hereditary rulers of the district which the station now occupies—for tribal boundaries were well defined and carefully regarded by the natives—who willingly relinquished a birthright they had not the power to keep for a warm lodging, enough clothing for decency, and unlimited tobacco. "Him budgery (good) man!" he will often exclaim, with royal condescension, when he alludes to the present owner of his acres; "him alla same mate b'longa mine!" and receive his tribute of "'bacca" with

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the air of one monarch accepting gifts from a less powerful cousin in the purple.

Participation in horse-breaking is often permitted to the visitor, if inclined for such entertainment. A heavy wagon is drawn out, equipped with a powerful brake, and the half-trained horses, with much kicking and squealing, and by dint of great skill and agility, are attached to the machine. The manager perches himself upon the lofty seat, reins firmly grasped and foot on brake, while three or four station-hands hold the vicious animals. The other participants in the excursion tumble in over the tail-board as best they can; the horses are released, and plunge, and spring sidewise, and try to climb into the vehicle. The lash sings in the air and cuts cruelly, and after much commotion and threatened capsizing, the team springs away at a zigzag gallop which may continue for a mile. The road lies through narrow gates, amid wastes of ring-marked timber, down one bank of a creek and up another, affording an exhilaration which even tobogganing or the switch-back railway cannot furnish. The driving, like the riding, on Australian stations is of a dare-devil sort, and an experience of either is not easily forgotten.

The station-owners, who have had the courage, foresight, and endurance to develop the enormous domain of pastoral Australia, form a distinct and characteristic class in the population of the Colonies. They are, almost without exception, men of strong physique and enormous vitality, as befits pioneers in a land which, while it has offered encouragement to enterprise, has set the price of success very high in drafts on pluck and energy. There are few romances more absorbing than the life-histories of Australian squatters, nor do the records of nations show greater mutations, conflicts, and revolutions. Battles with hostile tribes of cannibal blacks; storm, flood, and famine; financial stringency and bewildering success in swift alternation—no other race than that which sprang from the loins of England could have endured with equal complacency such enormous vicissitudes. This generation of pioneers is passing away in ripeness of years and the glow of great successes. Large families continue the line, but they are not like their founders. Their life has been easy where that of their progenitors was hard; they know the ways of cities, and have had experience of travel and foreign education, and in expanding their horizon have lost that singleness of aim and intensity of purpose which make the now vanishing squatter class such an interesting study. The increasing luxury of colonial life, and the inevitable division of the enormous estates over which the early settlers ruled like shepherd kings, will ultimately result in the extinction of a class which may fairly be termed the mainspring of Australia's wonderful development.

The homes which the better order of squatters have founded are as interesting as themselves. Their houses are invariably well-built and commodious structures, standing amid choice gardens, which are like oases in the arid expanse of plain that surrounds them; furnished comfortably, and at times luxuriously, containing libraries, and often equipped with many sorts of musical instruments, upon which the ladies of the station perform with skill. Some of these structures are built of stone, drawn by oxen from quarries fifty, and even a hundred, miles away, and represent an enormous outlay, in that every aid to their construction has been furnished by timber merchants and ironmongers from cities which might seem to residents in more settled countries almost to be on the other side of the world. Some few station-owners even possess picture-galleries of value, the most remarkable of which is that owned by Mr. F. W. Armytage, of "Wooloomanata," between Melbourne and Geelong, which includes representative works by Munkacsy, Sir Frederick Leighton, Gérôme, and many other modern artists of note in all the leading European schools, and cost its possessor some £25,000.

Most station residences have the appearance of a home and a caravansary combined. The quarters of the family are usually supplemented by a commodious structure divided into rooms for guests, who are in the habit of appearing at all times and seasons, either with or without special invitation. If you

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are known to the proprietor you have but to express a desire to visit him, and are quite at liberty to come, and to bring your friends as well; the latch-string is always out, and "come when you wish, do what you like, and stay as long as you can" is on the lip and in the eye of your host, who is but pleased when he knows that your acceptance of his hospitality is to be protracted. The hospitality of English country-houses—the truest and finest in the world—maintains here. Your host, his family, and all that is his, are fully placed at your service. If you desire to ride or drive, there are horses, saddles, and "traps" in the stables, and the servants accept your orders as a matter of course. Are you fond of fishing, you are shown a room stored with tackle. Should you desire to shoot, here is a rack filled with well-oiled breach-loaders, and boxes of cartridges by the score. You go and come as you like—you do not even need to make yourself agreeable—your host entertains you (not you him) and is amply repaid if, on your departure, he receives the assurance that you have enjoyed yourself. Should you wear out your welcome, you never learn of it, and, indeed, your entertainers are glad enough to see faces from the outside world.

Rarely is such consideration and kindliness abused, although in my experience of station life I have heard of certain curious incidents. To one station, some years ago, came a visitor of modest means and frugal mind, who, on trial, decided that he could hardly find a more comfortable situation. His original intention of staying a month was reconsidered, and he remained two; finally six months passed, and he was still there. He enjoyed himself hugely with horses, dogs, and guns, developed an encouraging appetite, and his host did not complain. He smoked the tobacco of the master of the house, and drank his whiskey, but still his welcome did not grow cold. After about nine months, however, the host's manner became less warm, his whilom, cheerful conversation flagged, and at the end of the year he spoke no more to his guest. The latter was not sensitive, however, and lingered on for the space of a second year quite unabashed, even though sitting at meat three times a day, and smoking a solemn pipe in the evening, opposite a silent and glowering host. At the end of the second year he finally departed and went to visit somebody else, without ever having been told that he had stayed long enough, and would do well to leave. Such is Australian station hospitality.

The life enjoyed by dwellers on the stations is far more varied and interesting than the casual observer might suppose. It is a quiet existence in general, no doubt, but in the round of the year furnishes plenty of incident. There is always bustle and excitement during shearing-time, when the horde of workmen is about, and sheep are being "rounded up" on the runs, driven in, washed and shorn, and afterward "drafted" and marked ready for return to the ranges. Those that are kept back for sale are sometimes driven a distance of a thousand miles to market, being often met by the traveller over the plains in a confused and bleating army, marshalled by dogs, and followed on horseback by bronzed and stalwart youths, who carry on their saddle-bows the simple equipment for their four or five months' journey. Before returning to their paddocks all the sheep are counted, being for this purpose passed from pens through a narrow gate, whereat stand three men keeping tally. One has a stick on which he cuts a notch for every hundred sheep; the others check or confirm each other in the enumeration. Anyone who thinks this operation easy can convince himself of the contrary by trying it. The sheep, urged by the shepherds and barking dogs, come rushing down like a frothy Alpine torrent, as nearly solid a mass as individual bodies can appear. The tyro begins confidently—"One, two, five, eleven," then two turn about and run back, and three others jump over them. Where now be his calculations? He gets confused and forgets his last number, and whether twenty or three hundred sheep have passed while he was trying to collect himself he will never know. Meantime the experienced enumerators have been quietly and steadily at work, disdaining to

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call out anything but the hundreds for the benefit of the man with the notched stick, and if, in ten or twenty thousand sheep, there is the discrepancy of a single animal between the two counters, one or other stands confessed inept in his employment.

Besides the pleasant excitement of work, there is much occasion for pure recreation. There are neighbors to visit and to receive in turn—some of them as near as forty miles, although this is considered a close propinquity indeed—with whom there is discussion of individual experiences, lawn-tennis out of doors, music and billiards within, a jovial dinner, and a stirrup-cup at parting. There are races, too, at the nearest township, where station-owners and boundary-riders meet within a radius of a hundred miles, and ride their horses and bet, and taste the sweets (dear to Australians, as to all other branches of the British race) of the grassy hippodrome. In the evening there is the race-ball, where all the saltatory capers perpetuated from traditions of English dancing rules of fifty years ago are seen combined with the latest modes from Melbourne and Sydney. It is a point of honor at these assemblies to dance until the light of morning gives pause to the revelry, whereupon there is riding home again over endless leagues by men and maidens, whom no exercise seems to tire. Then there are evening parties and "hops" at some central station, the excitements of cattle-branding, cricket matches by the men, and, in many localities, water-fowl shooting and kangaroo hunting — the pursuit last mentioned, on a swift horse, over a level plain, and behind a good pack of kangaroo dogs, being one of the most exhilarating experiences known to man.

From time to time the stations are honored by visits from the rabbit inspectors, whose duty it is to see that the pest of long-eared rodents is kept within proper limits. When the coming of these functionaries is expected there is great activity among the men and dogs of the station. Every homestead has its pack of rabbit-dogs—greyhounds, "collies," fox-terriers, curs, and mongrels of all degrees—whose one aim and interest in life is to kill as many rabbits as possible. Spades, pickaxes, ferrets, and materials for making a smoke in the burrows are brought out to dislodge the game; guns are in every hand, and the entire force of the station enters upon a crusade in which hundreds and thousands of the bunnies are slain. The plague of rabbits in Australia cannot be described without seeming exaggeration to those who have not had experience of it. Originally introduced in a colony of about a score of individuals by a squatter near Melbourne, who thought their familiar presence on his station would "remind him of home," they have kept the recollection of England so fresh in the minds of pastoralists as to tempt them to very treasonable language concerning her whenever rabbits are mentioned. The acclimatization of these animals in Victoria illustrates the mess that men are likely to make by meddling with the laws of Nature, who, as results show, evidently had very good reasons for not including rabbits in the list of native Australian fauna. The step has lost the man who took it no less than £50,000, as he himself has assured me, and he is by no means the greatest sufferer. I have heard of stations upon which the expenditures in rabbit bounties were £3,000 per month for a long period, while many properties have had to be abandoned altogether.

The figures of aggregate Government expenditures and individual losses on account of these apparently insignificant animals might well stagger belief if they did not appear in official statistics. Mr. Black, chief inspector, under the "Vermin Destruction Act," in the Victorian Lands Department, has furnished me, for the purposes of this article, besides the letters hereafter quoted, the following astonishing figures from his records:

Expenditures in Connection with the Destruction of Rabbits in Australia for Seven Years ending December 31, 1890.

Government of Victoria.....	£190,000
" " New South Wales..	820,000
" " South Australia....	250,000
Amount (approximately) expended by landowners, and loss through the destruction of crops and grass	2,700,000
Total	£3,960,000

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To these figures may be added Government expenditure of £150,000 in Queensland, New Zealand, and Tasmania in the five years ending with 1888, and personal expenditures and losses in these colonies of at least £750,000 more during the same period, from which we may fairly conclude that the average annual cost to Australasia of the rabbit plague is £700,000, or $3,500,000.

The work which these enormous figures represent has a marked effect in reducing the number of rabbits in the better districts, although there is little reason to suppose that their extermination will ever be more than partial. Most of the larger runs show very few at present, and rabbit-proof fencing, which has been set around thousands of square miles, has done much to check further inroads. Until this invention began to be utilized it was not uncommon to find as many as 100 rabbiters employed on a single property, whose working average was from 300 to 400 rabbits per day. As they received five shillings a hundred from the station owner, and were also able to sell the skins at eight shillings a hundred, their profession was most lucrative. Seventy-five dollars a week was not an uncommon wage, and many an unfortunate squatter looked with envy upon his rabbiters, who were heaping up modest fortunes, while he himself was slowly being eaten out of house and home.

The professional rabbiter is not an agreeable companion. He is covered with the fluffy fur of his quarry until he bears much of the appearance of a mouldy cheese; his clothing is streaked with blood and dirt, and from his hair and beard, and, in fact, from his entire person, exhales a strong leporine odor. Not until he attains this consummation can he hope for the highest success in his profession, for the game on which he wars is gifted with keen sensibilities, and will avoid the trap or the fatal phosphorized grain that has been placed in its way by hands ordinarily clean.

The fecundity of the rabbit is amazing, and his invasion of remote districts swift and mysterious. Careful estimates show that, under favorable conditions, a pair of Australian rabbits will produce six litters a year, averaging five individuals each. As the offspring themselves begin breeding at the age of six months, it is shown that, at this rate, the original pair might be responsible in five years for a progeny of over 20,000,000! That the original score which were brought to the country have propagated after some such ratio, no one can doubt who has seen the enormous hordes that now devastate the land in certain districts. In all but the remoter sections, however, the rabbits are now fairly under control; one rabbiter with a pack of dogs supervises stations where 100 were employed ten years ago, and with ordinary vigilance the squatters have little to fear. Millions of the animals have been killed by fencing in the water-holes and dams during a dry season, whereby they died of thirst, and lay in enormous piles against the obstructions they had frantically and vainly striven to climb, and poisoned grain and fruit have killed myriads more. A fortune of £25,000, offered by the New South Wales Government, still awaits the man who can invent some means of general destruction, and the knowledge of this fact has brought to the notice of the various Colonial governments some very original devices.

One of the most ingenious of these is proposed by an inventive citizen of Buffalo, N. Y., in the following letter (literally transcribed):

To the Government of Australia.

Gentlemen,

Having read in a News Papers that you have a great calamity with rabbits in your country, I hereby allow myself to give you following advice. Fence in one acre of Prairie land with a tight fence containing one gate, built up in the centre of this land an oven like for melting iron, with a Krater on the top; built around the oven a road up to the top build a good fire in it like to melt iron; chase about ten thousand rabbits inside of the fence, then shut the gate, drive them upon the road to the Krater, they very likely will fall in, and so they will be not only killed but the dead bodies also will be gone forever. If you build several of these ovens in different parts of your country I believe that you soon would get rid of your trouble with rabbits.

This advice sounds cruel, but after all it may be no more cruel as if they are chasted and shot.

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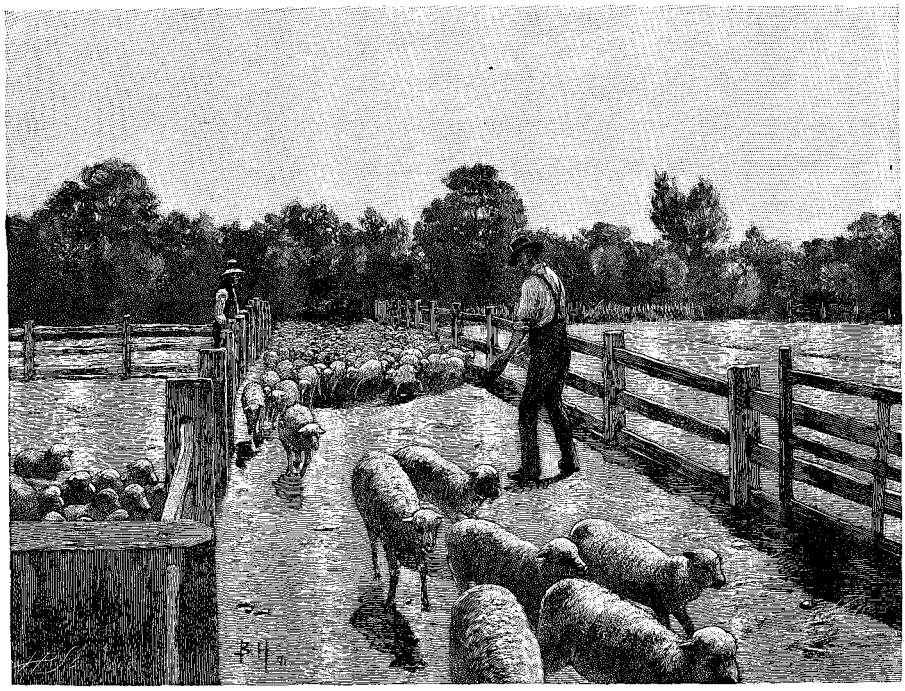

Counting the "Weaners."

Another suggestion comes from India, in the course of which the writer says:

The method of killing rabbits is simple. Let squads of four or six men go out at eight or nine o'clock in dark nights where the rabbits are supposed to be, one man with a dark Police lantern and another with a bunch of fifty to a hundred iron rings 1½ inches diameter and ⅛ inch thick to make a low gingling sound; all the rabbits about the place, on seeing the light and hearing the sound of the rings will gaily gather together, the party may then slaughter them at pleasure by using long sticks, or if many escape Air guns may be used, or use strong poison mixed with dough or any other food the rabbits prefer made into small balls and thrown among the rabbits as they assemble, and when the work is done the party may pick up the unused poison that other animals may not be poisoned.

Other communications suggest, respectively, inoculating a few animals with hydrophobia, and turning them loose to bite the others (by which plan Australia would soon become a pleasant country to live in, with rabid rabbits all over it); spreading highly electrified wires which shall kill the rabbits when they touch them; introducing coyotes from California (not likely to be approved by sheep-owners) and "bull-snakes" from Iowa (Australia being already overrun with serpents), and scores of other absurd or crack-brained inventions which could have been devised only after extraordinary misapprehension of the country and the dimensions of the plague. A clergyman's wife in Scotland recommends a preparation of her own concoction, because "the rabbits will rather die than eat it," although how this meets the needs of the case she unfortunately omits to mention.

Another great pest to the squatters is developing in the foxes, two of which were imported from Cumberland some years ago by a wealthy station-owner, who thought that they might breed, and give himself and friends an occasional day with the hounds. His modest desires were soon met in the development of a race of foxes far surpassing the English variety in strength and aggressiveness, which not only devour many sheep, but out of pure depravity worry and kill ten times as many as they can eat. When to these plagues is added the ruin of thousands of acres from the spread of the thistle, which a canny Scot brought from the Highlands to

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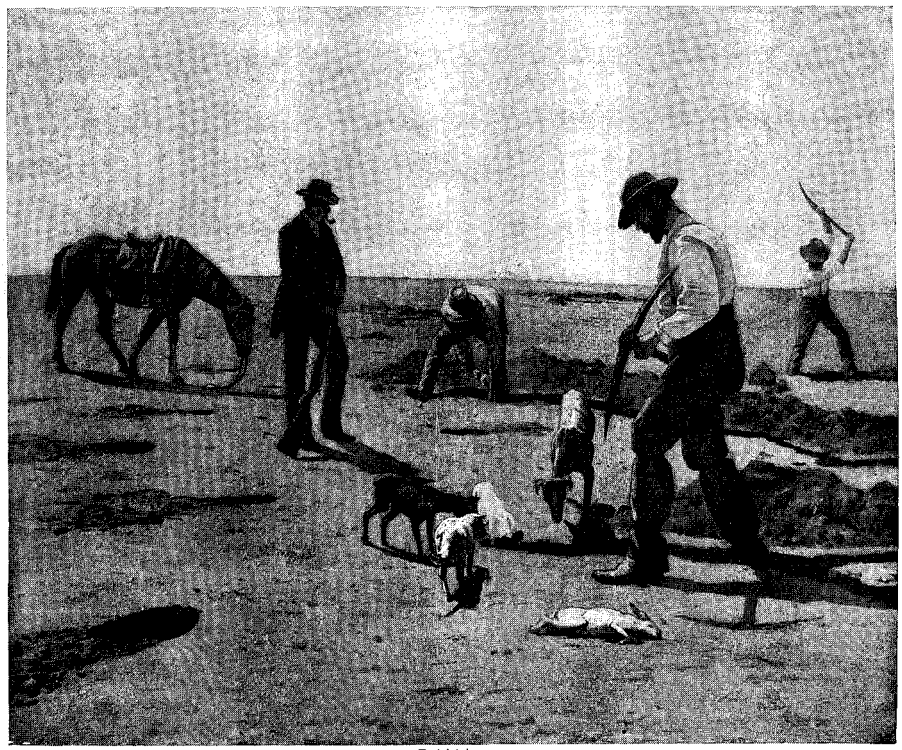
keep alive in his breast the memories of Wallace and Bruce; the wellnigh resistless inroads of furze, and, in New Zealand, the blocking-up of rivers by English watercress, which in its new home grows a dozen feet in length, and



Rabbiting.

has to be dredged out to keep navigation open, it may be understood that Colonials look with jaundiced eye upon suggestions of any further interference with Australian nature.

Not to be outdone by foreign importations, the country itself has shown in the humble locust a nuisance quite as potent as rabbit, fox, or thistle. This bane of all men who pasture sheep on grass has not been much in evidence until within the last few years, when the great destruction of indigenous birds by the gun and by poisoned grain strewn for rabbits has facilitated its increase. The devastation caused by these insects last year was enormous, and befell a district a thousand miles long and two hundred wide. For days they passed in clouds that darkened the earth with the gloomy hue of an eclipse, while the ground was covered with crawling millions, devouring every green thing, and giving to the country the appearance of being carpeted with scales. It has been discovered, however, that before they attain their winged state they can easily be destroyed, and energetic measures will be taken against them throughout all the inhabited districts of Australia whenever they make another appearance.

It might be thought that with all the elemental and living enemies against which the squatter has to contend his experience was a hard one and his hope of success precarious; but the riches which a single good year pours into his lap atone for many a season of drought or flood, devastation by storms or insect pests, bad markets or general commercial depression, and his experience may fairly be summed up in the words of "Rolf Boldrewood," the writer who of all has described Australian life most truly, as "that freest of all free lives, that pleasantest of all pleasant occupations, the calling of a squatter."

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THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH I TURN SMUGGLER, AND THE CAPTAIN CASUIST.

THE last night at Midway, I had little sleep; the next morning, after the sun was risen, and the clatter of departure had begun to reign on deck, I lay a long while dozing; and when at last I stepped from the companion, the schooner was already leaping through the pass into the open sea. Close on her board, the huge scroll of a breaker unfurled itself along the reef with a prodigious clamor; and behind I saw the wreck vomiting into the morning air a coil of smoke. The wreaths already blew out far to leeward; flames already glittered in the cabin skylight; and the sea-fowl were scattered in surprise as wide as the lagoon. As we drew further off, the conflagration of the *Flying Scud* flamed higher; and long after we had dropped all signs of Midway Island, the smoke still hung in the horizon like that of a distant steamer. With the fading out of that last vestige, the *Norah Creina* passed again into the empty world of cloud and water by which she had approached; and the next features that appeared, eleven days later, to break the line of sky, were the arid mountains of Oahu.

It has often since been a comfortable thought to me that we had thus destroyed the tell-tale remnants of the *Flying Scud;* and often a strange one that my last sight and reminiscence of that fatal ship should be a pillar of smoke on the horizon. To so many others besides myself the same appearance had played a part in the various stages of that business: luring some to what they little imagined, filling some with unimaginable terrors. But ours was the last smoke raised in the story; and with its dying away the secret of the *Flying Scud* became a private property.

It was by the first light of dawn that we saw, close on board, the metropolitan island of Hawaii. We held along the coast, as near as we could venture, with a fresh breeze and under an unclouded heaven; beholding, as we went, the arid mountain sides and scrubby cocoa-palms of that somewhat melancholy archipelago. About four of the afternoon we turned Waimanolo Point, the westerly headland of the great bight of Honolulu; showed ourselves for twenty minutes in full view; and then fell again to leeward, and put in the rest of daylight, plying under shortened sail under the lee of Waimanolo.

A little after dark we beat once more about the point, and crept cautiously toward the mouth of the Pearl Locks, where Jim and I had arranged I was to meet the smugglers. The night was happily obscure, the water smooth. We showed, according to instructions, no light on deck: only a red lantern dropped from either cathead to within a couple of feet of the water. A lookout was stationed on the bowsprit end, another in the crosstrees; and the whole

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DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"'I am afraid I am an American,' I said, apologetically."—Page 164.

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ship's company crowded forward, scouting for enemies as friends. It was now the crucial moment of our enterprise; we were now risking liberty and credit; and that for a sum so small to a man in my bankrupt situation, that I could have laughed aloud in bitterness. But the piece had been arranged, and we must play it to the finish.

For some while, we saw nothing but the dark mountain outline of the island, the torches of native fishermen glittering here and there along the foreshore, and right in the midst, that cluster of brave lights with which the town of Honolulu advertises itself to the seaward. Presently a ruddy star appeared inshore of us, and seemed to draw near unsteadily. This was the anticipated signal; and we made haste to show the countersign, lowering a white light from the quarter, extinguishing the two others, and laying the schooner incontinently to. The star approached slowly; the sounds of oars and of men's speech came to us across the water; and then a voice hailed us.

"Is that Mr. Dodd?"

"Yes," I returned. "Is Jim Pinkerton there?"

"No, sir," replied the voice. "But there's one of his crowd here; name of Speedy."

"I'm here, Mr. Dodd," added Speedy himself. "I have letters for you."

"All right," I replied. "Come aboard, gentlemen, and let me see my mail."

A whaleboat accordingly ranged alongside, and three men boarded us: my old San Francisco friend, the stock-gambler Speedy, a little wizened person of the name of Sharpe, and a big, flourishing, dissipated-looking man called Fowler. The two last (I learned afterward) were frequent partners; Sharpe supplied the capital, and Fowler, who was quite a character in the islands and occupied a considerable station, brought activity, daring, and a private influence, highly necessary in the case. Both seemed to approach the business with a keen sense of romance; and I believe this was the chief attraction, at least with Fowler—for whom I early conceived a sentiment of liking. But in that first moment I had something else to think of than to judge my new acquaintances; and before Speedy had fished out the letters, the full extent of our misfortune was revealed.

"We've rather bad news for you, Mr. Dodd," said Fowler. "Your firm's gone up."

"Already!" I exclaimed.

"Well, it was thought rather a wonder Pinkerton held on as long as he did," was the reply. "The wreck deal was too big for your credit; you were doing a big business, no doubt, but you were doing it on precious little capital; and when the strain came, you were bound to go. Pinkerton's through all right: seven cents dividend; some remarks made, but nothing to hurt: the press let you down easy—I guess Jim had relations there. The only trouble is, that all this *Flying Scud* affair got in the papers with the rest; everybody's wide awake in Honolulu; and the sooner we get the stuff in and the dollars out, the better for all concerned."

"Gentlemen," said I, "you must excuse me. My friend, the captain here, will drink a glass of champagne with you to give you patience; but as for myself, I am unfit even for ordinary conversation till I have read these letters."

They demurred a little: and indeed the danger of delay seemed obvious; but the sight of my distress, which I was unable entirely to control, appealed strongly to their good-nature; and I was suffered at last to get by myself on deck, where, by the light of a lantern smuggled under shelter of the low rail, I read the following wretched correspondence.

"My dear Loudon," ran the first, "this will be handed you by your friend Speedy of the *Catamount*. His sterling character and loyal devotion to yourself pointed him out as the best man for our purposes in Honolulu—the parties on the spot being difficult to manipulate. A man called Billy Fowler (you must have heard of Billy) is the boss; he is in politics some, and squares the officers. I have hard times before me in the city, but I feel as bright as a dollar and as strong as John L. Sullivan. What with Mamie here, and my partner speeding over the seas, and the bonanza in the wreck, I feel like I could juggle with the

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Pyramids of Egypt, same as conjurors do with aluminium balls. My earnest prayers follow you, Loudon, that you may feel the way I do—just inspired! My feet don't touch the ground; I kind of swim. Mamie is like Moses and Aaron that held up the other individual's arms. She carries me along like a horse and buggy. I am beating the record.

"Your true partner,

"J. PINKERTON."

Number two was in a different style:—

"My dearest Loudon, how am I to prepare you for this dire intelligence? O dear me, it will strike you to the earth. The Fiat has gone forth; our firm went bust at a quarter before twelve. It was a bill of Bradley's (for $200) that brought these vast operations to a close, and evolved liabilities of upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand. O, the shame and pity of it! and you but three weeks gone! Loudon, don't blame your partner: if human hands and brains could have sufficed, I would have held the thing together. But it just slowly crumbled; Bradley was the last kick, but the blamed business just *melted*. I give the liabilities; it's supposed they're all in; for the cowards were waiting, and the claims were filed like taking tickets to hear Patti. I don't quite have the hang of the assets yet, our interests were so extended; but I am at it day and night, and I guess will make a creditable dividend. If the wreck pans out only half the way it ought, we'll turn the laugh still. I am as full of grit and work as ever, and just tower above our troubles. Mamie is a host in herself. Somehow I feel like it was only me that had got bust, and you and she soared clear of it. Hurry up. That's all you have to do.

"Yours ever,

"J. PINKERTON."

The third was yet more altered:—

"My poor Loudon," it began, "I labor far into the night getting our affairs in order; you could not believe their vastness and complexity. Douglas B. Longhurst said humorously that the receiver's work would be cut out for him. I cannot deny that some of them have a speculative look. God forbid a sensitive, refined spirit like yours should ever come face to face with a commissioner in Bankruptcy; these men get all the sweetness knocked right out of them. But I could bear up better if it weren't for press comments. Often and often, Loudon, I recall to mind your most legitimate critiques of the press system. They published an interview with me, not the least like what I said, and with *jeering* comments; it would make your blood boil, it was literally *inhumane;* I wouldn't have written it about a yellow dog that was in trouble like what I am. Mamie just winced, the first time she has turned a hair right through the whole catastrophe. How wonderfully true was what you said long ago in Paris, about touching on people's personal appearance! The fellow said—" And then these words had been scored through; and my distressed friend turned to another subject. "I cannot bear to dwell upon our assets. They simply don't show up. Even *Thirteen Star*, as sound a line as can be produced upon this coast, goes begging. The wreck has thrown a blight on all we ever touched. And where's the use? God never made a wreck big enough to fill our deficit. I am haunted by the thought that you may blame me; I know how I despised your remonstrances. O, Loudon, don't be hard on your miserable partner. The funny-dog business is what kills. I fear your stern rectitude of mind like the eye of God. I cannot think but what some of my books seem mixed up; otherwise, I don't seem to see my way as plain as I could wish to. Or else my brain is gone soft. Loudon, if there should be any unpleasantness, you can trust me to do the right thing and keep you clear. I've been telling them already, how you had no business grip and never saw the books. O, I trust I have done right in this! I knew it was a liberty; I know you may justly complain; but it was some things that were said. And mind you, all legitimate business! Not even your shrinking sensitiveness could find fault with the first look of one of them, if they had panned out right. And you

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know, the *Flying Scud* was the biggest gamble of the crowd, and that was your own idea. Mamie says she never could bear to look you in the face, if that idea had been mine; she is *so* conscientious!

"Your broken-hearted

"JIM."

The last began without formality:—

"This is the end of me commercially. I give up; my nerve is gone. I suppose I ought to be glad; for we're through the court. I don't know as ever I knew how, and I'm sure I don't remember. If it pans out—the wreck, I mean—we'll go to Europe, and live on the interest of our money. No more work for me. I shake when people speak to me. I have gone on, hoping and hoping, and working and working, and the lead has pinched right out. I want to lie on my back in a garden, and read Shakespeare and E. P. Roe. Don't suppose it's cowardice, Loudon. I'm a sick man. Rest is what I must have. I've worked hard all my life; I never spared myself; every dollar I ever made, I've coined my brains for it. I've never done a mean thing; I've lived respectable, and given to the poor. Who has a better right to a holiday than I have? And I mean to have a year of it straight out; and if I don't, I shall lie right down here in my tracks, and die of worry and brain trouble. Don't mistake. That's so. If there are any pickings at all, *trust Speedy;* don't let the creditors get wind of what there is. I helped you when you were down; help me now. Don't deceive yourself; you've got to help me right now, or never. I am clerking, and *not fit to cypher.* Mamie's type-writing at the Phœnix Guano Exchange, down town. The light is right out of my life. I know you'll not like to do what I propose. Think only of this; that it's life or death for "JIM PINKERTON.

"P.S. Our figure was seven per cent. Oh, what a fall was there! Well, well, it's past mending; I don't want to whine. But, Loudon, I do want to live. No more ambition; all I ask is life. I have so much to make it sweet to me! I am clerking, and *useless at that,* I know. I would have fired such a clerk inside of forty minutes, in *my* time. But my time's over. I can only cling on to you. Don't fail. "JIM PINKERTON."

There was yet one more postscript, yet one more outburst of self-pity and pathetic adjuration; and a doctor's opinion, unpromising enough, was besides enclosed. I pass them both in silence. I think shame to have shown, at so great length, the half-baked virtues of my friend dissolving in the crucible of sickness and distress; and the effect upon my spirits can be judged already. I got to my feet, when I had done, drew a deep breath, and stared hard at Honolulu. One moment the world seemed at an end; the next, I was conscious of a rush of independent energy. On Jim I could rely no longer; I must now take hold myself. I must decide and act on my own better thoughts.

The word was easy to say; the thing, at the first blush, was undiscoverable. I was overwhelmed with miserable, womanish pity for my broken friend; his outcries grieved my spirit; I saw him then and now—then, so invincible; now, brought so low—and knew neither how to refuse, nor how to consent to his proposal. The remembrance of my father, who had fallen in the same field unstained, the image of his monument incongruously rising, a fear of the law, a chill air that seemed to blow upon my fancy from the doors of prisons, and the imaginary clank of fetters, recalled me to a different resolve. And then again, the wails of my sick partner intervened. So I stood hesitating, and yet with a strong sense of capacity behind: sure, if I could but choose my path, that I should walk in it with resolution.

Then I remembered that I had a friend on board, and stepped to the companion.

"Gentlemen," said I, "only a few moments more: but these, I regret to say, I must make more tedious still by removing your companion. It is indispensable that I should have a word or two with Captain Nares."

Both the smugglers were afoot at once, protesting. The business, they declared, must be despatched at once;

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they had run risk enough, with a conscience; and they must either finish now, or go.

"The device is yours, gentlemen," said I, "and, I believe, the eagerness. I am not yet sure that I have anything in your way; even if I have, there are a hundred things to be considered; and I assure you it is not at all my habit to do business with a pistol to my head."

"That is all very proper, Mr. Dodd; there is no wish to coerce you, believe me," said Fowler; "only, please consider our position. It is really dangerous; we were not the only people to see your schooner off Waimanolo."

"Mr. Fowler," I replied, "I was not born yesterday. Will you allow me to express an opinion, in which I may be quite wrong, but to which I am entirely wedded? If the custom-house officers had been coming, they would have been here now. In other words, somebody is working the oracle, and (for a good guess) his name is Fowler."

Both men laughed loud and long; and being supplied with another bottle of Longhurst's champagne, suffered the captain and myself to leave them without further word.

I gave Nares the correspondence, and he skimmed it through.

"Now, captain," said I, "I want a fresh mind on this. What does it mean?"

"It's large enough text," replied the captain. "It means you're to stake your pile on Speedy, hand him over all you can, and hold your tongue. I almost wish you hadn't shown it me," he added, wearily. "What with the specie from the wreck and the opium money, it comes to a biggish deal."

"That's supposing that I do it?" said I.

"Exactly," said he, "supposing you do it."

"And there are pro's and con's to that," I observed.

"There's San Quentin, to start in with," said the captain; "and suppose you clear the penitentiary, there's the nasty taste in the mouth. The figure's big enough to make bad trouble, but it's not big enough to be picturesque; and I should guess a man always feels kind of small who has sold himself under six cyphers. That would be my way, at least; there's an excitement about a million that might carry me on; but the other way, I should feel kind of lonely when I woke in bed. Then there's Speedy. Do you know him well?"

"No, I do not," said I.

"Well, of course he can vamoose with the entire speculation, if he chooses," pursued the captain, "and if he don't I can't see but what you've got to support and bed and board with him to the end of time. I guess it would weary me. Then there's Mr. Pinkerton, of course. He's been a good friend to you, hasn't he? Stood by you, and all that? and pulled you through for all he was worth?"

"That he has," I cried; "I could never begin telling you my debt to him!"

"Well, and that's a consideration," said the captain. "As a matter of principle, I wouldn't look at this business at the money. 'Not good enough,' would be my word. But even principle goes under when it comes to friends—the right sort, I mean. This Pinkerton is frightened, and he seems sick; the medico don't seem to care a cent about his state of health; and you've got to figure how you would like it, if he came to die. Remember, the risk of this little swindle is all yours; it's no sort of risk to Mr. Pinkerton. Well, you've got to put it that way plainly, and see how you like the sound of it: my friend Pinkerton is in danger of the New Jerusalem, I am in danger of San Quentin; which risk do I propose to run?"

"That's an ugly way to put it," I objected, "and perhaps hardly fair. There's right and wrong to be considered."

"Don't know the parties," replied Nares; "and I'm coming to them, anyway. For it strikes me, when it came to smuggling opium, you walked right up?"

"So I did," I said; "sick I am to have to say it!"

"All the same," continued Nares, "you went into the opium-smuggling with your head down; and a good deal of fussing I've listened to, that you hadn't more of it to smuggle. Now,

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maybe your partner's not quite fixed the same as you are; maybe he sees precious little difference between the one thing and the other."

"You could not say truer: he sees none, I do believe," cried I; "and though I see one, I could never tell you how."

"We never can," said the oracular Nares; "taste is all a matter of opinion. But the point is, how will your friend take it? You refuse a favor, and you take the high horse at the same time; you disappoint him, and you rap him over the knuckles. It won't do, Mr. Dodd; no friendship can stand that. You must be as good as your friend, or as bad as your friend, or start on a fresh deal without him."

"I don't see it!" said I. "You don't know Jim!"

"Well, you *will* see," said Nares. "And now, here's another point. This bit of money looks mighty big to Mr. Pinkerton; it may spell life or health to him; but among all your creditors, I don't see that it amounts to a hill of beans—I don't believe it'll pay their car-fares all round. And don't you think you'll ever get thanked. You were known to pay a long price for the chance of rummaging that wreck; you do the rummaging, you come home, and you hand over ten thousand—or twenty, if you like—a part of which you'll have to own up you made by smuggling; and, mind! you'll never get Billy Fowler to stick his name to a receipt. Now, just glance at the transaction from the outside, and see what a clear case it makes. Your ten thousand is a sop; and people will only wonder you were so damned impudent as to offer such a small one! Whichever way you take it, Mr. Dodd, the bottom's out of your character; so there's one thing less to be considered."

"I daresay you'll scarce believe me," said I, "but I feel that a positive relief."

"You must be made some way different from me, then," returned Nares. "And, talking about me, I might just mention how I stand. You'll have no trouble from me—you've trouble enough of your own; and I'm friend enough, when a friend's in need, to shut my eyes and go right where he tells me. All the same, I'm rather queerly fixed. My owners'll have to rank with the rest on their charter-party. Here am I, their representative! and I have to look over the ship's side while the bankrupt walks his assets ashore in Mr. Speedy's hat-box. It's a thing I wouldn't do for James G. Blaine; but I'll do it for you, Mr. Dodd, and only sorry I can't do more."

"Thank you, captain; my mind is made up," said I. "I'll go straight, *ruat cœlum!* I never understood that old tag before to-night."

"I hope it isn't my business that decides you?" asked the captain.

"I'll never deny it was an element," said I. "I hope, I hope I'm not cowardly; I hope I could steal for Jim myself; but when it comes to dragging in you and Speedy, and this one and the other, why, Jim has got to die, and there's an end. I'll try and work for him when I get to Frisco, I suppose; and I suppose I'll fail, and look on at his death, and kick myself: it can't be helped—I'll fight it on this line."

"I don't say as you're wrong," replied Nares, "and I'll be hanged if I know if you're right. It suits me anyway. And look here—hadn't you better just show our friends over the side?" he added; "no good of being at the risk and worry of smuggling for the benefit of creditors."

"I don't think of the creditors," said I. "But I've kept this pair so long—I haven't got the brass to fire them now."

Indeed, I believe that was my only reason for entering upon a transaction which was now outside my interest, but which (as it chanced) repaid me fifty-fold in entertainment. Fowler and Sharpe were both preternaturally sharp; they did me the honor in the beginning to attribute to myself their proper vices; and before we were done had grown to regard me with an esteem akin to worship. This proud position I attained by no more recondite arts, than telling the mere truth and unaffectedly displaying my indifference to the result. I have doubtless stated the essentials of all good diplomacy, which may be rather regarded, therefore, as a grace of state, than the effect of management. For to tell the truth is not in itself diplomatic, and to have no care for the result a

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thing involuntary. When I mentioned, for instance, that I had but two hundred and forty pound of drug, my smugglers exchanged meaning glances, as who should say, "Here is a foeman worthy of our steel!" But when I carelessly proposed fifty-five dollars a pound, as an amendment to their offered twenty, and wound up with the remark: "The whole thing is a matter of moonshine to me, gentlemen. Take it or want it, and fill your glasses"—I had the indescribable gratification to see Sharpe nudge Fowler warningly, and Fowler choke down the jovial acceptance that stood ready on his lips, and lamely substitute a "no—no more wine, please, Mr. Dodd!" Nor was this all: for when the affair was settled at fifty dollars a pound—a shrewd stroke of business for my creditors—and our friends had got on board their whaleboat and shoved off, it appeared they were imperfectly acquainted with the conveyance of sound upon still water, and I had the joy to overhear the following testimonial.

"Deep man, that Dodd," said Sharpe.

And the bass-toned Fowler echoed, "Damned if I understand his game."

At which point—the captain and I turning to each other with an irrepressible crow of merriment — the confidences in the boat stopped short.

Thus we were left once more alone upon the *Nora Creina;* and the news of the night, and the lamentations of Pinkerton, and the thought of my own harsh decision, returned and besieged me in the dark. According to all the rubbish I had read, I should have been sustained by the warm consciousness of virtue. Alas, I had but the one feeling: that I had sacrificed my sick friend to the fear of prison-cells and stupid starers. And no moralist has yet advanced so far as to number cowardice amongst the things that are their own reward.

CHAPTER XVII.

LIGHT FROM THE MAN OF WAR.

In the early sunlight of the next day, we tossed close off the buoy and saw the city sparkle in its groves about the foot of the Punch-bowl, and the masts clustering thick in the small harbor. A good breeze, which had risen with the sea, carried us triumphantly through the intricacies of the passage; and we had soon brought up not far from the landing-stairs. I remember to have remarked an ugly horned reptile of a modern warship in the usual moorings across the port, but my mind was so profoundly plunged in melancholy that I paid no heed.

Indeed, I had little time at my disposal. Messieurs Sharpe and Fowler had left the night before in the persuasion that I was a liar of the first magnitude; the genial belief brought them aboard again with the earliest opportunity, proffering help to one who had proved how little he required it, and hospitality to so respectable a character. I had business to mind, I had some need both of assistance and diversion. I liked Fowler—I don't know why; and in short, I let them do with me as they desired. No creditor intervening, I spent the first half of the day inquiring into the conditions of the tea and silk market under the auspices of Sharpe; lunched with him in a private apartment at the Hawaiian Hotel—for Sharpe was a teetotaler in public; and about four in the afternoon was delivered into the hands of Fowler. This gentleman owned a bungalow on the Waikiki beach; and there in company with certain young bloods of Honolulu, I was entertained to a sea-bathe, indiscriminate cocktails, a dinner, a *hula-hula*, and (to round off the night), poker and assorted liquors. To lose money in the small hours to pale, intoxicated youth, has always appeared to me a pleasure overrated. In my then frame of mind, I confess I found it even delightful; put up my money (or rather my creditors'), and put down Fowler's champagne with equal avidity and success; and awoke the next morning to a mild headache and the rather agreeable lees of the last night's excitement. The young bloods, many of whom were still far from sober, had taken the kitchen into their own hands, *vice* the Chinaman deposed; and since each was engaged upon a dish of his own, and none had the least scruple in demolishing his neighbor's handiwork, I became early

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convinced that many eggs would be broken and few omelets made. The discovery of a jug of milk and a crust of bread enabled me to stay my appetite; and since it was Sunday, when no business could be done, and the festivities were to be renewed that night in the abode of Fowler, it occurred to me to slip silently away and enjoy some air and solitude.

I turned seaward under the dead crater known as Diamond Head. My way was for some time under the shade of certain thickets of green, thorny trees, dotted with houses. Here I enjoyed some pictures of the native life: wide-eyed, naked children, mingled with pigs; a youth asleep under a tree; an old gentleman spelling through glasses his Hawaiian Bible; the somewhat embarrassing spectacle of a lady at her bath in a spring; and the glimpse of gaudy-colored gowns in the deep shade of the houses. Thence I found a road along the beach itself, wading in sand, opposed and buffeted by the whole weight of the Trade: on one hand, the glittering and sounding surf, and the bay lively with many sails; on the other, precipitous, arid gullies and sheer cliffs, mounting towards the crater and the blue sky. For all the companionship of skimming vessels, the place struck me with a sense of solitude. Then came in my head what I had been told the day before at dinner, of a cavern above, in the bowels of the volcano, a place only to be visited with the light of torches, a treasure-house of the bones of priests and warriors, and clamorous with the voice of an unseen river pouring seaward through the crannies of the mountain. At the thought, it was revealed to me suddenly, how the bungalows, and the Fowlers, and the bright, busy town and crowding ships, were all children of yesterday; and for centuries before, the obscure life of the natives, with its glories and ambitions, its joys and crimes and agonies, had rolled unseen, like the mountain river, in that sea-girt place. Not Chaldea appeared more ancient, nor the Pyramids of Egypt more abstruse; and I heard time measured by "the drums and tramplings" of immemorial conquests, and saw myself the creature of an hour. Over the bankruptcy of Pinkerton and Dodd of Montana Block, S. F., and the conscientious troubles of the junior partner, the spirit of eternity was seen to smile.

To this mood of philosophic sadness, my excesses of the night before no doubt contributed; for more things than virtue are at times their own reward: but I was greatly healed at least of my distresses. And while I was yet enjoying my abstracted humor, a turn of the beach brought me in view of the signal-station, with its watch-house and flag-staff, perched in the immediate margin of a cliff. The house was new and clean and bald, and stood naked to the Trades. The wind beat about it in loud squalls; the seaward windows rattled without mercy; the breach of the surf below contributed its increment of noise; and the fall of my foot in the narrow verandah passed unheard by those within.

They were two on whom I thus entered unexpectedly: the look-out man, with grizzled beard, keen seaman's eyes, and that brand on his countenance that comes of solitary living; and a visitor, an oldish oratorical fellow, in the smart tropical array of the British man-o'-war's man, perched on a table, and smoking a cigar. I was made pleasantly welcome, and was soon listening with amusement to the sea-lawyer.

"No, if I hadn't have been born an Englishman," was one of his sentiments, "damn me! I'd rather 'a been born a Frenchy! I'd like to see another nation fit to black their boots." Presently after, he developed his views on home politics with similar trenchancy. "I'd rather be a brute beast than what I'd be a liberal," he said. "Carrying banners and that! a pig's got more sense. Why, look at our chief engineer—they do say he carried a banner with his own 'ands: 'Hooroar for Gladstone!' I suppose, or 'Down with the Aristo-cracy!' What 'arm does the aristocracy do? Show me a country any good without one! Not the States; why, it's the 'ome of corruption! I knew a man—he was a good man, 'ome born—who was signal quartermaster in the *Wyandotte*. He told me he could never have got there, if he hadn't have 'run with the boys'—told it me as I'm telling you.

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Now we're all British subjects here—" he was going on.

"I am afraid I am an American," I said, apologetically.

He seemed the least bit taken aback, but recovered himself; and with the ready tact of his betters, paid me the usual British compliment on the *riposte*. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Well, I give you my word of honor, I'd never have guessed it. Nobody could tell it on you," said he, as though it were some form of liquor.

I thanked him, as I always do, at this particular stage, with his compatriots: not so much perhaps for the compliment to myself and my poor country, as for the revelation (which is ever fresh to me) of Britannic self-sufficiency and taste. And he was so far softened by my gratitude, as to add a word of praise on the American method of lacing sails. "You're ahead of us in lacing sails," he said. "You can say that with a clear conscience."

"Thank you," I replied. "I shall certainly do so."

At this rate, we got along swimmingly; and when I rose to retrace my steps to the Fowlery, he at once started to his feet and offered me the welcome solace of his company for the return. I believe I discovered much alacrity at the idea; for the creature (who seemed to be unique, as to represent a type like that of the dodo) entertained me hugely. But when he had produced his hat, I found I was in the way of more than entertainment; for on the ribbon I could read the legend: "H. M. S. Tempest."

"I say," I began, when our adieus were paid, and we were scrambling down the path from the look-out, "it was your ship that picked up the men on board the *Flying Scud*, wasn't it?"

"You may say so," said he. "And a blessed good job for the Flying Scud's. It's a God-forsaken spot, that Midway Island."

"I've just come from there," said I. "It was I who bought the wreck."

"Beg your pardon, sir," cried the sailor: "gen'lem'n in the white schooner?"

"The same," said I.

My friend saluted, as though we were now, for the first time, formally introduced.

"Of course," I continued, "I am rather taken up with the whole story; and I wish you would tell me what you can of how the men were saved."

"It was like this," said he. "We had orders to call at Midway after castaways, and had our distance pretty nigh run down the day before. We steamed half-speed all night, looking to make it about noon; for old Tootles—beg your pardon, sir—the captain—was precious scared of the place at night. "Well, there's nasty, filthy currents round that Midway; *you* know, as has been there; and one on 'em must have set us down. Leastways, about six bells, when we had ought to been miles away, some one sees a sail, and lo and be'old, there was the spars of a full-rigged brig! We raised her pretty fast, and the island after her; and made out she was hard aground, kanted on her bilge, and had her ens'n flying, union down. It was breaking 'igh on the reef, and we laid well out, and sent a couple of boats. I didn't go in neither; only stood and looked on; but it seems they was all badly scared and muddled, and didn't know which end was uppermost. One on 'em kep' snivelling and wringing of his 'ands; he come on board all of a sop like a monthly nurse. That Trent, he come first, with his 'and in a bloody rag. I was near 'em as I am to you; and I could make out he was all to bits—'eard his breath rattle in his blooming lungs as he come down the ladder. Yes, they was a scared lot, small blame to 'em, *I* say! The next after Trent, come him as was mate."

"Goddedael!" I exclaimed.

"And a good name for him, too," chuckled the man-o'-war's man, who probably confounded the word with a familiar oath. "A good name, too; only it weren't his. He was a gen'lem'n born, sir, as had gone maskewerading. One of our officers knowed him at 'ome, reckonises him, steps up, 'olds out his 'and right off, and says he: 'Ullo, Norrie, old chappie!' he says. The other was coming up, as bold as look at it; didn't seem put out—that's where blood tells, sir! Well, no sooner does he 'ear his born name given him, than he turns as white as the Day of Judgment, stares at Mr. Sebright like he

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was looking at a ghost, and then (I give you my word of honor) turned to, and doubled up in a dead faint. 'Take him down to my berth,' says Mr. Sebright. 'Tis poor old Norrie Carthew,' he says."

"And what — what sort of a gentleman was this Mr. Carthew?" I gasped.

"The ward-room steward told me he was come of the best blood in England," was my friend's reply: "Eton and 'Arrow bred;—and might have been a bar'net!"

"No, but to look at?" I corrected him.

"The same as you or me," was the uncompromising answer: "not much to look at. *I* didn't know he was a gen'lem'n; but then, I never see him cleaned up."

"How was that?" I cried. "O, yes, I remember: he was sick all the way to Frisco, was he not?"

"Sick, or sorry, or something," returned my informant. "My belief, he didn't hanker after showing up. He kep' close; the ward-room steward, what took his meals in, told me he ate nex' to nothing; and he was fetched ashore at Frisco on the quiet. Here was how it was. It seems his brother had took and died, him as had the estate. This one had gone in for his beer, by what I could make out; the old folks at 'ome had turned rusty; no one knew where he had gone to. Here he was, slaving in a merchant brig, shipwrecked on Midway, and packing up his duds for a long voyage in a open boat. He comes on board our ship, and by God, here he is a landed proprietor, and may be in Parliament to-morrow! It's no less than natural he should keep dark: so would you and me, in the same box."

"I daresay," said I. "But you saw more of the others?"

"To be sure," says he: "no 'arm in them from what I see. There was one 'Ardy there: colonial born he was, and had been through a power of money. There was no nonsense about 'Ardy; he had been up, and he had come down, and took it so. His 'eart was in the right place; and he was well informed, and knew French and Latin, I believe, like a native! I liked that 'Ardy; he was a good-looking boy, too."

"Did they say much about the wreck?" I asked.

"There wasn't much to say, I reckon," replied the man-o'-war's man. "It was all in the papers. 'Ardy used to yarn most about the coins he had gone through; he had lived with bookmakers, and jockeys, and prigs, and actors, and all that; a precious low lot!" added this judicious person. "But it's about here my horse is moored, and by your leave I'll be getting ahead."

"One moment," said I. "Is Mr. Sebright on board?"

"No, sir, he's ashore to-day," said the sailor. "I took up a bag for him to the 'otel."

With that we parted. Presently after my friend overtook and passed me on a hired steed which seemed to scorn its cavalier; and I was left in the dust of his passage, a prey to whirling thoughts. For I now stood, or seemed to stand, on the immediate threshold of these mysteries. I knew the name of the man Dickson—his name was Carthew; I knew where the money came from that opposed us at the sale—it was part of Carthew's inheritance; and in my gallery of illustrations to the history of the wreck, one more picture hung; perhaps the most dramatic of the series. It showed me the deck of a war-ship in that distant part of the great ocean, the officers and seamen looking curiously on; and a man of birth and education, who had been sailing under an alias on a trading brig, and was now rescued from desperate peril, felled like an ox by the bare sound of his own name. I could not fail to be reminded of my own experience at the Occidental telephone. The hero of three styles, Dickson, Goddedael, or Carthew, must be the owner of a lively—or a loaded—conscience, and the reflection recalled to me the photograph found on board the *Flying Scud;* just such a man, I reasoned, would be capable of just such starts and crises; and I inclined to think that Goddedael (as Carthew) was the mainspring of the mystery.

One thing was plain: as long as the *Tempest* was in reach, I must make the acquaintance of both Sebright and the doctor. To this end, I excused myself with Mr. Fowler, returned to Honolulu,

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and passed the remainder of the day hanging vainly round the cool verandahs of the hotel. It was near nine o'clock at night before I was rewarded.

"That is the gentleman you were asking for," said the clerk.

I beheld a man in tweeds, of an incomparable languor of demeanor, and carrying a cane with genteel effect. From the name, I had looked to find a sort of Viking and young ruler of the battle and the tempest; and I was the more disappointed, and not a little alarmed, to come face to face with this impracticable type.

"I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Lieutenant Sebright," said I, stepping forward.

"Aw, yes," replied the hero; "but, aw! I dawn't knaw you, do I?" (He spoke for all the world like Lord Foppington in the old play—a proof of the perennial nature of man's affectations. But his limping dialect, I scorn to continue to reproduce.)

"It was with the intention of making myself known, that I have taken this step," said I, entirely unabashed (for impudence begets in me its like—perhaps my only martial attribute). "We have a common subject of interest, to me very lively; and I believe I may be in a position to be of some service to a friend of yours—to give him, at least, some very welcome information."

The last clause was a sop to my conscience: I could not pretend, even to myself, either the power or the will to serve Mr. Carthew; but I felt sure he would like to hear the *Flying Scud* was burned.

"I don't know—I—I don't understand you," stammered my victim. "I don't have any friends in Honolulu, don't you know?"

"The friend to whom I refer is English," I replied. "It is Mr. Carthew, whom you picked up at Midway. My firm has bought the wreck; I am just returned from breaking her up; and—to make my business quite clear to you—I have a communication it is necessary I should make; and have to trouble you for Mr. Carthew's address."

It will be seen how rapidly I had dropped all hope of interesting the frigid British bear. He, on his side, was plainly on thorns at my insistance; I judged he was suffering torments of alarm lest I should prove an undesirable acquaintance; diagnosed him for a shy, dull, vain, unamiable animal, without adequate defence—a sort of dishoused snail; and concluded, rightly enough, that he would consent to anything to bring our interview to a conclusion. A moment later, he had fled, leaving with me a sheet of paper, thus inscribed:—

Norris Carthew,
Stallbridge-le-Carthew,
Dorset.

I might have cried victory, the field of battle and some of the enemy's baggage remaining in my occupation. As a matter of fact, my moral sufferings during the engagement had rivalled those of Mr. Sebright; I was left incapable of fresh hostilities; I owned that the navy of old England was (for me) invincible as of yore; and giving up all thought of the doctor, inclined to salute her veteran flag, in the future, from a prudent distance. Such was my inclination, when I retired to rest; and my first experience the next morning strengthened it to certainty. For I had the pleasure of encountering my fair antagonist on his way on board; and he honored me with a recognition so disgustingly dry, that my impatience overflowed, and (recalling the tactics of Nelson) I neglected to perceive or to return it.

Judge of my astonishment, some half-hour later, to receive a note of invitation from the *Tempest*.

"Dear Sir," it began, "we are all naturally very much interested in the wreck of the *Flying Scud*, and as soon as I mentioned that I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, a very general wish was expressed that you would come and dine on board. It will give us all the greatest pleasure to see you to-night, or in case you should be otherwise engaged, to luncheon either to-morrow or to-day." A note of the hours followed, and the document wound up with the name of "J. Lascelles Sebright," under an undeniable statement that he was sincerely mine.

"No, Mr. Lascelles Sebright," I re-

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flected, "you are not, but I begin to suspect that (like the lady in the song) you are another's. You have mentioned your adventure, my friend, you have been blown up; you have got your orders; this note has been dictated; and I am asked on board (in spite of your melancholy protests) not to meet the men, and not to talk about the *Flying Scud*, but to undergo the scrutiny of some one interested in Carthew: the doctor, for a wager. And for a second wager, all this springs from your facility in giving the address." I lost no time in answering the billet, electing for the earliest occasion; and at the appointed hour, a somewhat blackguard-looking boat's crew from the *Norah Creina* conveyed me under the guns of the *Tempest*.

The ward-room appeared pleased to see me; Sebright's brother officers, in contrast to himself, took a boyish interest in my cruise; and much was talked of the *Flying Scud;* of how she had been lost, of how I had found her, and of the weather, the anchorage, and the currents about Midway Island. Carthew was referred to more than once without embarrassment; the parallel case of a late Earl of Aberdeen, who died mate on board a Yankee schooner, was adduced. If they told me little of the man, it was because they had not much to tell, and only felt an interest in his recognition and pity for his prolonged ill-health. I could never think the subject was avoided; and it was clear that the officers, far from practising concealment, had nothing to conceal.

So far, then, all seemed natural, and yet the doctor troubled me. This was a tall, rugged, plain man, on the wrong side of fifty, already gray, and with a restless mouth and bushy eyebrows: he spoke seldom, but then with gaiety; and his great, quaking, silent laughter was infectious. I could make out that he was at once the quiz of the ward-room and perfectly respected; and I made sure that he observed me covertly. It is certain I returned the compliment. If Carthew had feigned sickness—and all seemed to point in that direction—here was the man who knew all—or certainly knew much. His strong, sterling face progressively and silently persuaded of his full knowledge. That was not the mouth, these were not the eyes of one who would act in ignorance, or could be led at random. Nor again was it the face of a man squeamish in the case of malefactors; there was even a touch of Brutus there, and something of the hanging judge. In short, he seemed the last character for the part assigned him in my theories; and wonder and curiosity contended in my mind.

Luncheon was over, and an adjournment to the smoking-room proposed, when (upon a sudden impulse) I turned my ships, and pleading indisposition, requested to consult the doctor.

"There is nothing the matter with my body, Dr. Urquart," said I, as soon as we were alone.

He hummed, his mouth worked, he regarded me steadily with his gray eyes, but resolutely held his peace.

"I want to talk to you about the *Flying Scud* and Mr. Carthew," I resumed. "Come: you must have expected this. I am sure you know all; you are shrewd, and must have a guess that I know much. How are we to stand to one another? and how am I to stand to Mr. Carthew?"

"I do not fully understand you," he replied, after a pause; and then, after another: "It is the spirit I refer to, Mr. Dodd."

"The spirit of my inquiries?" I asked.

He nodded.

"I think we are at cross-purposes," said I. "The spirit is precisely what I came in quest of. I bought the *Flying Scud* at a ruinous figure, run up by Mr. Carthew by an agent; and I am, in consequence, a bankrupt. But if I have found no fortune in the wreck, I have found unmistakable evidences of foul play. Conceive my position: I am ruined through this man, whom I never saw; I might very well desire revenge or compensation; and I think you will admit I have the means to extort either."

He made no sign in answer to this challenge.

"Can you not understand, then," I resumed, "the spirit in which I come to one who is surely in the secret, and ask him, honestly and plainly: How do I stand to Mr. Carthew?"

"I must ask you to be more explicit," said he.

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"You do not help me much," I retorted. "But see if you can understand: my conscience is not very fine-spun; still, I have one. Now, there are degrees of foul play, to some of which I have no particular objection. I am sure with Mr. Carthew, I am not at all the person to forego an advantage; and I have much curiosity. But on the other hand, I have no taste for persecution; and I ask you to believe that I am not the man to make bad worse, or heap trouble on the unfortunate."

"Yes; I think I understand," said he. "Suppose I pass you my word that, whatever may have occurred, there were excuses—great excuses—I may say, very great?"

"It would have weight with me, doctor," I replied.

"I may go further," he pursued. "Suppose I had been there or you had been there: after a certain event had taken place, it's a grave question what we might have done—it's even a question what we could have done—ourselves. Or take me. I will be plain with you, and own that I am in possession of the facts. You have a shrewd guess how I have acted in that knowledge. May I ask you to judge from the character of my action, something of the nature of that knowledge, which I have no call, nor yet no title, to share with you?"

I cannot convey a sense of the rugged conviction and judicial emphasis of Dr. Urquart's speech: to those who did not hear him, it may appear as if he fed me on enigmas; to myself, who heard, I seemed to have received a lesson and a compliment.

"I thank you," I said. "I feel you have said as much as possible, and more than I had any right to ask. I take that as a mark of confidence, which I will try to deserve. I hope, sir, you will let me regard you as a friend."

He evaded my proffered friendship with a blunt proposal to rejoin the mess; and yet a moment later, contrived to alleviate the snub. For, as we entered the smoking-room, he laid his hand on my shoulder with a kind familiarity.

"I have just prescribed for Mr. Dodd," says he, "a glass of our Madeira."

I have never again met Dr. Urquart: but he wrote himself so clear upon my memory that I think I see him still. And indeed I had cause to remember the man for the sake of his communication. It was hard enough to make a theory fit the circumstances of the *Flying Scud;* but one in which the chief actor should stand the least excused, and might retain the esteem or at least the pity of a man like Dr. Urquart, failed me utterly. Here at least was the end of my discoveries; I learned no more, till I learned all; and my reader has the evidence complete. Is he more astute than I was? or, like me, does he give it up?

(To be continued.)

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A MODEL WORKING-GIRLS' CLUB.

By Albert Shaw.

THE proportion of women whose daily lot is hard labor of some kind or other is not greater now than it has been in other periods. On the contrary, it is probably smaller. But at no former time has the wage-earning woman been so distinct a social and economic factor. Woman's work was formerly hedged in very closely by domestic conditions. Her life was a part of the life of some family, and as an unattached industrial unit she was practically non-existent. Newer conditions have obviously changed all this; and every city has its army of young working-women seeking an independent livelihood, just as it has its larger army of young men. It is no part of the purpose of this article to deplore the fact or to philosophize about the fact. Simply to perceive and admit a great social fact is often an important gain. The army of young working-men in great towns —young men wholly unattached and fighting the battle of life upon their individual resources—has not been very long recognized as a distinct social element, and one for which peculiar provision should be made. But its recognition has been more general, and there has been better provision made for it than for the other army of young working-women.

Yet the position of the young women is much the more difficult. The kinds of work open to women are not half so numerous as those that young men can enter. And women's wages average little more than half as much as their brothers'. The practical difficulties in the way of procuring employment are especially great for young women, and conventional obstacles lie everywhere in the way. Unhappily, the time has not yet come when the honest girl seeking honest employment is secure from insult. If any classes of women on earth have especial right to claim the protection of all men, they are those in our cities who work for their living; and there will come a time when no employer of labor will dare to offend an awakened public sentiment by misconduct toward members of those classes. The rights, the needs, the wants of working-girls call for agitation and for organized action. And in many ways the movement has begun.

It is not strange that the plan of working-girls' clubs, once fairly launched in our American cities, should have been so rapidly successful; for the times were fully ripe for such organizations. Their capacity for development and for usefulness is almost unlimited. There is no good reason why the working-girls' clubs should not, in time, provide in the most varied way for the young woman's legitimate requirements as to special and general culture, technical instruction, social enjoyment and pleasant material environment. It matters less by what precise means the thing is done, than that the results are somehow accomplished. It is conceivable that, the movement being once fairly begun and its methods evolved and prescribed, the working-girls of a given locality might secure palatial club quarters and all the accessories by their own unaided efforts. But, just as young men go to colleges which have been endowed for their benefit, and which derive only a small part of their support from the tuition fees, so it is easy to imagine that greater results for young women might accrue from institutions provided for them through the munificence of the wealthy, or through the

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bounty of the State, than could in a long time result from their own unhelped co-operation.

Perhaps the most complete and practically successful working-girls' club that has yet been organized, is one that has been provided through the generosity of a good man and his devoted wife. It is in London, at the West End, in Langham Place, just beyond Regent Street, and adjoining the well-known Langham Hotel. It is commonly known as the "Girls' Poly," to distinguish it from an institution with which it is closely allied, the Young Men's Polytechnic Institute, which is universally known among young people in London as the "Poly." The more precise name of the club in question is the "Young Women's Institute." To get a suitable starting-point, however, it may be explained that the Young Men's "Poly" is the outcome of a lifetime of work for the young men of London by a wealthy and sagacious man of business, Mr. Quentin Hogg, whose high standing in the social and financial world has not prevented his giving himself, along with his money, to admirably-directed efforts for the welfare of young working-men. His Institute is the best all-round educational establishment in England. It is a young men's club, with social and entertainment rooms, a great gymnasium, the best swimming-bath in London, a fine boat-house on the Thames, the best recreation grounds for football and cricket and tennis in all England, and various other social diversions. But it also provides scores of classes, under competent instructors, where technical and scientific subjects, literary subjects, practical trades, all branches of the decorative and the fine arts, music, and many other things are taught. Not less than ten thousand young men every year have the benefit of some feature of this great establishment; and nearly all these young men are apprentices, clerks, or young working mechanics to whom the evening classes and the recreations that are procurable at the Polytechnic are almost their sole opportunities for education and pleasure. So much for the original "Poly." The young women's "Poly" grew subsequently out of Mrs. Quentin Hogg's desire to do something for the sisters and sweethearts of Mr. Hogg's young men. In many of the class-rooms of the "Poly" it had come to be the practice to admit young women students; but the club features of the establishment belonged exclusively to the young men. Mrs. Hogg frequently opened her home to the girls, and she regularly held a Sunday afternoon tea and Bible class for a hundred or more of them. At length the opportunity came to give effect to the plan she and her husband had been maturing. A building, only a few steps distant from the Polytechnic, which had been constructed and long used as a West End gentlemen's club, came into the market, and Mr. Hogg leased it. The building was remarkably well adapted for the purposes of such a girls' club as Mrs. Hogg desired to establish. It was furnished and fitted up at Mr. Hogg's expense, and was ready for opening in April, 1888.

The original accommodations were regarded as adequate for a membership of five hundred girls, and that number was fixed upon in advance as the limit. It was also decided to admit only those between the ages of sixteen and twenty five. The fact that there were eight hundred applications for membership upon the opening night, sufficiently indicated the actual need for such an institution. And further applications poured in continually. Mr. Hogg generously set about the task of altering and enlarging the premises, and he was soon able to provide for three hundred more, making a total of eight hundred. And still there were hundreds of eager girls whose names were listed, and who were waiting for vacancies. By the acquisition of adjacent house-room, and the remodelling of the whole, Mr. Hogg at length made it possible, at the opening of 1891, to accommodate more than twelve hundred members; and, if the place were twice as spacious there would, doubtless, be more than twice as many young women enthusiastic candidates for admission.

The fees for Institute membership are very small—eighteen pence per quarter, or five shillings ($1.25) per year. The establishment is open in all its parts for the benefit of the members, from

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6.30 to 10.00 in the evenings. The membership fee gives free use of sitting-rooms, library, reading- and music-rooms, game-rooms, recreation-grounds, and numerous other advantages, and also entitles the fortunate young woman to admission at low tuition rates to an immense range of classes and entertainments.

The purely club features of the place are highly prized by the girls. It is no small thing for them to have a bright, cheerful establishment, that they regard as their own, where they may resort in the evenings, and in connection with which they have access to so much that is diverting and instructive. It is needless to emphasize the importance of such a privilege, to anyone who knows how the average young working men and women of our great cities are obliged to live. In the refreshment-rooms the member may procure her cup of tea and light lunch, at a cost decidedly less than elsewhere. And for a year or more past there has been served in the capacious dining-rooms an excellent and substantial dinner, in courses, at sixpence. For four-pence, a very good but less bountiful dinner may be had by the more economical young woman of business. These privileges are, of course, limited to members. The Institute dining-rooms are vastly more pleasant than the cheap restaurants or lunch-rooms to which the girls might otherwise be compelled to resort, and the food at the Institute is incomparably better in quality and cheaper in price. All the influences of the place are homelike, wholesome and improving. There seems to be a tacit understanding among the young women who meet in these agreeable quarters that they must be on their best behavior — must "live up to their blue china," so to speak. Their self-respect is enhanced, the range of their interests is wonderfully increased, their courage and ambition are quickened, and they are lifted above the power of temptations which some of them might not have withstood but for the welcome of this bright open door.

The large majority of the young women are employed in the various work-rooms and shops of the West End, and belong to the classes most in need of such an institution. The new applicants for membership, in 1890, were about nine hundred; and they listed themselves as belonging to the following occupations:

Dressmakers, mantlemakers, etc.	330
Milliners and assistants in milliner shops	111
Fancy workers	38
Tailoresses and sewing-machine operators	76
Clerks and book-keepers	90
Teachers	55
Shop assistants	53
Telegraph operators, etc.	31
Various trades	40
Servants and other occupations	33
At home, or occupation not stated	125

It may be assumed that the entire membership is made up, in somewhat similar proportions, of girls engaged in the callings mentioned in the above table. To hold them together and effectively to attract them, it is obvious that the Institute must be broad in the range of its appointments and advantages. That it does attract and quite firmly hold its members, nobody knows better than the four or five hundred applicants always waiting for vacancies which will bring them nearer to admission. While there is an age limit for new-comers, there is no retiring age; and it is, of course, a great advantage that there is always a large nucleus of experienced members who have learned to know the place and one another, and who give stability to a body that otherwise might be difficult to harmonize and assimilate. Mrs. Hogg had the advantage at the outset of having had much to do for years, in her weekly classes and teas, with hundreds of West End working-girls; and in the educational departments of the young men's Polytechnic there had long been a large contingent of young women. So that the Langham Place establishment was opened with a constituency that had in considerable part already come under the influence of the founders.

The "Girls' Poly" is not regarded as a charity place, but as an exceedingly live and enterprising organization and community, to which it is an honor for a self-respecting girl to belong. Nothing is given away; yet nothing is made unattainably expensive. Everything is of

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the best, from the recreation-grounds to the technical instruction. The following somewhat incomplete memorandum, showing the number that entered the various classes in the opening weeks of the last autumn (1890) session, may be presented:

Art classes	109
Ambulance (nursing, aid to the injured, etc.)	98
Instrumental music classes	161
Vocal music classes	131
Elocution classes	115
French or German classes	110
Chemistry and other science classes	98
Dressmaking and millinery classes	86
Arithmetic and book-keeping classes	81
Cookery classes	72
Civil service (preliminary to examinations for clerkships, etc.)	61
Shorthand and type-writing classes	61
General elementary classes	35

These classes were, of course, very much enlarged as the season advanced. It should be borne in mind that in almost every instance the class work is undertaken for thoroughly practical, bread-and-butter purposes, and not in any lackadaisical or hap-hazard way. The girls who take dressmaking and millinery, for instance, are employed in West End shops, and are anxious to learn the most technical and difficult parts of their trades. They are taught in small class divisions, with great advantage. Scarcely any of the two hundred or more girls usually found in one or another of the many classes of the art department, are at work for other than immediately practical purposes. Drawing, designing, modelling, etc., are accomplishments for which there is demand in a very large number of shops and manufactories in the west of London; and it is in the lines of decorative and technical art that these girls are at work, under the most accomplished instructors.

One of the chief advantages of a large permanent organization such as this which Mr. Hogg maintains, is the readiness with which it can be made the centre of a great variety of co-operative interests affecting the membership in very many of the relations of life. Thus it becomes a bureau of information; and its prestige and rare facilities render it a powerful agency in procuring suitable employment for those of its members who, in its various class-rooms, have shown proficiency and merit. It also affords the young women an organized ability to redress injuries, and secures for them comparative freedom from any especially unjust treatment on the part of employers. The influence of Mr. Hogg and his friends is so great in the business world of London, that few employers of the labor of working-women would have the temerity to subject any members of the Young Women's Institute to improper treatment or undue hardship.

Moreover, the Institute in a hundred ways is a promoter of thrift. It becomes an exchange for information about lodgings, and all the practical problems of income and expenditure that concern working-girls, and thus enables them to secure the best that is available, for the least money. Its dining and lunch arrangements save many a sixpence for the girls. The very atmosphere of the place protects them, to some extent, from that spendthrift recklessness which is always a temptation to working-girls, who find little in their surroundings that encourages them to attempt to be saving and frugal. Further than this, in connection with the larger neighboring establishment, the Institute maintains a savings bank in which higher interest is paid upon deposits than in any other safe and reputable savings institution in London. Many of the girls—several hundreds of them, it would probably be safe to assume—have opened bank accounts and are learning to consider with some system the care and use of money. For their various holiday journeys and excursions, to which reference will be made hereafter, the girls deposit the money in small weekly instalments, beginning many months or even a whole year in advance; so that the exercise of a little prudent forethought, under the kindly stimulus and encouragement of the Institute, will have enabled them, when summer comes around, to take a glorious outing by the sea-shore, in Switzerland, in Scotland, or elsewhere.

In addition to all these advantages, there should be mentioned the whole series of admirable organizations within the Institute, carefully managed under the eyes of the patrons of the place,

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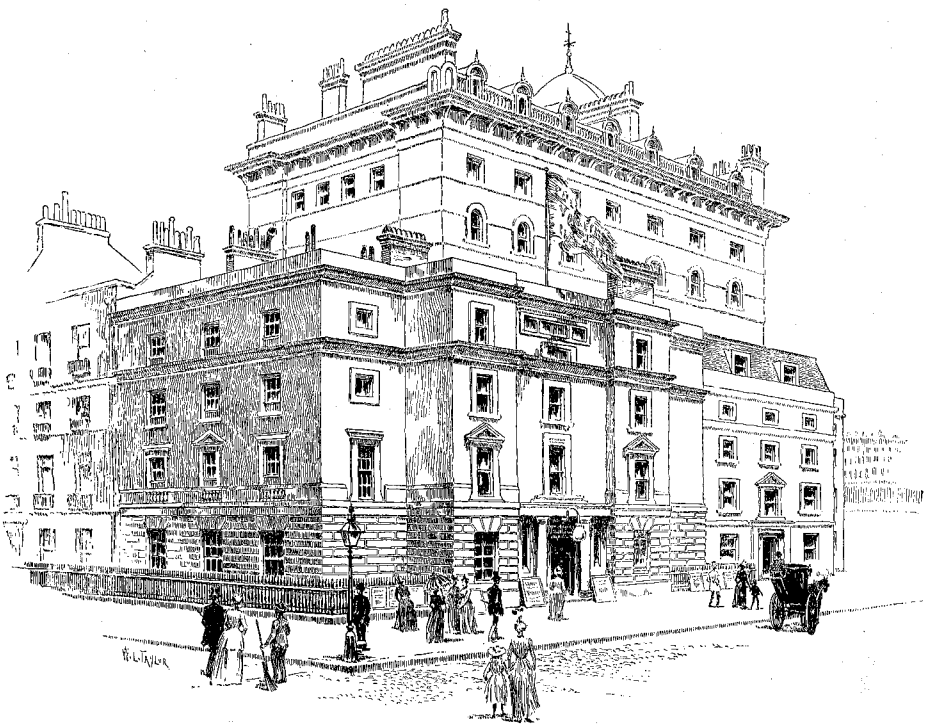

Polytechnic Young Women's Institute, London.

which furnish co-operative accident insurance, and which especially provide for sick funds, medical relief, and for visiting and nursing in case of illness. So obvious are the uses and merits of such societies, that it would seem quite needless to expatiate upon them. While in health and vigor, the young workingwoman may seem to prosper, independent of any help or assistance from others. But if illness comes she will too often find herself in a situation most pitiful and distressing. The young women of this great club in Langham Place are protected from all these dangers by their small regular contributions to adequate funds, out of which are provided weekly remuneration for loss of time through illness; the best medical attendance London can afford, free of cost; proper nursing and attention, with hospital facilities if needed; and—not the least important item—the regular and friendly visits of fellow-members who are organized into visiting committees and flower committees, and who see that none of their twelve hundred fellow-members are left without friendly sympathy when prostrated by illness.

It is sometimes rather vaguely and captiously objected to the distinct organization of young working-women into clubs and mutual benefit associations, that such a movement is adverse to domestic life, and that it does not tend to promote the family basis of our civilization. No objection could be more absurdly ill-founded. If one should set out with the sole purpose of devising a project by which to fit the thousands of young London working-girls to become worthy English wives and mothers, it would not be easy to invent a scheme more admirably adapted to this end than such a club as the Langham Place Young Women's Institute. It encourages all that is best in true womanhood, teaches thrift and self-help, makes much of instruction in cookery, sewing, and household arts, and above all develops the intellectual and æsthetic tastes, and supplies the innocent and wholesome pleasures which give the young women

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a stock of interests in common with the thousands of self-respecting, intelligent young men who are to be found thronging such establishments as the Young Men's Polytechnic Institute. The two allied establishments maintain no formal matrimonial bureau; yet they are undoubtedly the means of bringing together into honorable and happy unions great numbers of young men and women.

The accompanying illustrations, which show the young women of the Institute engaged in various amusements, speak almost sufficiently for themselves. It should be remarked, however, that the recreation-grounds maintained for the Young Women's Institute at Paddington, a short omnibus ride from the Institute, are the only similar grounds exclusively for women in all London, and deserve to be counted among the finest in the whole of England. They comprise a number of acres where—on the Saturday half-holidays and in the long evenings of summer, when daylight in that high latitude continues until after 9 o'clock—the young women play tennis, golf, and various other games, according to the season. They maintain within the Institute their own clubs and organizations for games and athletics, and arrange their contests and special field days to suit themselves. A large gymnasium, in another building close to the Institute, has been opened for the young women, and it is a popular feature of the club. It is in charge of an accomplished army officer, and is in high favor among the young women, both for recreation and for health and physical development. Some of the exhibitions given by the young women of the gymnasium classes have attracted wide attention, and have been repeated in large London halls before enthusiastic companies of ladies. The swimming bath of the Young Men's Polytechnic, which is the largest and finest in London, is also through the summer season set apart, two evenings in the week, for the young women, and is used as a swimming-school. Throughout the entire year, of course, various indoor games and amusements are permitted in rooms of the club especially set apart for such purposes. All these wholesome and pleasant features of the Institute are at the service of the members without additional charge; or if in some cases a small fee is required, it is so trifling as to be little more than nominal.

The Gymnasium—Calisthenic Exercise.

There is no large hall or audience room in the girls' club, but the young women are admitted to great numbers

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of lectures by the ablest men in England, to attractive concerts, and to various popular entertainments held in the large

in preparing articles for the fair held at Christmas. Such work for the better equipment of the club, on the part of

Institute Girls at Golf.

amphitheatre of the Young Men's Polytechnic Institute; and they attend in great numbers and with unflagging enthusiasm. Obviously, but for their intimate connection with such a centre of "light and leading" as the Institute, not many of them would have had either the disposition, the opportunity, or the means to attend such lectures and entertainments. The young women themselves participate frequently in simple musical affairs in the parlors of their own Institute, and have abundant opportunity for the study of instrumental music and singing, and for choral practice.

The library of the Girls' Institute, which has now a thousand or more volumes, has been bought with money which the girls themselves have secured as the result of an annual bazaar or two, at which articles of their own handiwork have been sold; and one of the pleasantest sights in the whole Institute was a so-called "working party" busily engaged

the young women, develops *esprit de corps*, and naturally increases the feelings of attachment to the place as a home.

Enough has been said to show how, about such an establishment as a centre, there can easily be rallied a great variety of mutual co-operative agencies for the protection, education, entertainment, and moral and social culture of working-girls. It would seem sufficiently obvious that, for the highest success of such an institution, there should be a stability and a continuity which would be necessarily lacking if the club were purely the creation of the young women who are its members, and if its affairs and management were altogether at their disposition. A simple co-operative organization, without backing or patronage of any kind, could not so well maintain savings banks, insurance societies, sick funds, and other agencies which require permanence and financial credit. There would seem to be desir-

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The Cooking Class.

able therefore, 1, the support and active administration of some philanthropist of large means; 2, the supervision and control of an influential society or committee; 3, the support of the municipality or State; or, 4, the basis of an ample endowment in the hands of intelligent trustees. For purposes of initiation and development, it would probably be best that some one individual of ample means, or several people closely associated together, should control through their early years such establishments as this one which Mr. and Mrs. Hogg have so successfully organized. But for permanent safety and success, an endowment ought to be secured under control of a suitable board of managers. Mr. Hogg has already arranged for the perpetuation of his admirable Institutes by securing, partly from private benefactors, and partly from the large funds available for such purposes in the hands of the Public Charity Commissioners, a sufficient endowment to make it certain that in the case of his death, or of his financial inability to further continue the large annual payments he has hitherto made so cheerfully, there shall be no failure or diminution of the work.

It would be a mistake to underrate, as an element in the success of such an establishment, the pervasive influence of the personality of the founders. Mrs. Hogg's noble character, and the constant presence, and practical skill and tact, of such assistants as Mrs. Robert Mitchell and Mrs. J. E. K. Studd, have accomplished for this Institute what no merely perfunctory salaried management could, in so short a time, have achieved by any possibility. The religious influence which these ladies exert over the young women of the Institute, while not obtrusive, is doubtless to be regarded as one of the vital elements in the moral success of the undertaking.

Perhaps nothing so well illustrates the many advantages that co-operation through some such agency may bring

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to young people, as the various summer excursions that have been provided. These excursions were several years ago begun and have since been continued under the management of Mr. Robert Mitchell, the accomplished and efficient secretary of the Young Men's Polytechnic. They have developed in a most astonishing way. They attracted wide attention through the months of the Paris Exposition, when Mr. Mitchell secured extensive quarters in Paris, and took over in instalments some thousands of young people from the Institutes, giving them a week's sojourn and exceptionally good facilities for transportation and sight-seeing, at a total expense for each excursionist of a very small sum. For this excursion young people were obliged to enter their names some months in advance, and to deposit their money in regular weekly instalments. This creation of anticipatory interest in the great fair was used by the Institute to promote much intelligent reading and inquiry; so that the Polytechnic excursionists, both young men and young women, probably obtained better and more intelligent results from their visits to Paris than almost any other class of pilgrims who attended the last Exposition.

In the summer of 1890, great numbers of young women as well as young men were taken to Scotland for holidays of from one week to two weeks duration, with the most gratifying results, and at ridiculously small expense. Many hundreds also were given outings lasting from a few days to a few weeks, at places specially arranged for on the English sea-coast. Smaller parties were also taken walking tours through Switzerland. In the summer of 1891 a large number of working-girls were conducted upon attractive walking tours in Switzerland, the Scotch excursions were repeated, the movement to the sea-side was larger than ever, and—more ambitious than anything else—a great number of young people were taken for a month's excursion along the coasts and fiords of Norway, a steamer having been specially chartered for that purpose. This steamer made three voyages, and was able to accommodate several hundreds upon each trip, the round voyage lasting a month. In the previous summer, it should also be said, a limited number of excursionists were taken by Mr. Mitchell on a voyage to the island of Madeira, the excursion proving a complete success. And various other minor projects of travel and recreation have been successfully carried out this year.

All of these ventures have been managed with such consummate business skill by Mr. Hogg and Mr. Mitchell that while the cost to the young people participating in them has been perhaps not more than one-third what those trips or excursions would cost others who went upon their own individual resources, there has been in no case any deficit to be met by the Institute; but, on the contrary, there has been in every case some slight substantial profit. It would be impossible to over-estimate the enormous benefit that thousands of young men and young women connected with the Institute have received, physically and intellectually, from participation in these excursions. It may interest Americans to know that for some time past the Institute's savings bank books have been opened for the special deposits of young men and women who propose to visit America to attend the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893; and when the time comes we shall undoubtedly have the pleasure of welcoming to our shores several hundreds of these young people who wear the badges of the Regent Street and Langham Place Institutes.

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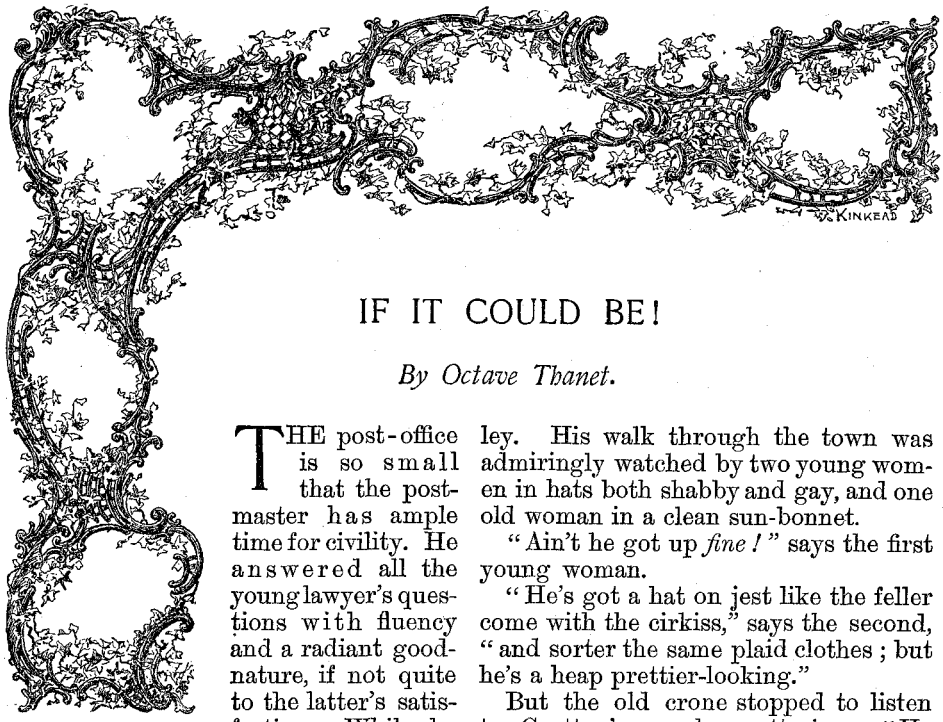

IF IT COULD BE!

By Octave Thanet.

THE post-office is so small that the postmaster has ample time for civility. He answered all the young lawyer's questions with fluency and a radiant good-nature, if not quite to the latter's satisfaction. While he spoke he leaned his soiled shirt-sleeves over the counter and stirred the dead flies in a saucer with his little finger.

"Yes, sir, Lester Ridge was a right stirring little town. Growing right straight along. Big mill, Colonel Lester's, and the Colonel was a good man. Seen the church he gave to the town? Gave a hall, too. He had done a heap for the county; very pleasant gentleman, too. No, sir; the hotel wasn't up to the town. Kept by a Yankee from Missouri—didn't Gratton [Gratton was the questioner] call 'em Yankees when they came from Missouri? No, sir, he would *not* call Gratton a Yankee if he did come from Boston! The difference? Well, *sir!* that was easy; nice folks from the North were Northerners, mean ones were Yankees. Understand? Oh, yes, sir, he could direct him to Colonel Lester's; no trouble to find the house, just back of them big water-oaks on the yon side the creek; handsome mansion, painted white, big gallery, and a mighty pretty flower-gyarden."

Gratton had a letter of introduction to Colonel Lester, and he went in search of that personage without further parley. His walk through the town was admiringly watched by two young women in hats both shabby and gay, and one old woman in a clean sun-bonnet.

"Ain't he got up *fine!*" says the first young woman.

"He's got a hat on jest like the feller come with the cirkiss," says the second, "and sorter the same plaid clothes; but he's a heap prettier-looking."

But the old crone stopped to listen to Gratton's cough, muttering: "He hadn't orter go without rubbers, if mud ain't but shoe-mouth deep; he didn't cotch that cold yistiddy!"

Unconscious Gratton was pulling his fair mustache, absorbed in his own thoughts. "Odd state of affairs"—thus his soliloquy ran—"if this Major Roper were killed in the morning, his son will be only an Arkansas rustic; if a few hours later, he will be an English baronet. I daresay he could marry Belle Winslow—if he wanted her!"

The Lester mansion was not difficult to find, being the one house of importance in the village. Gratton liked its appearance, set back in its ample, old-fashioned gardens, with its trig crowd of out-buildings and its lavish and patriarchal air. "A kind of frontier manor-house," he mused; "no doubt Colonel Lester is the great man of the county. Well, in an Italian climate such as Burley says Arkansas has nine months of the twelve, with a decent house which oughtn't to be hard to get, next door to a lumber mill; directly on a railway so one could get one's groceries from Pierce, just the same as if in Boston, have a capital wine-cellar

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and a nice, damp atmosphere for cigars —by Jove, a fellow might find a worse hermitage!"

He recalled a certain interview with his doctor, to which, indeed, his memory was wont to hark back with a nagging persistence; recalled, and, for the first time, did not either sigh or scowl.

"Stagnant, of course, no society at all; but why should *I* grumble at a lack of society!" said Gratton, who considered himself an ill-used and heart-broken man, because of the mercenary perfidy of one society young woman. "Why, my modest pile would cut a great figure here; I could become a grand seignior, like Colonel Lester, I dare say—if I am man enough!"

He laughed at his own fantasy, and was laughing when he pulled the white bell-knob on the green gumwood door of the mansion. There was a rim of light around the three sides of the door, but it was newly painted. A responsive gleam of good-humor shone on the glossy black features of the negro man who answered Gratton's ring. He wore the clean white jacket and apron of the old South, and, with much civility, ushered Gratton into a spacious and high-ceilinged room, hung in a white and gilt satin paper, such as our grandmothers admired. There glimmered, also, a dim shine of rosewood and mahogany, the like of which the New Englander remembered in the dark and sacred parlors of his childhood. The time-battered gilt frames and dusky canvasses of the family portraits showed all the dingier for their background. Gratton walked from one face to another, his critical man-of-the-world's smile gradually mellowing. One ancestor having a ruffled shirt and a severe dignity, him, for no better reason, he placed as a judge. The gentleman of the porcupine hair and short-waisted regimentals must be an officer who had fought in the Mexican War. The dark young man whose long, uncurling locks were parted on the left temple, was a Confederate captain—witness his fresher splendor of gold and gray. Beneath the frame (which was brighter than the others) hung a sword and faded sash. The young captain's countenance was of the most wooden cast in the world.

"Painted from a photograph," thought Gratton, who presently picked out the very photograph from a medley of those "cartes" familiar to everyone during the days of the war. The small cards were affixed, with infinite neatness and painstaking, to a gilded board, and framed in a square of sycamore balls and twigs. There were maidens in expansive frocks of white muslin, and matrons in wide-sleeved silken gowns, with bows of velvet on their hair and embroidered collars over their shoulders; there were elderly men and young men, alike in Confederate gray, with bell-shaped trousers and wrinkling sleeves. Long ago the paper had lost its sheen, and the tints were faded like the tints of a rusted blade. The spectator had the dreary sensation of one viewing a graveyard on a dull day.

"Ah, the poor South!" said Gratton. Then he uttered an exclamation. Above this diminutive and piteous assemblage was a distinctly modern picture. Who could be the original of that beautiful girl bending a vivid loveliness out of the shadows? Here was no faded image of the past; life, humor, love, sparkled in the adorable brown eyes; it was a living creature that smiled at the young man.

"The fellow knew how to paint," cried Gratton; "but what a model he had! She is prettier than Belle. By Jove, she is!"

This was his supreme praise. Belle was the destroyer of his peace of mind. He stood for a long while before the portrait. He was really a good critic and he experienced a genuine delight. To think of such masterly drawing, such broad handling drifting into the wilderness!

"My uncle will see you immediately, sir," a sweet voice said. The Southern accent on a gentlewoman's tongue is charming; but there were richer vibrations in this voice than Gratton often heard from his countrywomen.

He whisked about to bow to the lady of the picture. "My uncle begs you will take some refreshment," said she; "you must have had a warm walk."

Not waiting his reply, she smiled and vanished; while, like a transformation scene, in her place stood the negro, grinning behind a dazzle of silver, glass, and

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ice, and two yellow straws sticking out of a greenery of mint.

After his julep Gratton was in a mood to greet the master of such a wine-cellar cordially. He had heard queer stories about James Lester, who, in truth, had borne his full part in the turbulent life of the frontier, holding the scales for justice and civilization, to be sure, but not always in a stainless hand. "A man of honor and true as steel," so the senior partner of the firm had described him to Gratton, "but not exactly a Sunday-school superintendent, you know. But, as they say down there, he is a man to tie to. I had the good fortune to serve him once; and I'm sure he will help you if he can."

Gratton made it a rule not to draw pictures in advance of his eyes; he was the less surprised, when the renowned fire-eater entered the room, to see a tall, elderly man, dressed in a summer costume that included a silk shirt and white flannel—a handsome man of a winning gentleness of manner and cleanliness of aspect from his silver curls and smoothly shaven face to his daintily kept hands.

"I am heartily glad to see you, sir," said he; "it isn't often that we all have the pleasure of welcoming our Northern friends in June."

His voice was modulated into that unconscious and caressing softness which makes any voice agreeable. He smiled in speaking, and his smile was full of good-will.

"Delightful old boy!" thought Gratton. He explained that he came on business, and business may not pick its season.

"So my friend Mr. Burley informs me," said Lester, comfortably disposing his long legs in front of him and tapping his knees with his fingers. No one to look at him would suppose that those white, square-tipped fingers had once griped the life out of a man's throat. But Gratton recalled one story.

"This is about the case," said he, smiling back again. "We have an English client who has employed us to conduct his American investments. He bought land in Arkansas among other things. While we were looking up the title, we discovered something that may or may not be of importance to him. Our client, Sir Jasper Roper, inherited his title and a moderate sum of money from an uncle. Sir Jasper's father was the youngest of three brothers."

"Roper, did you say?" exclaimed the Colonel. He looked suddenly interested, almost excited.

"Yes, Roper. As I was saying, there were three brothers—Oswald, Herbert, and Edgar. Edgar was Sir Jasper's father. He died first. Then Herbert left home and was supposed to have been killed during the war in the United States. News of his death came to England immediately after Sir Oswald's death. Now, Sir Oswald and Herbert had quarrelled, how or why I do not know, but Sir Oswald believed and owned himself in the wrong, and left all his small estate to Herbert Roper."

"Yes, sir." It was preposterous, but the Colonel had the air of a man that hears a familiar story correctly repeated.

"Well, the death of Herbert Roper before Oswald, you see, gave the estate and title to Jasper, son of the youngest brother. Now comes the discovery. We found, in hunting up the title of some pine lands on the Arkansas River, that the former owner of these lands had been Herbert Roper. There he was, on the deed, Herbert Reginald Sackville—all his names in full—and Clara Virginia, his wife; and the date of the transfer was two months later than the date of his supposed death. You see the point, Colonel."

"Certainly, sir. Your client would not inherit if Major Roper was alive after Sir Oswald died and left any heir."

"You put it very clearly. But I notice you give Major Roper his title; did you know him?"

"In a way, yes, sir. But go on, please."

"We communicated at once with Sir Jasper, who instructed us to get at all the facts. We found the man who bought from Herbert Roper, and ascertained that Mrs. Roper died shortly after the transfer. We also found that Major Roper died or was killed on June 25, 18—."

"Twenty-one years ago to-day," said the Colonel. And he sighed.

"We found his tombstone, or, rather, his monument, which is kept in extraor-

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dinary good order. It is in a little town in Garland County. On the stone was an inscription to the effect that he was accidentally killed—'killed by mistake' the words are—and that the stone was erected to him and to his wife by their only child, Willy Sackville Roper. Our informant about the land, told us further that you had known Roper and could tell us about him. He seemed in some way shy about going into particulars. So here I am. Can you tell me, in the first place, if this William Sackville Roper is alive?"

"Very much alive," answered the Colonel, with a faint smile; "you saw her just now."

Gratton's eyes began to sparkle. "Is it possible this Willy is a girl and not a boy?"

"There are heaps and heaps of Southern girl Willies and Tommies, don't you know, Mr. Gratton? Yes, sir, that was Willy Roper."

"She called you uncle."

"I adopted her when her father died."

"Then you will know all about the circumstances and the time of her father's death, I fancy."

The Colonel moved his chair, thus screening his face behind a high old-fashioned banner worked in Berlin wools.

"Yes, sir, I will tell you how Herbert Roper met his death. He did not deserve it. It was a murder, a cruel, foul murder, sir! He was one of the noblest, straightest fellows that ever lived; but those were wild times, sir, and he didn't understand the country, so he allowed himself to be swindled into buying the horse of a horse-thief and murderer who kept the whole county afire, you may say. Bertie was mistaken for the villain he was not, and—he was murdered."

"Hanged?"

"No, sir, the leader of the Regulators was so powerfully impressed by his manner and his few words—not any craven pleading, mind you; just such manly, affecting words as would come naturally from a brave man who had a little motherless baby at home and must think of her. He was so touched, as I said, that though he was a dunderheaded fool, and believed in their idiotic evidence, and let them kill him, he did say, 'Horse-thief or no horse-thief, murderer or no murderer, here's a brave man and he shall have a soldier's death and be shot!' He *was* shot."

The speaker's voice had a dull, monotonous firmness.

Gratton wondered, but all his wits were on the chase. "Do you know at what hour this happened?"

"It was five minutes past five in the afternoon."

"Can you help me to prove that? It is for your adopted daughter's benefit, you understand. There is no scheme to suppress the evidence. The title would be something to my client, but he is an honorable man and insisted on the rights of his unknown cousin. The title, fortunately, will not be taken, Miss Roper being Miss Roper, and the fortune is a small matter to a man of Sir Jasper's wealth — he gets it from his mother, it is not in question—fifty thousand dollars, ten thousand odd pounds, cannot be much to him; but it is a great deal to him to obtain exact evidence of his uncle's death."

"Yes, sir," said the Colonel, making no comment on the sum. "Well, I expect I can prove the time for you. I am sure of it, because he gave me the direction how to find his home and his daughter, written on a leaf of a note-book I had about me."

"Pardon me. You have that memorandum?"

"Yes, sir. He gave it to me, and as I put it into my vest-pocket my watch somehow fell out onto the damp ground. I picked it up — after — after we had fired, and it had stopped at five minutes past five. Yes, sir, five minutes past five on one of the prettiest evenings I ever did see."

Gratton, feeling dizzy, said, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume: "Then you were present on the occasion of Major Roper's death?"

"I was the leader of the Regulators."

For the first time since he had been out of knickerbockers Charley Gratton was mentally knocked endwise and had not a word to say. He nodded.

The Colonel surveyed his unconcealable amazement with a smile that held nothing bitter or cynical, but much melancholy.

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"I dare say you wonder," he said, "that I should have adopted his child. I had no option. Her mother was dead; they two were in a strange country, with no one to care for the little thing except an old negro nurse. And he trusted me."

"I am sure from the single glance that I had that you have been repaid——"

"She has been the sunshine of my life," said the old Regulator, simply. Then, quite in the manner of any fond parent, he called Charley's attention to the portrait. "Mr. Burley recommended the artist, sir. I am right well satisfied myself; but her aunt Mally will insist the way she holds her head doesn't favor her. Sister Mally used to paint herself, and of course she knows better than I. She painted this"—he waved his hand in the direction of the portrait of the captain—"a splendid young fellow, sir, of the greatest promise, killed at Helena. He was to have married my sister. She painted it from a photograph and memory. It is a speaking likeness — speaking. Observe the eyes; she's got the color exactly. I hope you will see my sister; of course you will let us send for your bag."

The Colonel would take no excuse, and finally Charley did agree to come back to dine with them at what seemed to him the unaccountable dinner hour of half-past two. Meanwhile the Colonel had apparently recovered his spirits, chatted and laughed, and promised, without a shadow of embarrassment, to draw up an affidavit for Gratton, and to find the watch and memorandum against his next coming. Miss Lester came in—a tall, slender, smiling gentlewoman, the feminine copy of her brother. She attended Gratton to the very door of the mansion, in the frank hospitality of the Southwest. At the door an incident occurred to prod Charley's nerve of wonder. He stood at Miss Lester's elbow, just over the door-sill; back in the hall the Colonel was fumbling at the hat-rack for a particular hat. A light shape flitted out of the dusk to stand beside him. Gratton only heard a single sentence. She said: "Did you see papa this morning?" The Colonel's answer was muffled in a laugh, and then his footsteps echoed on the uncarpeted floor as he stepped briskly up to the guest.

"Well, I should very much like to know *who* is 'papa!'" thought the young man.

He strolled about the village in a good humor, not marred by his sense of the grotesque morality of the Colonel's part in the drama. Sir Jasper, he knew, would be well content to purchase security of title with fifty thousand dollars. He should do a good day's work. For the first time in months his dreams did not drift back to certain favorite passages of bitterness. He forgot himself in a half-humorous but vivid interest in these strangers. What a situation! A beloved daughter who tenderly loves the murderer of her father. Yet had not Lester made the wisest and best atonement in his power, rearing his victim's child thus carefully? Might not the father himself, if he could view the matter at all, view it in that light?

Meditation of this sort kept Gratton so busy that time did not hang heavily on his hands, and he strolled through the gum-trees toward the Lester place in a frame of unusual charity toward the Southwest. The hour was not yet two o'clock. The shadows of the luxuriant foliage were beginning to sharpen and deepen on the sunlit ground. The brilliant water-oak leaves were varnished by a recent rain. A murmur of softest cadence was breathed from the willows, a winding line of which seemed to define a hidden stream. Idly enough Gratton took his course toward the noise, which directly changed into the punctured babble of water lapping the roots of trees, and he caught the glitter of waves through the delicate shrubbery. Before him a rivulet wound between its guarded banks — a beamy, splashing, jewelled creature that slipped into an opalescent glory of mist.

But it was not the brook that held Gratton's eyes, it was the figure of a man, of Lester. The Southerner sat in an easy attitude, one knee lifted and clasped by both hands. He was talking to some person out of sight. Gratton could hear the full, kindly tones of his voice. Once or twice he laughed. As Gratton drew nearer he rose and held

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out his hand. He moved it up and down, making the gesture of shaking hands. But there was no one visible, no hand on the other side.

Gratton stepped out of his covert. No one, far or near—only the Colonel proceeding sedately back to the house. He showed no emotion when he perceived Gratton in his path; on his part, however, Gratton did not know which way to look. Was this affable old gentleman mad? He hazarded a passive kind of smile.

"Did you see me?" said the Colonel, coolly. "Yes, I see you did."

"I have barely come myself," said Gratton. "I ought to apologize for trespassing, but I wasn't aware that this was your grounds until just now——"

"Not the least consequence, sir; our friends cayn't trespass on us, you know. Besides, I am glad you did see me. I want to talk with you. There is a plumb half-hour before dinner-time. Will you sit?"

Gratton took a seat on the dry log to which he motioned, thinking, "If he is a lunatic he seems harmless."

The Colonel opened the conversation. "I expect you reckon that I am a little off color in my wits; but you shall judge of that for yourself. Anyway and anyhow, I have promised Roper to tell you the whole story—if you don't mind."

"You will interest me, on the contrary."

Lester braced himself against the trunk of a willow-oak. He did not look at Gratton as he spoke. His voice was slow and deliberate.

"After we shot Bertie I went in search of his little girl. I had considerable of a hard time to find her. He had bought a cabin off in the big gum-woods on Cache—nobody within a mile of them—and there he was fixing to raft timber, poor fellow. He would have made money of it, too; don't mistake me, sir. Bertie was of the stuff that succeeds. But you know what had happened, and there was the poor little trick playing on the floor in front of the fire with a queer sort of doll he had carved out of wood for her himself. I declare, sir, it staggered me to see her. Directly she saw me she held out her little arms and began, 'Papa! papa!' I dare say she called every man she saw papa, being only a year old, you know, and just beginning to prattle; but it was like a pump at my heart. I could feel the blood jumping out of my veins. That was the beginning of my bad time. Oh, that *was* a bad time! And it got worse when I discovered that Roper had told the whole cussed truth, and how that devil, Cris Medlark, had roped him in."

"Was that his name—Medlark?" said Gratton, who remembered the name in connection with a grisly story that Burley often told about the Southwest. "What became of him?"

"Him! Oh, I killed him," said the Colonel, carelessly. "That was the first thing made me feel a little chirked up."

"Didn't you track him down until he jumped into the river to escape you? And then didn't you jump after, and stun him with a blow of your fist, and fetch him to shore, and then tie him to your horse, and finally hang him?"

Lester smiled. "Somehow you have got it point-blank straight. Yes, sir, hanged him to the same tree under which Bertie was shot. You see I hadn't time rightly to get the boys together; all I could rake up at such short notice was Shorty Mosely's widow and her sister, and a fellow they had at the house picking cotton. But we gave him a fair trial, though I expect the widow had a *little* leaning against him on account of his killing up her husband once. But we made out. Widow, she lent us her clothes-line, and her mules and wagon, and the cotton-picker drove the mules off. It was done tolerably regular, after all."

"Very regular, under the circumstances. But afterward?"

To Gratton's surprise the look of almost innocent gentleness that was the charm of Lester's face returned, a smile deepened the lines about his mouth and softened his luminous brown eyes.

"Aytterward! Well, sir, here is the marvellous pyart of it all; and I reckon I cayn't make it clear to you. Imagine me getting more and more petted on that baby, and my poor sister setting her heart on the little comforting, loving thing, too, and yet me the plum while studying how on earth the case was going to present itself to her—to

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Willy—that is, when she should discover that I had murdered her father. And here was I playing a blind calf on her, as we say in my country — inveigling her into loving the man that had killed her father. I give you my word, sir, I used to sit and study and study until my head was like an empty ball with streaks of fire chasing each other through it. At last I went to the place where we killed Bertie, and I stood there in the rain, for it was falling weather—December—and cold enough to chill a man's heart. You see folks told all kinds of stories—how Roper was a ha'nt * and used to projick round under the trees. Maybe, maybe not. Never mind, I was in a mental condition, sir, to grasp at any straw. And I was impelled, by an influence past my guessing, to make the effort. I came at twelve o'clock at night, when, if ever there would be a chance, that the ha'nts, as we call them, would be out. I stood under the tree, on the very little hurd where Bertie stood, facing the sun and the brake. The cypress-trees and the tupello-gums all stood in the water that night like they stood that day. It was the dark of the moon, but the stars were winking and blinking at me out of the black water. God forgive me, it was into that same water we threw his body. Oh, yes, sir, I know; we took it out, and I had him laid alongside his wife, and I put up the monument; but at first I tell you, it was ugly, ugly! Never mind; there I stood, and I cried out, for I was in torment, sir, in torment! 'Mr. Roper,' I cried, 'if you *can* come back, for God's sake do. I'm here, Colonel Jim Lester. I beg your pardon.' So I went on to tell him the whole story. You see, Mr. Gratton, the thing that had cut me up worst of the whole was the way, just before I stepped back to give the word, he said, 'I am asking a good deal from you, but I haven't a friend in this strange country, and I am sure when you find that you have killed an innocent man you will be glad you helped him to die easier. Thank you, and good-by;' and with that he held out his hand. Oh, Lord!" Lester stopped in a kind of groan, his hands twisted the dead branch he was stripping so fiercely that it snapped; he flung the pieces aside. "Well," said he, bitterly, "I could no more mend what I had done then I can mend that stick. And what with Aunt Viney's stories of him, and my growing so to love his child, I had got to love that fellow like my own kin. Yes, sir. I had a craving I cayn't make you understand to have him forgive me. I told him so. 'I ain't afraid,' said I. 'Come in any shape that's most convenient to *you*, sir; only just come and let me make you understand, and tell me what to do about Willy, and forgive me!'"

He drew a long, deep breath.

"And did anything happen?" said Gratton.

"I stood there ankle-deep in the ooze, and the owls hooted, and the dead limbs crackled in the wind like bones. You wonder, possibly, but I was so disappointed—for I did hope to see something—that I choked up and began to cry. Then—I cayn't explain it, I didn't see him, I didn't hear him, I couldn't reach out and touch him, but I was aware he was there! Do you reckon, sir, that we may have senses apart from what we name senses, now, like sight and touch and smell and those? Do you ever dream such a thing may be? I *knew* Bertie Roper was there! He didn't speak in any words that my ears could hear, yet he did converse with me and forgive me. He didn't come to my eyes; he came to my soul. I talked out loud to him, just as I would to you; looked like it was more natural, somehow. And when he came to go I offered him my hand. Well, I know he took it."

It was not Gratton's way to argue, therefore he let none of the questions escape that clamored behind his lips. He expressed no doubts. Gently as he might have threaded his path through a reluctant witness's evasions, he fell into the mental gait of his companion. "I have heard of such things, yet not precisely such things," said he; "they interest me amazingly. A man with a hole in one lung"—he smiled—"has a sort of right to be interested, don't you know? I wish you would tell me more. Did you ever—I am at loss for the right word—well, *meet* Major Roper again?"

* Ghost.

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"Oh, of course, sir. Why, it has been the friendship of my life. He comes often. He told me a week ago that you would be here. He has told me a great deal about himself. He is a wonderful man, sir. I never do anything without consulting him."

"Has he ever told you anything about his own present surroundings?"

The Colonel smilingly shook his head. "Nothing that I can tell," said he.

"Does—I trust you will forgive me if I ask more than I have a right—does Miss Roper know?"

"Why, certainly. I told her as soon as she could understand. If I hadn't told her she might hear it, and she would not have known how it is all forgiven and made up, and her father and I are dear friends. Now it is exactly as if I had served Bertie a mean trick, and been sorry for it, and done my best to make up, and been forgiven. She thinks no more of it than that. Often she and I sit together on the bank here, and he will come and we talk. She cannot perceive him, but I tell her what he says. We have a great deal of pleasure."

"Yes," said Gratton.

A bird pressed upward from the underbrush, trilling a sweet, keen melody; lovely shadows were wavering in the flashing darkness that mirrored the willows. Gratton seemed to look far down into a mystical other world, a world neither of land nor waves.

"If it could be!" he sighed.

"Come," said the Colonel, "sister and Willy are waiting for us."

ILLUSIONS OF MEMORY.

By William H. Burnham.

I.

A FEW years ago the Supreme Court of the United States was confronted with a chaotic mass of seven thousand printed pages of testimony in the case of the Bell Telephone Company *vs.* The People's Telephone Company.* The main point at issue was whether Daniel Drawbaugh had an electric telephone in his shop prior to 1876, the year of Bell's patent. Six hundred witnesses were examined. Two or three hundred persons — most of them admitted to be honest—testified for the defence to the hearing of speech through Drawbaugh's telephone before the date mentioned, or in confirmation of collateral points. It was argued by the defence that an entire community could not be mistaken in regard to such a remarkable event as the hearing of the human voice at a distance over a telegraph wire. So strong seemed the evidence that three judges of the Supreme Court—Justices Field, Bradley, and Harlan—were convinced that, prior to Bell's invention, Drawbaugh had succeeded in transmitting articulate speech, first by the variable resistance process, then by electrical induction. In their opinion, they said: "In regard to the instrument in which the principle of variable resistance was used, more than seventy witnesses were examined, who either testified to having seen it or heard it, or established such facts and circumstances in relation to it as to put its existence and date beyond a question. With regard to the instrument in which electrical induction was employed to produce the requisite undulations, some forty or fifty witnesses were produced, many of whom saw it and heard speech through it, and others either saw it, or heard it talked about in such a manner as to fix the time when it was in existence. On the question of time and result, there is such a cloud of witnesses in both cases, that it seems almost impossible not to give credence to them."

The evidence and presumption against

*See U. S. Reports, vol. 126, and an article on Daniel Drawbaugh, by H. C. Merwin, Atlantic Monthly, September, 1888.

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Drawbaugh were so strong, however, that the majority of the Supreme Court decided that his "great cloud of witnesses" were mistaken; and a verdict was rendered for the Bell Company.

Whether this decision of the Court was right or wrong, the case is psychologically interesting; for the testimony furnishes notable evidence of the fallibility of human memory. A large part of the witnesses' errors, it is true, may have been due to carelessness in observation. But many others appear to have been mnemonic illusions of the ordinary kind that occur in daily life. Familiar though everybody is with such errors of memory, the most common forms of mnemonic illusion may be mentioned as an introduction to the general subject of paramnesia,* or false memory. The Drawbaugh case furnishes typical illustrations.

First, and probably most common, were errors in localization. A collateral controversy in the case, concerning the purchase of an hydraulic ram, for example, well illustrated the weakness of memory in respect to dates. An important witness, whose testimony was obtained under circumstances that proved his honesty beyond a doubt, testified that he heard speech through Drawbaugh's telephone in 1874. He was positive about the date, for he never visited the inventor's shop but once; and the purpose of that visit was to order an hydraulic ram. This ram, he testified, was ordered in 1874, and placed on his farm the following year. Thereupon the Bell Company brought evidence to show that the ram was not put in until 1878. Seventy-five witnesses were examined upon this collateral point, one side rebutting the testimony of the other, until the whole matter seems to have been left in hopeless confusion, and to this day the point remains unsettled. A similar controversy arose in regard to the carrying away of a bridge by a freshet; and throughout the case it was difficult positively to establish any date of prime importance without the aid of documentary evidence.

* The word paramnesia, formed after the analogy of paranoia, paraphasia, and the like, is used as a general term to denote illusions and hallucinations of memory.

Again, the testimony illustrated the way the imagination fills the gaps in ordinary recollection. The counsel for the Bell Company complained of Drawbaugh's witnesses, because in the four years of taking testimony, "witnesses who remembered nothing in the first year swore the most glibly for him in the last."† Of course, an effort at recollection enables one to fill many lacunæ in a remembered series; but, in such filling-in of details, imagination works with memory, and often does the larger part of the task.

Some features of the Drawbaugh case illustrate also the way emotion and prejudice play a part in recollection. "All the inhabitants," it is said, "took sides, and Dan's suit with the Bell Company was debated nightly at every store and tavern within twenty miles of Eberly's Mills." This gossip continued until, as Mr. Storrow said in his argument for the Bell Company, "the most ignorant were ashamed not to remember, and vied with each other in their stories."

Illustrations might easily be multiplied, but the foregoing incidents are sufficient to suggest the ordinary mnemonic illusions—errors in localization in time, errors from the insertion of imagined details in half-remembered series of events, distortions of memory due to interest and prejudice.

If now we analyze an ordinary act of recollection, we may be able to see how such illusions of memory arise. Psychologists are wont to say that there are three steps in any complete act of memory, viz., reproduction of a mental image, recognition of it as belonging to one's own past, and localization in that past. But we seldom remember an isolated impression. We recall ideas in a series. And the remembrance of a se-

† Such a development of memory is not unique. The following more remarkable case is cited by Frances Power Cobbe: "The late Recorder of Birmingham was at one time counsel in a case called on at three separate intervals of three months. The shorthand notes taken by the reporters of the testimony of the witnesses at each of the trials were, of course, examined and compared with the final evidence, whereupon the curious phenomenon was presented of a regular ascending scale of certitude, and particularly in proportion as the event ought to have receded from the memory of the witnesses. On the first trial, the testimony was brief and general. On the second, it had grown longer and much more elaborate. On the third, it had become enriched with a multitude of previously unknown details and clear statements regarding matters which at first had been unremarked, or, at least, unstated."—Galaxy, vol. i., pp. 153, 154.

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ries is a far more complex affair. The processes mentioned are abridged or overlap. The interesting members of a series are recalled and intensified by attention and colored by emotion. The uninteresting features are left in the background, or give place to more agreeable images of fancy. And, finally, a process of inference is continually going on. In fact, a large part of the psychology of sense perception, studied so much in recent years, applies almost equally well to recollection. This is not strange; for modern psychology teaches that when an impression is remembered the same physical mechanism, in a large part at least, is set at work that was involved in the original sensation. The physical correlative of a revived impression consists in the repetition of neural processes similar to those that functioned in producing the original impression. A comparison of the mind's activity in case of the *presented* images of sense and of the *re-presented* images of memory may assist us.

Practical utility, as Helmholtz has shown,* determines to what sensations we attend and what we ignore. We notice, for example, a bright object in our field of vision, but ignore which eye we see it with; and we attend to its primary image upon the retina of the eye, but seldom see its after-image; for, unless we have studied psychology, visual after-images and the curiosities of binocular vision have no practical importance or interest for us. The same economic habit of ignoring superfluous sensations may be illustrated more familiarly. "We do not notice the ticking of the clock, the noise of the city streets, or the roaring of the brook near the house; and even the din of the foundry or factory will not mingle with the thoughts of its workers, if they have been there long enough. When we first put on spectacles, especially if they be of certain curvatures, the bright reflections they give of the windows, etc., mixing with the field of view, are very disturbing. In a few days we ignore them altogether." † It is the same with the other senses. The man with sane nerves always ignores the unimportant in his surroundings.

So, too, we remember for a purpose. Of the re-presented images we attend to those that concern our own interest at the moment of recollection, and ignore the rest. Not merely when we acquire the group of concrete perceptions that make up our knowledge of an event, do we attend to the interesting features and ignore the rest; but from the first repetition details that might be remembered drop out, because, apart from their original setting as elements of external reality, they have no importance for us. To-day, for a given purpose we remember certain members of a series; to-morrow, for another purpose we recall quite a different set. But, since our interests are tolerably constant, the habit of ignoring certain classes of ideas in recollection is soon formed; and, since ability to remember depends largely upon repetition, we find one person good at one kind of memory, another at something else, owing to habits of recalling only certain classes of ideas. Each of us specializes in certain directions. A case of so-called weak memory is generally a case of unusual specialization. Linnæus, for example, is said to have been unable to learn a foreign language; but he kept in mind without difficulty his extended botanical nomenclature. Men of genius, like Montaigne, who was proverbial for a weak memory, cannot remember names, dates, places, and the like, simply because they form habits of remembering other things that interest them more. The law for remembrance is, then, similar to that for perception. *What impressions we remember depends upon our past habits of remembering as determined by utility and interest.*

It has been a favorite task with psychologists to show how prejudice and interest bear a part in our perception of any object. Our whole past, and especially the ideas and emotions of the present moment, determine how we perceive, or to use the technical term, *apperceive* any object. But the same prejudices and interests determine how we remember. We apperceive the past through the atmosphere of the present. Thus, if we are sad, we give the memory-

* Handbuch d. Physiol. Optik., p. 431 ff.; also Sensations of Tone, second English Edition, p. 62 ff.
† James: Psychology, vol. i., p. 455.

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picture rather a gloomy background. If we are gay, we brighten it with lighter colors. If some interest is at stake or passion sways us, we add to the picture as we should not do at other times. It is more or less vivid as our minds are fresh or weary; and the ideas remembered have significance according to the relations they bear to our present thought. In a word, just as we bring all our past experience to the perception of any object or event, and apperceive it from the standpoint of our past and through our present, so in memory the present state of consciousness, which is the product of an ever-growing past and an ever-changing environment, always bears its part in determining what the *remembrance* shall be. Hence our recollections of an event are never exactly alike from day to day, and each time we recall anything, we remember not so much the original event as our latest remembrance of it. At best our recollection is but a sort of composite photograph of our original impression and of the *re-presented* images in consciousness at the different times we have recalled it. Thus the liar may come to believe an oft-repeated yarn; for his composite of the story differs little from a composite of oft-repeated recollections of an actual event.

Again, as imagination enters into sense-perception, causing the savage to see the nymphs of the forest and to hear voices in the wind, making the civilized man sometimes read falsely and blunder in his experiments, and abridging for us all the tardy process of sensation by enabling us to catch with our senses a few features of an object while it fills in the rest according to former experience; so, in remembering, we recall a few fragments of a series; the imagination fills the gaps. Sully, who has shown the analogy between the various classes of optical illusions and the common forms of mnemonic error, says of false memories based upon true fragmentary recollections: "This class of mnemonic illusions approaches illusions of perception. When the imagination supplies the interpretation at the very time, and the mind reads this into the perceived object, the error is one of perception. When the addition is made afterward, on reflecting upon the perception, the error is one of memory. The fallacies of testimony which depend on an adulteration of pure observation with inference and conjecture, as, for example, the inaccurate and wild statements of people respecting their experiences of mesmerism and spiritualism, are probably much oftener illusions of memory than of perception." *

In still another point recollection resembles sense perception. Both involve a process of inference. The researches of modern psychologists, notably those of Helmholtz, have shown how largely inference enters into perceptions of sight and hearing. From the muscular innervation in accommodating the eyes to an object we infer its position; from the vividness of the visual image we infer its distance, and from the apparent distance we infer its size. The moon, for example, looks larger when near the horizon than at the zenith, because in the former position we infer by comparison with intervening objects that it is farther away and hence larger. The common visual illusions that everyone has noticed are for the most part due to errors of judgment concerning true sensory data, and in fact the very woof of our perceptive life is made up of a simple form of inference. Likewise, in recollection we remember parts of a series of events, we infer others. Even the filling in of imagined details already mentioned is largely a matter of inference. Long experience has made us experts in this, and usually our inferred reminiscences agree substantially with facts; but it is plain that an error may easily arise. As illusions occur in sense-perception under unusual conditions, because we interpret our sensations according to past experience, so, when part of a series is remembered and we fill it out in its habitual form, we are likely to be wrong if anything has turned us from the monotonous sameness of our usual routine.

An illustration sent me by a former pupil may make my meaning clearer. He writes in substance as follows of a mnemonic illusion in his own experience: While spending the summer on a

* See Illusions of Memory, Cornhill Magazine, April, 1880.

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ranch in Colorado, I rode one day to the post office at S. to purchase some paper and stamps. While on the ranch I never carried any money with me whatever, but on starting for S. I tied a silver dollar in the corner of my handkerchief. While the package was being wrapped up I untied the handkerchief and took out the dollar; and, after talking a while with the postmaster, mounted my horse to return to the ranch. After riding some distance I found to my surprise a coin in my pocket. The only dollar I had brought with me was the dollar which I *distinctly remembered* having given to the postmaster, who had put it in the *middle compartment* of the drawer from which he took the stamps; my memory with regard to having paid the man was so clear that the presence of the dollar was a mystery. But about a week later, having occasion to go again to S., the postmaster convinced me that I had not paid him; and my ride homeward that day was occupied by thoughts of my marvellous memory with regard to things which never happened."

This pseudo-reminiscence, so commonplace that many readers can match it from personal experience, is instructive. Here evidently was a series of truly remembered events upon which the illusion was based. My correspondent probably remembered taking out his handkerchief and untying the money; and inferred the rest, filling out the series in its usual form. The only remarkable feature was the vividness and detail of the pseudo-reminiscence. Similar processes of inference are continually abridging the work of recollection. But our usual activity is so regular and methodical that such inferences based upon past experience are seldom wrong.

Much of what has already been said applies to the process of localization in the past. Theoretically, as Ribot and Taine have shown, we localize an event by a retrogression, starting with the present moment and running over intervening experiences. But practically, we abridge this process by reference to certain important and impressive events that stand as mnemonic milestones in our past. Like Drawbaugh's witnesses, we localize an event by placing it before or since we were married, before or since the purchase of the hydraulic ram, before or since the journey to Kansas, and so on. If the first impression was vivid and the remembered event unique, we roughly approximate an accurate localization of it. But if similar events occurred before and after our mnemonic milestone, it is easy to forget one and misplace the other. Or if some circumstance turned us from our habitual routine, false inference is likely to take the place of reminiscence, and we localize a series of events according to the habitual sequence of similar series. In short, forgetfulness of the larger part of our past experiences, together with the work of imagination and inference, make errors in localization most common mnemonic illusions.

If the foregoing analysis of the process of recollection be correct, we should expect that, of persons with equally good natural tenacity and power of attention, those would most frequently be the victims of mnemonic error who have strong prejudices and weak judgment. This is precisely what experience teaches us. We distrust the memory of the prejudiced witness; and even so slight an interest as the desire to tell a good story often enables imagination to beguile the memory. To the prejudiced person imagination suggests details that fit so nicely in a remembered series, and harmonize so admirably with his apperceptive mood, that he does not dream of distrusting them. Again, children, the aged, and the insane are the ones most subject to mnemonic illusions.

The simpler illusions of memory, that have just been described, are instructive because they show how largely the psychology of perception applies to recollection. The more remarkable forms of paramnesia remain to be considered.

II.

A VERY common and very tantalizing form of paramnesia is the so-called "double memory," or the perplexing feeling in new surroundings of having been in the same situation before. In a typical case a new scene flashes upon one as a photographic copy of a former experience. There is a feeling that one

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knows what will happen next, and a vague anxiety, due probably to the vain attempt to localize the apparently familiar impressions in the past.

For a single illustration, take the following case, which has come fresh to my hand, and is in many respects typical: "At times," writes a young lady, "I have done things which it seemed to me I had done before, and in exactly the same order, although this could not have been so. One case in particular I remember now. My father was away from home, and we expected him at a certain time. Everything, or nearly everything, I did that evening until my father came home, it seemed to me I had done at some previous time. After any one thing, I half knew what was coming next. I thought at first it might have been a dream; but then again it seemed to me it could not be. I remember one time even mentioning to the persons around me that it seemed as though I had gone through all that had just happened at some former time."

In most such cases, as Ribot has said, "this illusion is easily explained. The new impression evokes from the past similar impressions, which, though indistinct, confused, evanescent, still suffice to give to the new state of consciousness the appearance of being a repetition. There is a ground of resemblance quickly perceived between the two states of consciousness which leads us to identify them. It is an error, but only a partial one, for there is in reality in our past something that resembles a prior experience of this present impression." The illusion is due to forgetfulness. We remember the resemblance of the past experience to the present, but have forgotten the points of opposition and contrast. There is here also a process of inference; and the illusion illustrates what Coleridge calls "the great law of the imagination, that likeness in part tends to become likeness of the whole."

Some have noticed a sentiment of pre-existence as characteristic of this experience; and, as St. Augustine hinted, it may have played an important rôle in developing the belief in metempsychosis. Anthropologists, noting this illusion among savages, have suggested the same hypothesis. Wordsworth's eloquent lines concerning the child's memory will occur to everybody; but not he nor even Plato was the first to notice "those shadowy recollections" that

> have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal Silence.

Pythagoras taught the transmigration of souls; and he, as the old legend runs, while in the temple of Juno at Argos, recognized the shield that he wore when he was Euphorbus and fought with Menelaus in the Trojan War. Those who love to see the ancient beliefs reappear in modern scientific hypotheses, may compare with the Platonic doctrine of reminiscence Sully's suggestion, based upon the modern doctrine of heredity, that children may have pre-natal recollections of ancestral experiences.

In pathological cases this form of paramnesia is more marked and sometimes assumes a chronic form. Some thirty years ago, two cases were described by the German psychologist Neumann; and since that time a number have been reported. The case usually cited as one of the most perfect instances, was observed by Dr. Pick, a German alienist. The patient gave the following account of his illusions:

"The first clear experiences of a double life I had in the autumn of 1868, at St. Petersburg. But these occurred only occasionally; for example, on visiting places of amusement, or at great festivals, and when meeting persons, the accompanying circumstances seemed so familiar to me that I firmly believed that I had already been in the same place and had met the same persons under just the same circumstances, at the same season of the year, in the same weather, the men standing in the same places, in just the same manner, and even precisely the same conversation occurring. . . . After 1870 almost every piece of work that I attempted in my business seemed familiar to me, as if I had already done the same in former years, in the same order, and under exactly the same circumstances; not only this, but even every chance meeting with anyone, and, in general,

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everything that occurred around me, brought this feeling. It came to me sometimes at the moment of perceiving a thing, or after some minutes or hours, frequently not until the next day."

In such pathological cases the explanation by ordinary forgetfulness will hardly suffice. Many hypotheses * have been invented to account for this strange experience. Neumann called it a sort of mental mirage; Anjel thought it due to the divorce from fatigue of processes of sensation and perception that usually overlap; another psychologist has suggested that in certain conditions of excitement strange scenes appear familiar from an unwonted ease of apperception. Others have thought that the two hemispheres of the brain sometimes act asyncronously, so that when the tardy one wakes up, the dim impressions of the other seem like memories to the normal consciousness of both. Sully, Buccola, and others maintain that dreams are sometimes remembered and localized in our waking life. A satisfactory explanation of the extreme cases has not been given. It is, however, tolerably clear that the conditions that favor this illusion are fatigue, excitement, and nervous disease. Anjel tells of a lawyer who, in the strain of a difficult lawsuit, was seized with this form of paramnesia; and he noticed the same in his own experience as the result of fatigue. After spending hours in the Venetian art galleries, he suddenly felt that the paintings around him were familiar, although he had never seen them before. Hughlings Jackson also has noticed this illusion as a premonition of epileptic attacks.

III.

A THIRD form of false memory has been observed. It may be called *suggested paramnesia;* for the pseudo-reminiscences are suggested by present impressions.

The best cases thus far reported were observed by Dr. Kraepelin. One of his patients, a young servant girl, was the victim of erotomania; and when anything unusual happened—a change of physician, removal from one hospital to another, and the like—she would suddenly remember, as she thought, that her lover had foretold the event. Another patient had pseudo-reminiscences on occasion of almost every striking new impression. He thought that the comic papers contained references to him, and even remembered the page on which a passage stood. Never finding what he remembered on turning to the papers, he got the idea that the editions in question had been withdrawn, and that others had been substituted. Upon entering the asylum he declared that some weeks before he had heard an account of all his companions, and that he had read in the newspaper about the management of the asylum, even in its minutest details. He had given no heed to these reports at the time, he said. Not until he saw the people concerned and the places referred to, did it occur to him that he had been told about them already, or that he had read of them. Then he remembered all about it. For example, he said that he remembered reading in the *Fliegende Blätter* a detailed account of the furniture of the dining-room at the asylum. After a time his false memory took a peculiar turn. Opinions that he read in the newspapers seemed verbatim reports of what he had previously expressed in conversation. The *Fliegende Blätter* stole his jokes; and, finally, it occurred to him that many of his thoughts had been previously communicated to him.

In both these cases it is to be noted that the predictions or pseudo-reminiscences did not occur to the patients until they saw the things concerned, or until the events occurred.

Observations made by Bernheim and others show that similar pseudo-reminiscences may be suggested in the hypnotic sleep. The experimenter, for example, says to a subject: "You remember that we went to Potsdam yesterday and took a drive on the Havel?" The suggestion takes effect, and the gentleman at once begins to relate his experiences in Potsdam.† Such retro-

* For a fuller account of the different theories, as well as for further illustrations of the different kinds of paramnesia, see an article by the author in the American Journal of Psychology, vol. ii., No. 3.

† See Moll, Hypnotism, second edition, Contemporary Science Series, p. 130.

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active hallucinations, as they have been called, may be transferred by suggestion to waking life, and the errors of memory made to persist for weeks. Also in the dreams of ordinary sleep such errors of memory are not uncommon. In dreams, as in hypnosis, suggestion seems to be the great law of mental activity. If a distant place is suggested we do not dimly imagine it as in waking life, but at once fill it out with all the warmth and concreteness of present reality, *i.e.*, the scene shifts and we are there. If there is any suggestion of familiarity in the dream-events, immediately we feel at home and are well acquainted with the imagined scenes. If it would harmonize with our present to have done something in the past, forthwith we remember having done it. Any attempt at explaining the psychology of dreams must necessarily be unsatisfactory; but the analogy with the mental activity in the hypnotic trance is striking. The chief difference between the two seems to be that in one case the suggestion is made by another, while in dreams it is auto-suggestion.

From many cases of suggested paramnesia in dreams that have been reported to me, a few illustrations may be cited. One case in my own experience is worthy of mention because of its simplicity. I dreamed of receiving a postal card, and at once remembered writing a letter to which the card was an answer. Upon awaking I knew that I had never written such a letter. Here was a pseudo-reminiscence suggested by a present impression, with apparently no basis whatever in fact. A friend describes a recent dream as follows: "I saw Dr. C., and he inquired about the institution of learning with which I am connected. 'Everything is about as usual,' I replied. 'Oh, yes,' was Dr. C.'s answer, 'I am on the inside.' Whereupon it slowly percolated through my mind that Dr. C. was a trustee of the institution. He has, however, never held such a position." A more remarkable instance is reported by Professor Royce, in the Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research.

"My friend, C. W. B.," writes his correspondent, "visited us recently, and spoke with Mrs. A. and me repeatedly about his several trips to Europe, describing especially his experiences in Spain during his last trip. A few nights later, I dreamed of looking over with him a lot of large photographs of scenes in Scotland, which he took when we were in Scotland together; many of the photographs showing me very plainly in various attitudes with different groups of people. Now, Mr. B. and I were never in Europe together, and I was never in Scotland in my life. Yet, as each photograph was shown I felt all the keen delight of recognition of well-remembered scenes, and frequently exclaimed, 'How well I remember that!' or 'Don't you remember the day we were there?' etc. I can still remember the features of several of the pictures, parks, grounds, etc., as they appeared in these photographs, and my keen interest in seeing them again, and my memory of many incidents and particulars of our being at these places together at some former time. I then dreamed, with the well-known inconsistency of a dream, that in the case of one place Mrs. A. had been with me, and I turned and asked her if she did not remember the day we were there, and what the old lady in charge of the place had said to us."*

The question naturally arises: Do such suggested pseudo-reminiscences that may be induced in hypnosis, and are frequent in dreams and in some cases of insanity, ever occur in normal life? It seems probable that they do. The germs of pathological mental activities are frequently found in normal individuals; and Bernheim maintains that for all the phenomena of hypnosis there are analogous occurrences in waking life. He shows, moreover, that in certain people delusions of memory may be induced by suggestion without their being hypnotized. Fictions confidently affirmed to them they are unable to distinguish from facts in their own experience. It is probable also that, in rare cases, pseudo-reminiscences may spring up spontaneously by auto-suggestion. Professor Royce has endeavored to show that some so-called cases of thought-

*Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research, vol. i., No. 4, p. 567.

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transference and the like may be explained in this way. What occurred so frequently in Kraepelin's patients, may, he thinks, occur sporadically among the sane. Under exciting circumstances certain persons may have pseudo-reminiscences when a thing occurs, and believe that it was prefigured in a recent dream or the like, when in reality the supposed presentiment succeeds its own fulfilment. Fanciful as this hypothesis at first may seem, Professor Royce has shown that in some cases it offers a very plausible explanation.

The importance, from a legal standpoint, of the study of paramnesia must already be apparent. None know better than members of the bar the weakness of human memory. Hence a lawyer is proverbially a poor witness. His testimony is always "to the best of my knowledge," "if I remember rightly," and the like. He knows that even the stimulus of judicial oaths cannot insure correct recollection, and that the most honest witness is liable to such illusions as have been described. A pseudo-reminiscence that would seriously falsify one's testimony may grow up spontaneously. A friend, himself a psychologist, has reported to me a case in point. His recollection was very vivid, he writes, of seeing a programme-pamphlet of an approaching musical festival. He recalled comparing it with the programme of the previous year, and his recollection extended even to details. He found afterward, however, that he was mistaken, and that the programme had not been published; yet he adds: "I would have taken oath without the least hesitation to my having seen the pamphlet within the last few days." Such incidents are, I believe, not unknown in the records of the law courts. Again, witnesses are sometimes coached by lawyers until they think they remember what really has been suggested to them. The retroactive hypnotic suggestions already described emphasize this point. Bernheim has made people believe that they were witnesses of thefts that were purely imaginary; and he cites the following recent case of judicial error due to the false testimony of an honest witness.

Three Spaniards robbed and murdered a farmer named Pradiés. The farmer's wife came to his rescue and she also was killed by one of the assassins, after she had inflicted a sword-wound upon him. Two of the murderers were arrested, while the one who murdered the wife escaped. Pradiés lived for a few days, and was able to give his testimony. He clearly described his wife's murderer as blonde, and marked with the small-pox: moreover, he must carry a sword-wound inflicted by his victim. But at the trial one Borras, a cousin of the arrested assassins, was accused, although his description did not at all correspond to that given by Pradiés. The rumor that pointed to Borras as the third Spaniard originated in the gossip of the women of the neighborhood, some of whom surrounded the sick man's bed, and continually repeated their story that Borras was the murderer. Finally, the conviction entered the head of Pradiés; and from that moment he did not cease to say that Borras had killed his wife. He was confronted with Borras, but insisted upon his statement. The unfortunate victim of this false testimony was condemned, but his sentence was commuted to labor for life; and after a few years the real murderer was found, and Borras was pardoned.*

This case is the more remarkable, because the true memory-image of a man blonde and marked with the small-pox seems to have been effaced by the suggested picture of a very different person. The poor farmer's mind may have been affected by his physical and mental suffering; but the physicians testified that it was clear until his death.

With children it is especially easy to manufacture testimony. "Children," as Perez has said, "accept unhesitatingly as true all the ideas which pass through their brains, and especially those which gain confirmation and precision from the words or looks of grown-up persons." The extent to which this weakness of childhood may be utilized for criminal purposes was shown by the testimony of Moritz Scharf against his own father in the famous Tisza-Eszlar case, a few years ago.† A French writer, M. Motet, reports also from his own ob-

* See the Revue de l'Hypnotisme, July 1, 1890.
† See Revue des Deux Mondes, August 1, 1883.

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servation four cases of the false testimony of children; and he cites others.* Nothing, as he says, is more effective than a child's story of the details of a crime of which he pretends to have been a witness or a victim. The child's naïveté and apparent accuracy make his testimony most impressive. Yet children with abnormally developed imaginations probably often fail to distinguish what has actually happened from what has been imagined or suggested by others.

The fallibility of memory makes it imperative that care be taken to obtain what Montaigne calls "a paper memory." If, as Leibnitz is said to have done, we make notes of important events, and never use them, the mere writing strengthens the impression and adds a motor memory to the sensory. The man of science takes notes on the spot. But accounts of remarkable phenomena observed by the untrained are usually of little scientific value; for, even if they observe correctly, they are apt to trust too implicitly in mere memory. With increased knowledge of the ordinary defects of observation and of memory, and of the possibility of manufacturing testimony by ordinary suggestion as well as by hypnotic hallucination, less weight than formerly is likely to be given even to cumulative testimony unsupported by documentary evidence. However good one's memory, written records are indispensable for legal and scientific purposes.

IV.

The indictment against memory is serious; but even the errors of memory are of such a nature that they scarcely lessen its trustworthiness on ordinary occasions. As Sully has said: "The fact that the stereoscope deceives us every time we look into it, by forcing us to see a solid object when we know there are only two flat photographs, does not lessen our belief in the general certainty of visual perception. . . . Similarly, it is possible to find out that memory is a very blundering witness in many cases, and yet to feel sure that she can be perfectly well depended on to speak the truth about things with which she may be assumed to be thoroughly familiar."

It should be noted also that apparent cases of paramnesia frequently are not such at all. Many supposed errors of memory are really defects in original observation. It is not memory but attention which is deficient. And again, many mnemonic mysteries are explained, to speak plainly, by the ability to lie combined with the desire to appear omniscient. The illustration given by Victor Hugo in "Notre Dame de Paris" is typical. When the old witch asserted that the tail of a cart backed against the window of her cell had broken the grating, an archer who stood by replied, "'Tis true enough; I was present." The novelist rightly adds: "There are always people about who have seen everything."

Nevertheless genuine mnemonic illusions of the kinds described are probably much more common than most people suppose. While suggested paramnesia may be rare, a multitude of examples of the simpler forms might be given.

In view of the defects of memory that have been described, a few pedagogical suggestions are obvious.

In the first place, if a trustworthy memory is desired, the prime condition is health. Not only are the more serious forms of paramnesia pathological; but even forgetfulness, when unusual, indicates disease. Indeed memory forms a most delicate gauge of one's physical well-being. The power of *committing to memory* varies notably with fluctuations of one's physical condition; and, as everybody knows, recollection is rendered difficult by fatigue, and is usually easier in the morning than at night. The physiological cause seems to be that retention is conditioned by processes of nutrition, while recollection depends largely upon the circulation, as is shown not only by many cases of amnesia due to defective circulation, but also by the hypermnesias of fever and other diseases, where there is an increased rapidity of the cerebral circulation.

In the second place, the trustworthi-

* Les faux témoignages des enfants devant la justice. Paris, 1887.

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ness of memory depends upon attention. "The true art of memory," as Johnson said, "is the art of attention." But not merely by strengthening the first impression does attention aid memory. The ability to recall any event depends largely upon the power of attention at the moment of attempted recollection. This appears not only from introspection, but hypnotic experiments and the like seem to indicate it. In the hypnotic sleep, when the power of attention is intensified, memory is exalted. And in experiments in "crystal vision," where the experimenter gazes at some reflecting surface — a bowl of water, mirror, crystal, or the like — after the fashion of the old necromancers, the attention is fixed by the device, and forgotten scenes may sometimes be recalled. A lady who recently has contributed an interesting paper on this subject,* and who is herself a successful crystal-gazer, gives the following account of one of her experiments: "I had carelessly destroyed a letter without preserving the address of my correspondent. I knew the county, and searching in a map, recognized the name of the town, one unfamiliar to me, but which I was sure I should know when I saw it. But I had no clue to the name of house or street, till at last it struck me to test the value of the crystal as a means of recalling forgotten knowledge. A very short inspection supplied me with 'H. House' in gray letters on a white ground, and having nothing better to suggest from any other source, I risked posting my letter to the address so strangely supplied. A day or two brought me an answer, headed 'H. House' in gray letters on a white ground." The kernel of truth hidden under the superstitions connected with this ancient practice of divination, seems to be this: The crystal aids persons of unusual visualizing powers † to fix their attention and thus to revive latent memories. Probably any device that aids attention is likely to assist recollection.

Whatever may be said in regard to training the memory, it must be remembered that memory is not, as used to be supposed, an independent faculty of the mind that in some mysterious way may be directly strengthened by exercise, as the blacksmith strengthens his arm; but that memory as retentive is due to the plasticity of nerve-substance, and to the property of nerve-centres by which they retain in growth their functional modifications; and that recollection depends upon physiological conditions such as the cerebral circulation and the proper functioning of nerve-cells; moreover, that a complete act of recollection is a complex process involving comparison, inference, and the like. Hence whatever in general is conducive to vigorous health, and whatever tends to habits of clear and orderly thinking — such conditions will aid recollection. And whatever is detrimental to the normal functioning of the nerve-cells — fatigue, intense emotion, or the like — and whatever blinds the judgment, will hinder recollection. Much good advice in regard to so-called memory training may be found in some of the books about memory; but the most important aids to recollection are the conditions that favor normal mental activity in general. In short, all psychological beatitudes are on the head of him who has good health, sane emotions, and trained power of attention. But no amount of study, nor all the prescriptions of mnemonic doctors, from Simonides to Loisette (except so far as they train attention) can atone for anæmia of body or lack of the power of attention.

* Proceedings of the (English) Society for Psychical Research, June, 1888.

† This term is used by Galton and others to denote the power that many people possess of picturing a scene in memory with a vividness comparable to that of the original.

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AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION OF TO-DAY.

By William A. Coffin.

SECOND PAPER.

THE group of painter-illustrators in the United States is a large one, and includes some of the best-known of all our artists. Some of them are constant workers in drawing for reproduction, while others contribute irregularly, but often enough to have become noted in this branch of art. Every reader of the magazines is familiar with the charming drawings by Robert Blum. Whether it be in the delineation of scenes in America or Spain, Italy or Japan, he brings to his work the same picturesqueness of composition, the same grace and vigor of line, and the same aptness for seizing characteristic points in figure and environment. His style, from a cleverness that savored somewhat in his earliest work of the methods of the Spanish draughtsmen, has become distinctly personal, and has gained in *naïveté*. With abundant technical facility in the use of the pen, he unites sufficient knowledge of form to make his drawing always firm and solid. He uses pure white and black freely when it is needed, and is extremely skilful in the management of light and dark masses. In his wash-drawings delicacy in the relation of values and suggestion of color are to be noted, and in all of his work truth and character are rendered with remarkable fidelity. The combination of serious qualities with *verve* and lightness is a rare one, but Mr. Blum possesses it in a marked degree, and it explains much of the charm that is found in his work. It is always attractive and striking, but never flippant, facile but not careless, and, above all, unmistakably individual.

There is no more accomplished draughtsman among American artists than H. Siddons Mowbray, whose pictures of Oriental subjects, drawn chiefly from the "Arabian Nights," have given him a high reputation as a painter. He learned to draw in Paris under Bonnat's instruction, and for a time gave his attention to historical compositions. He is firmly grounded in academical study, but his work betrays no trace of ultra-conventional methods. Particularly in the delineation of female types, such as the young women clad in embroidered stuffs, who idle their time away resting upon soft couches in the interiors of the Orient, the elegance and simplicity of his style are apparent, and when he has to do with more robust themes his work is strong and virile. Like Mr. Cox and Mr. Low, he has treated the nude figure in some of his designs, and no one invests it with more charm or depicts it with more certain knowledge. Not the least of his qualities as an illustrator, is his talent for composition, and he has expressed many a graceful fancy in the way of decorative designs, in which beauty of line in single figures, and happy disposition of the groups, make the ensemble complete and harmonious. He makes his drawings ordinarily in oil-color, and uses the pen but little. The subtileness of his modelling oftentimes makes faithful reproduction of his work rather a difficult matter, but though something is lost in this respect, the graceful lines of his figures and the effective contrast of light and dark in his compositions remain, and the charm which

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Browning's House in Venice—Rezzonico Palace.
(From a painting by Robert Blum.)

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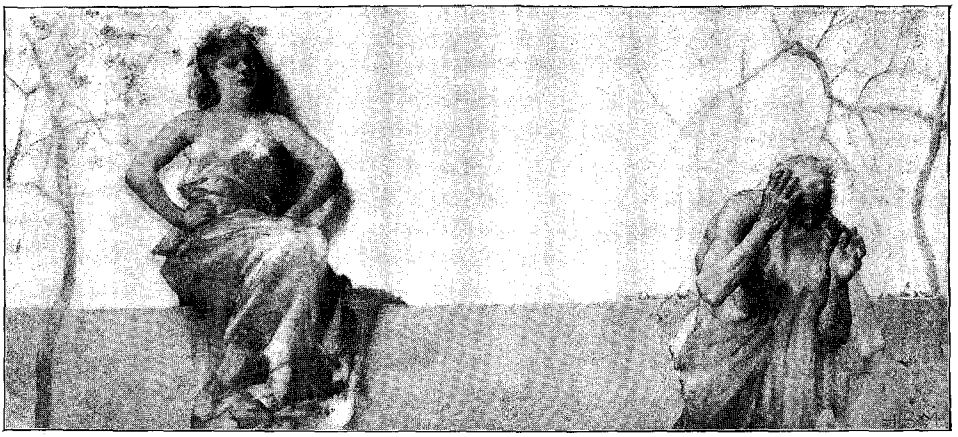

Youth and Crabbed Age.

(From an unpublished drawing by H. Siddons Mowbray.)

proceeds from simple arrangement is one of the most salient features of his designs.

Irving R. Wiles is one of the cleverest of our water-color painters, and his skill in handling this medium makes his drawing for reproduction among the purest in method of any to be found. It may be said here, in passing, that it is perfectly legitimate for an artist in making a drawing to be engraved or "processed," to use any sort of means he may choose to arrive at his object. Body-color and washes, pencil and ink and chalk, may all be used in the same drawing, and there is no fault to find provided the result is good. Such a mixture of mediums would certainly give a tricky look to a picture, and would lay it open to criticism on that account, but a drawing for reproduction is made primarily to be effective when printed, and it matters little how that end is gained. Yet, even in the reproduction there is an inherent charm in a drawing that has been made in the simplest fashion, and in Mr. Wiles's work this is a prominent characteristic. He is amazingly clever in the use of transparent washes and works most simply and directly, modelling apparently *au premier coup* and rarely retouching. He is most at home in the delineation of American interiors and pretty young women, whose ribbons and flounces, gauzy veils and laces, he indicates with as much character as he puts in the expression of their faces. His pictures of outdoor life in city and country also he invests with an air of truth, and where he has to deal with landscape he applies his broad and simple treatment with pleasing and just effect. Not unlike Mr. Wiles in his methods is Herbert Denman, who has done a considerable quantity of excellent work in the illustration of modern city life, and whose drawings are marked by much truth of observation and frank treatment, attaining his effects principally by the careful study of values, and eliminating detail as far as it may be consistently done without approaching vagueness; and there are many points of resemblance in the work of these artists with that of Willard L. Metcalf (see drawing on page 156) and Francis C. Jones, both of whom show clever draughtsmanship in figure-subjects and tender feeling in the treatment of landscape. Excellent work in landscape, signed by the well-known artist, H. Bolton Jones, and by J. Francis Murphy, Bruce Crane, and other painters, appears from time to time in the pages of the magazines; and the somewhat impressionistic pictures of meadow, brook, and sky, by J. H. Twachtman, are familiar to the readers of SCRIBNER'S. Mr. Twachtman is especially successful in making a beautiful page with the simplest of motives, a few wild flowers growing in the foreground of a meadow and the sky above being quite as much as he demands in the way of a subject;

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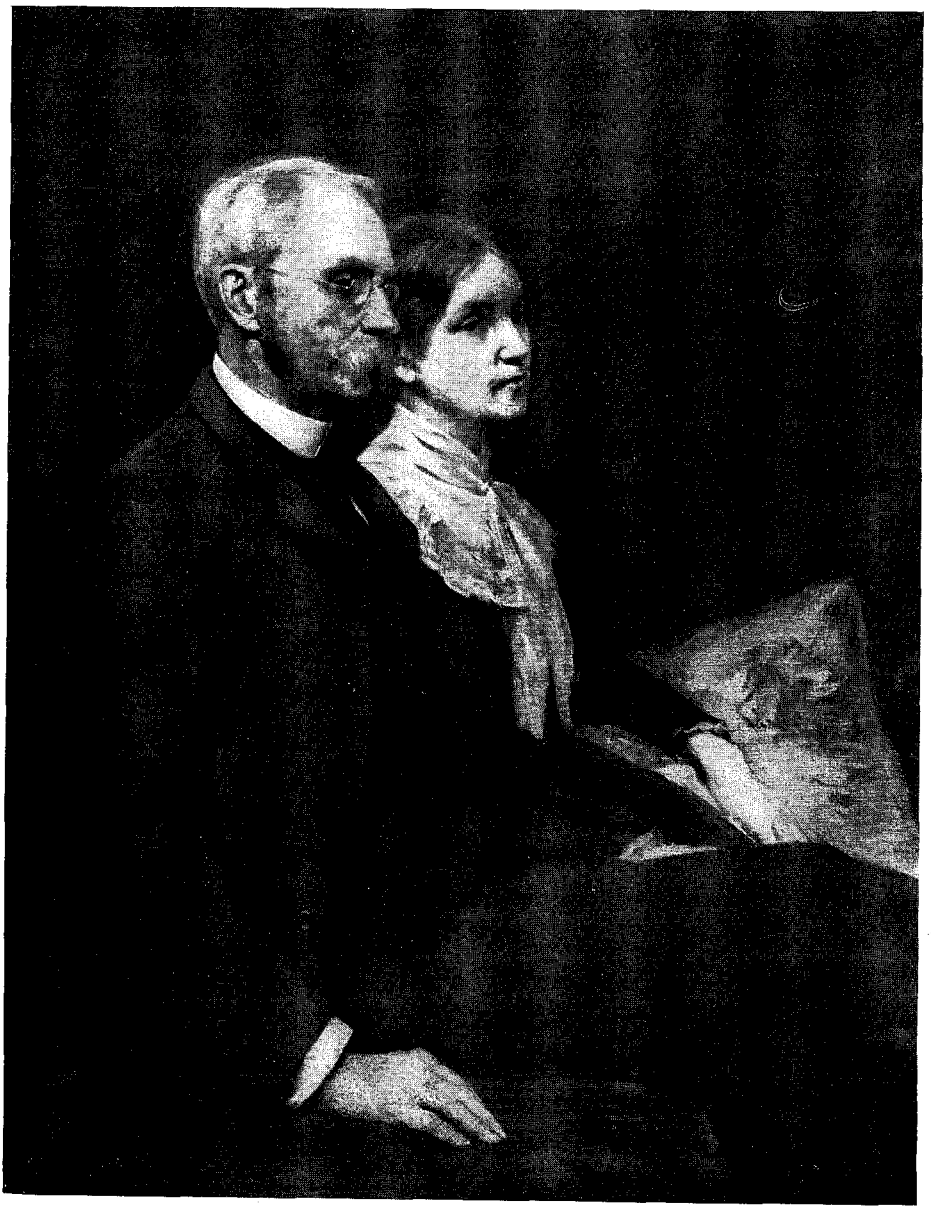
but these are given with exquisite refinement and subtile skill. Color is suggested oftentimes in his black and white drawings, and they are always eminently decorative. The painters who nowadays occasionally work in the field of illustration are so numerous, that one runs the risk of making invidious distinctions in selecting certain ones for notice, but there are a few not yet mentioned whose work has been sufficient in quantity to warrant their being included in a review of American illustrators, and others who, if they have not produced very much, have given us a few drawings that are of such excellence as



Two Portraits.
(From a painting by Irving R. Wiles.)

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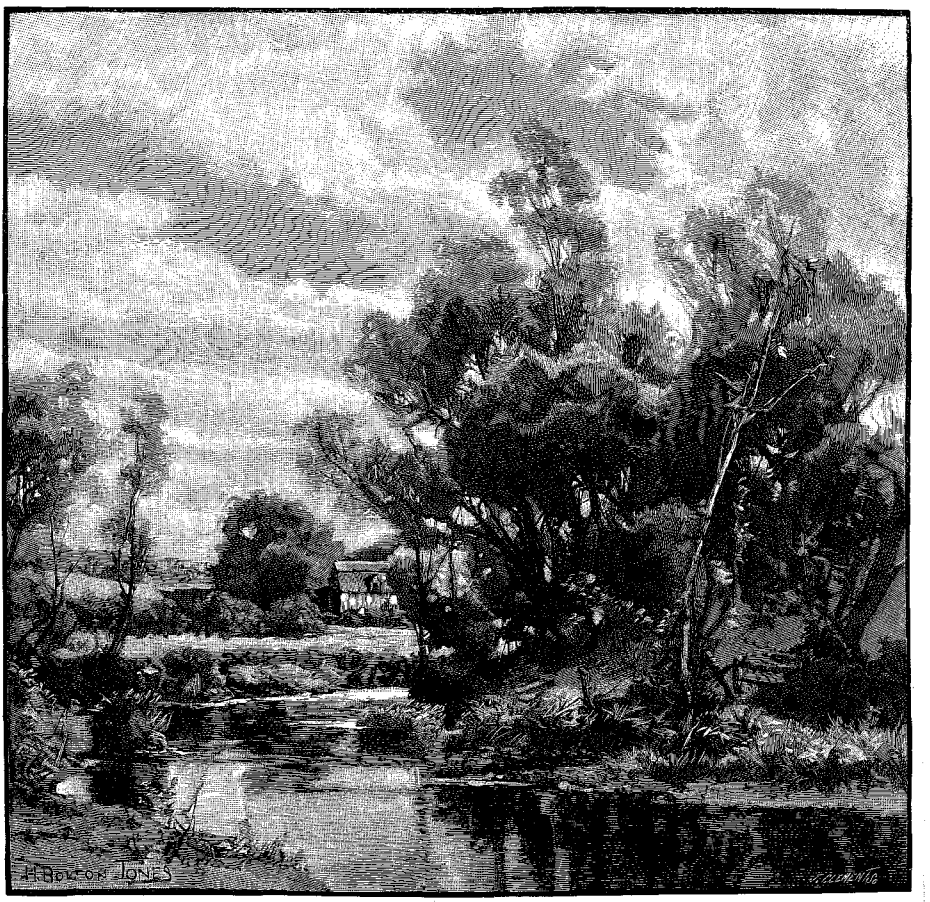
to compel attention. As a painter, William M. Chase (see Frontispiece) finds on every side something that appeals to his artistic sense, and his pictures cover a wide range from the nude to still-life. In his pictures of scenes in Central Park and the pretty squares in Brooklyn, with their broad walks and benches under the trees, he has dealt with subjects that are closely allied to illustration, and nothing could be more truthful in the rendering of the accent of locality and character of the people. Some of these pictures have been printed in a leading periodical by a photographic process, and they are to New York much what the pictures of the boulevards and avenues by De Nittis are to Paris. Mr. Chase, as an illustrator, has made studies of Spanish types and places among other things, and has signed a few portrait drawings. He is a masterly technician, and makes the most of a simple subject through the interest he gives to his work by the way he does it.



Sun in the Willows.

(From an unpublished drawing by H. Bolton Jones.)

A sober painter, with a care for detail that reminds us in his pictures of the great Dutchmen, we find more summary treatment in the drawings that Francis D. Millet has made of life in the Balkans and other places where his travels have led him, but they are always good in character, and possess that look of having been made under the influence of direct impressions from the actual scenes they represent, that is so important a factor in the illustration of life and manners. These drawings are

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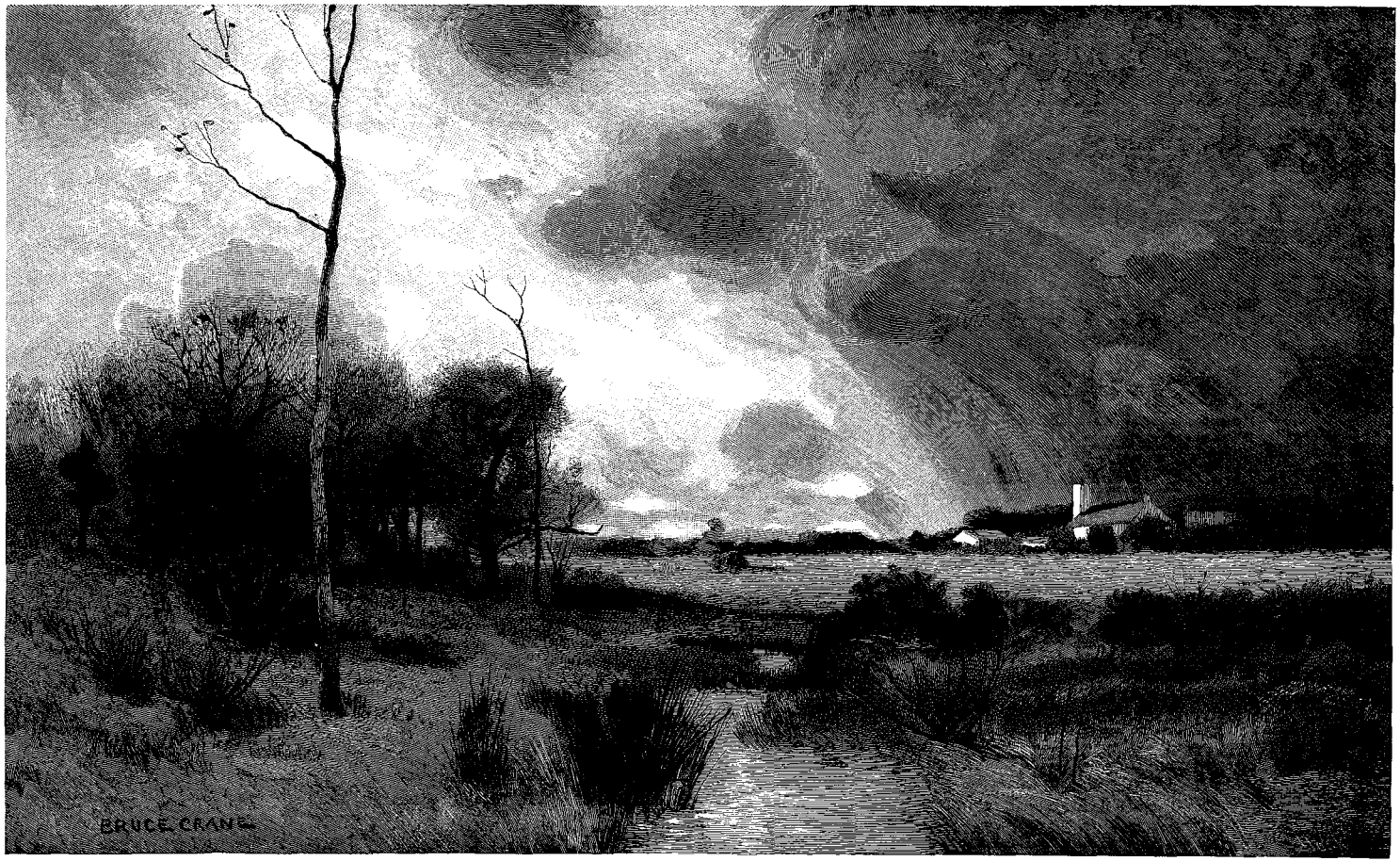

ENGRAVED BY ROBERT HOSKIN.

A Passing Storm.
(From an unpublished drawing by Bruce Crane.)

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in crayon in most cases, and are distinctly *croquis* in the best sense, and in that they are direct notes made on the spot, have an interest that cannot be infused into work made from photographs. But we have not many artists who write and illustrate their own articles, putting down their impressions in word and line as they receive them. Something of the same sort, however, has been done by Edwin H. Blashfield, who, in a series of articles written by himself and Mrs. Blashfield, on subjects treating of mediæval times, has shown not only technical qualities of a high order, but also true erudition in archæology; John La Farge, in his papers, "An Artist's Letters from Japan," is a delightful artist-author; and Messrs. Pyle, Zogbaum, Gibson, Pennell, Shelton, and others are among the illustrators who are also authors, but of these we shall speak later on. Alfred Kappes is a painter of genre, particularly of negro life, who contributes drawings of much character to current illustration, and by Carlton T. Chapman there have been seen of late some very good pictures of the sea and ships, in which subjects that were without much material for inspiration have been treated in an interesting way. Gilbert Gaul, whose pictures of skirmishes and camp-life are often seen at the Academy and other exhibitions, is a painter who has done work of excellent quality in the same line of subjects for illustration, and more recently appears as the author of a series of drawings depicting pioneer life in California, that are among the best things of the kind we have to show. In two or three of them, where a large number of figures are introduced, the composition and arrangement are admirable, and while the general effect is broad and complete, detail is given with scrupulous exactness. Good work in figures, and occasionally in landscape, comes from the brush of J. Alden Weir, and Frederick Dielman is a productive illustrator whose subjects are found mainly in scenes from American life. Some important creative illustration has been done by Walter Shirlaw in his designs accompanying Goldsmith's "The Hermit," and the same artist appears also as a delineator of every-day types of character in various scenes of city life. Mr. Shirlaw, whose art education was obtained at Munich, is one of the American painters who have treated the nude figure in illustration, and he shows in his work a strong feeling for the decorative side of design.

In Holiday Dress.

(From a drawing by F. D. Millet to illustrate "Modern Greece," published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

One of the ablest of the younger painters, whose methods have

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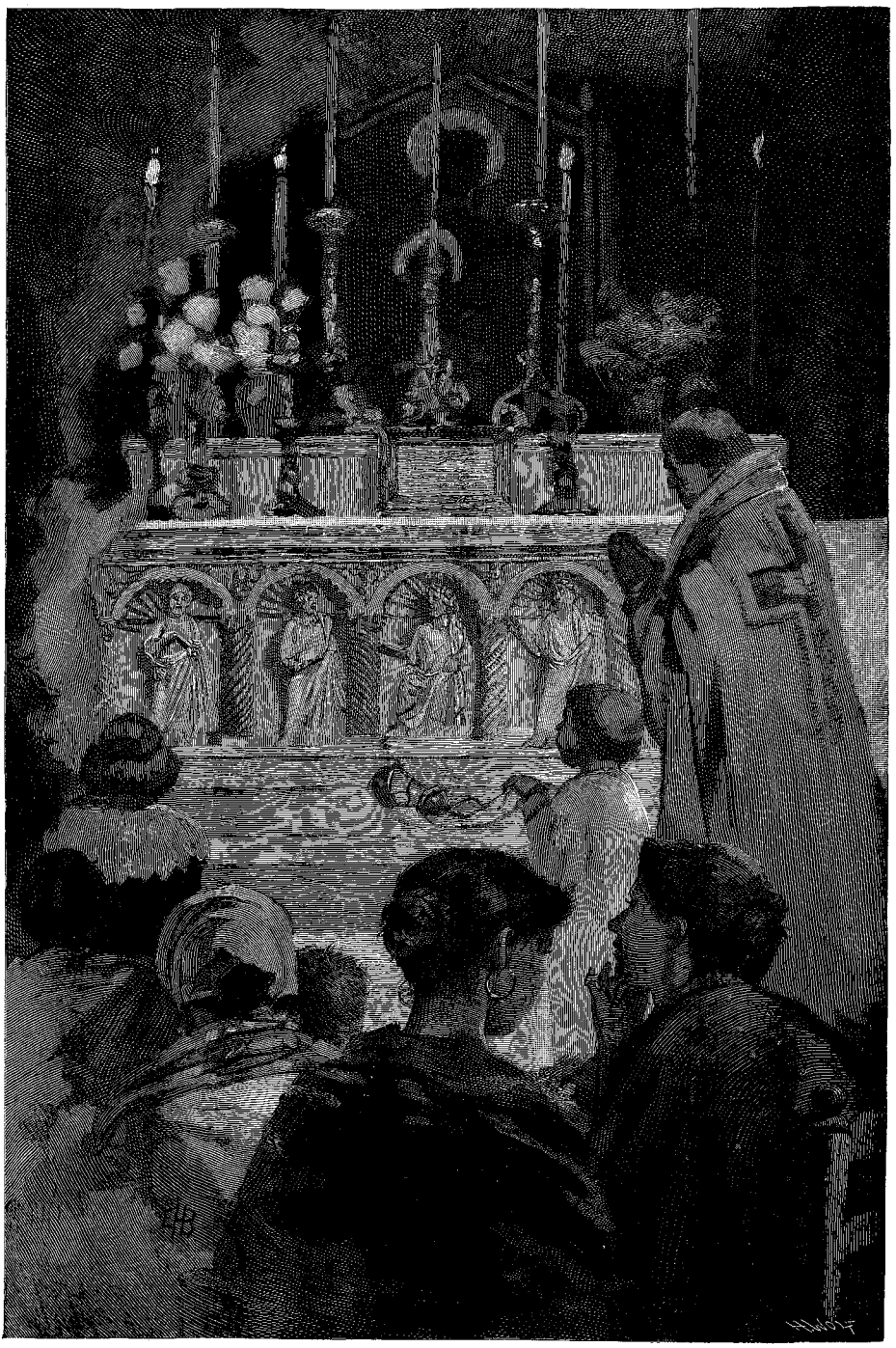

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

Altar Front, of Fifth Century, in San Francesco, Ravenna.
(From an unpublished drawing by Edwin H. Blashfield.)

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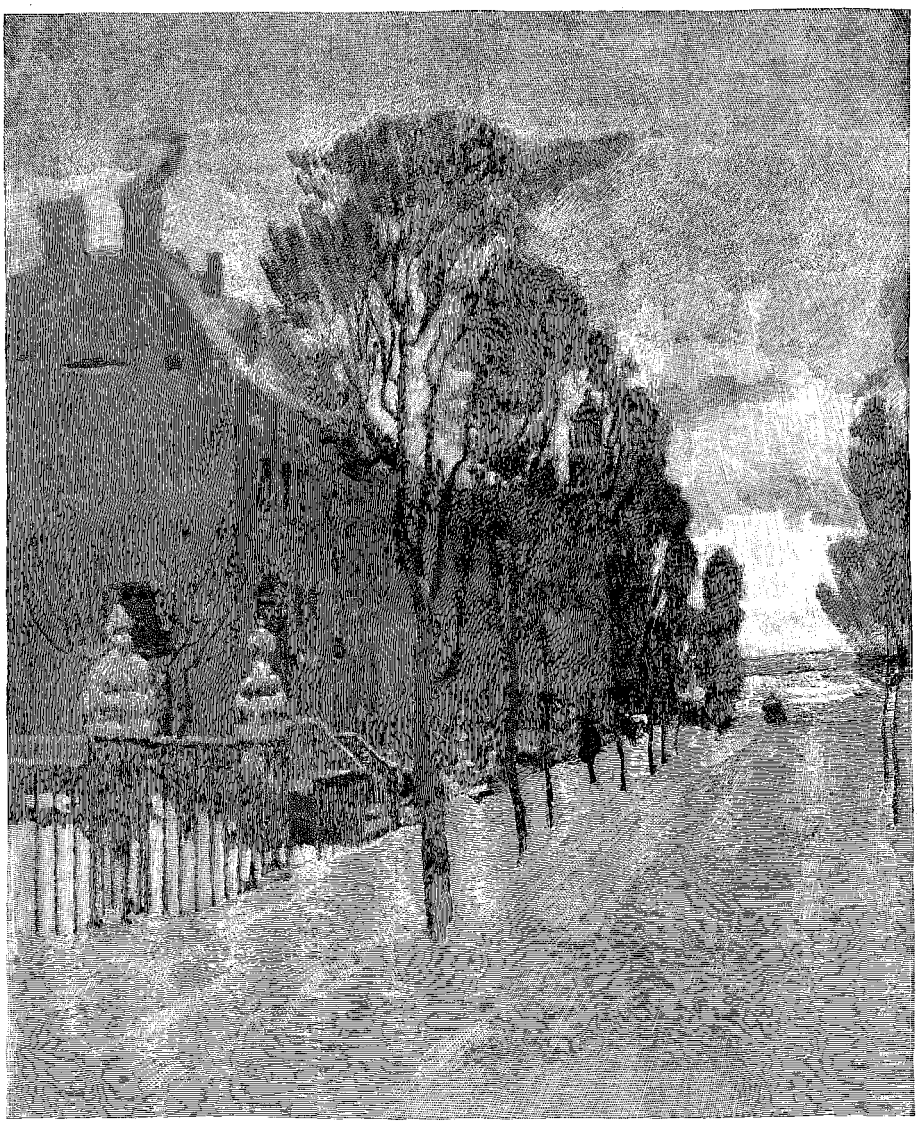
caused them to be grouped under the general denomination of Impressionists, is William S. Allen, who, among other things, has signed a series of spirited drawings illustrating an article on surf-bathing, that shows him to be a very skilful draughtsman with the pen, and one who depends upon the simplest means in technical expression. In the use of water-color he appears as a truthful observer of values, and his drawings in this medium are remarkable for luminousness and atmospheric quality. Theodore Robinson, who is also among those who have imbibed the principles of Claude Monet in his landscapes and pictures of outdoor life, and whose artistic temperament is one of delicate sensibility, is a somewhat irregular contributor to the magazines; but notably in some pictures of the little village of Barbizon, where Millet, Rousseau, and other great men of the Fontainebleau group lived and worked,



Winter Evening.
(From a drawing by J. H. Twachtman, published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

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A Sardine Booth.

(From a drawing by Theodore Robinson, to illustrate "The Pardon of Ste. Anne D'Auray," published in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.)

he gives evidence of the possession of a refined artistic sense, and of the qualities most valuable in drawing for reproduction—simplicity and directness of expression.

Portraits are so often engraved for illustrative purposes, from photographs or paintings, or from nature, that there are not many drawings in this branch of illustration to point to in current work. Some excellent heads in pencil and in charcoal have appeared by J. Carroll Beckwith, who is an accomplished draughtsman, and whose modelling with the point is especially clever; by John W. Alexander, who has made a number of portrait studies from life; and by Wyatt Eaton, whose black and white work possesses much of the distinction that marks his portraits in color (see the drawing by Mr. Eaton on page 206). Of course, it must not be forgotten that the illustrated periodicals frequently contain character sketches that in one sense belong in the portrait class of illustrations, but the place for their consideration is not in this part of our review, which is meant to include only the work of the painter-illustrators as distinguished from that of the large body of artists whom we are accustomed to regard as illustrators pure and simple.

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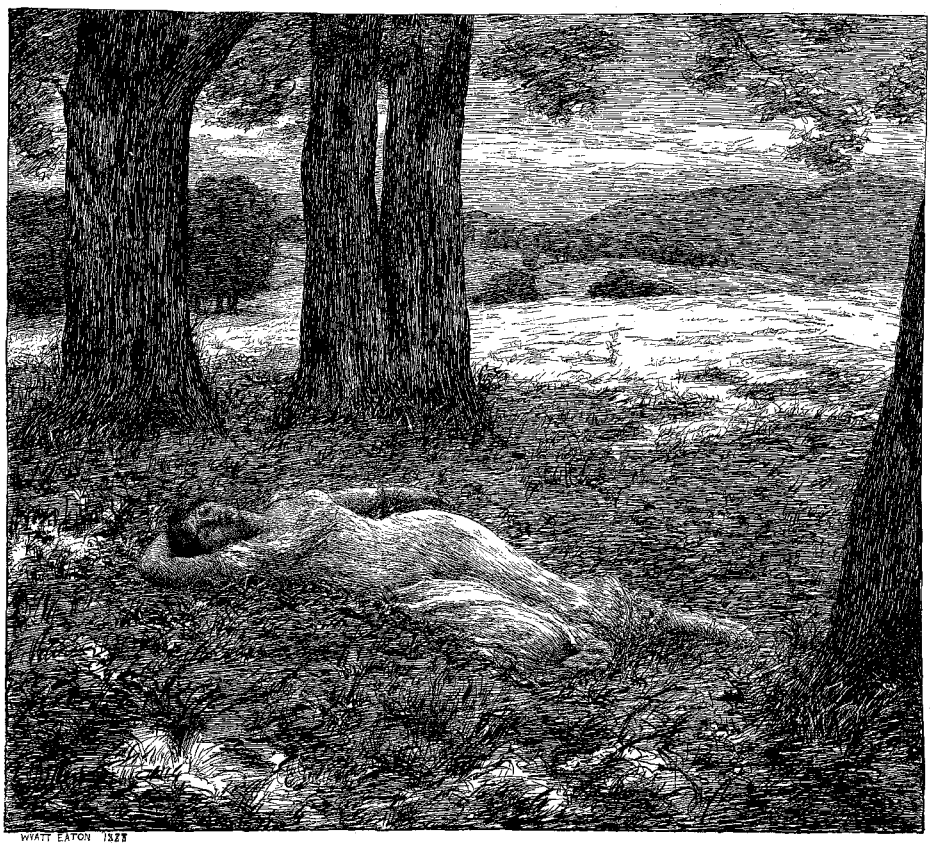

ASLEEP UPON THE GRASS.

By Eliza Woodworth.

Upon the warm and fragrant grass I lay;
Above me towered the whispering maple-tree
(Whose voice, when storms march past, is like the sea),
And round me was the throng of Summer-Day:
Thin gnats, and dusk ephemera, at play;
Tossed yellow butterfly and banded bee;
The large-eyed robins came and looked at me,
Then briskly hopped, content, about the brae.
Wee, swinging spiders slid down mist-threads, nigh;
Grim, hurried ants across my palm would pass,
The shortest way, and lady-bugs, unshy;
Beetles came close, with backs like hammered brass,
For fear had left the elves that walk or fly—
They said, She is asleep upon the grass.

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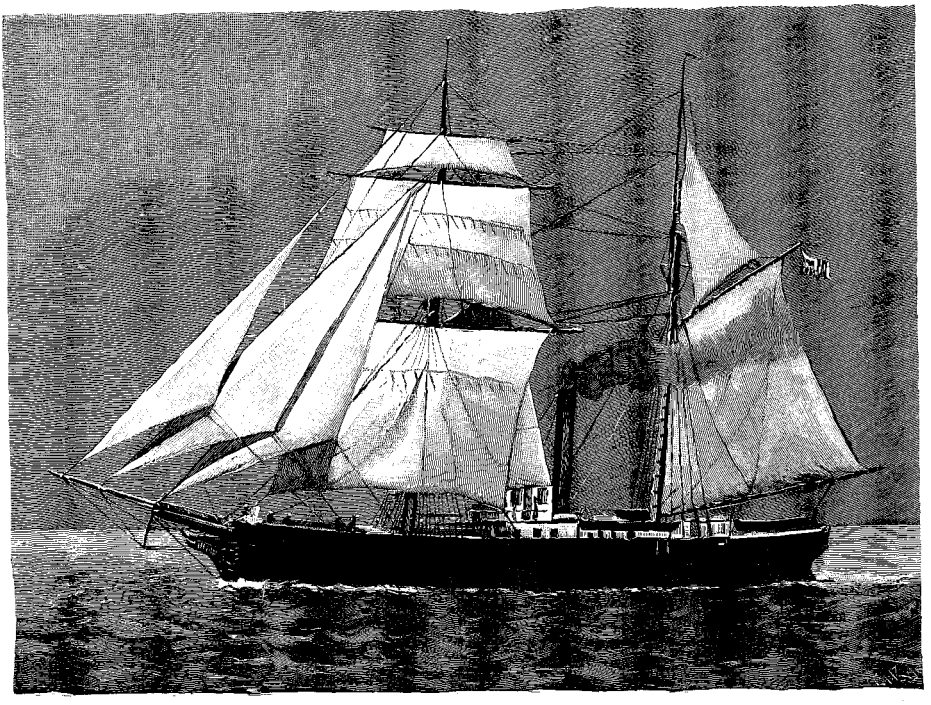

The Revenue Cutter Levi Woodbury.
(After a photograph by Augustine H. Folsom.)

THE REVENUE-CUTTER SERVICE:

ITS WORK IN THE RELIEF OF VESSELS IN DISTRESS.

By Lieutenant Percy W. Thompson, U. S. R. M.

PROBABLY many of your readers have seen in the newspapers, in the latter part of November of each year, the announcement that certain revenue-cutters had been ordered by the President to cruise along our dangerous and rock-bound coast in search of and to aid distressed vessels. But how the cutters render aid, how far off shore they go, how often they go into port, and even what size and class of vessel a revenue-cutter is, are questions very few persons living in inland towns could answer.

By an act of Congress of December 22, 1837, the President is authorized to cause any suitable number of public vessels adapted to the purpose to cruise upon the coast in the severe portion of the season, "and to afford such aid to distressed navigators as their circumstances may require." After the passage of the act a frigate, a sloop-of-war, and three brigs of the navy were ordered on that service with right of the cutters. The naval vessels proved to be too large for the coast service and were withdrawn. From this time the protection of commerce in this regard devolved upon the revenue-cutters, which have been employed under the act during every winter up to the present time, with such satisfactory results as to earn for the service generally a deserved popularity, especially with all persons connected with the maritime interests of the country.

The latter part of November, each year, the commanding officers of certain revenue-cutters receive from the Secre-

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tary of the Treasury what are termed "winter-cruising orders." These orders are issued by the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Chief of the Revenue Marine Division. They direct the commander of the cutter to make preparations to cruise for the relief of distressed vessels; to take on board such provisions, fuel, and water as can be conveniently stowed, and in case the marine underwriters desire to place clothing, provisions, or other supplies on board for shipwrecked crews, to take charge of them agreeably to their instructions. Thus prepared the cutter is ordered to cruise over her designated district from December 1st to March 31st, "keeping generally as close to the land as the safety of the vessel will permit, exercising due diligence and discretion in the search for distressed vessels." The cutter generally cruises near the land in order to lessen the chances of passing unseen a vessel ashore in need of help. The cutter is ordered "not to go into port oftener than compelled by stress of weather, want of supplies, or other necessity." She is ordered, in all cases requiring aid or relief, to afford such assistance as may be needed. The cost of supplies furnished to distressed vessels, the cost of fuel expended in rendering any assistance, and the estimated damage done to hawsers in towing, are paid by the owners of the assisted vessels to the Collector of Customs at the cutter's head-quarters. A full and circumstantial report of each case of assistance rendered is filled out on blanks furnished for the purpose, and transmitted to the Secretary of the Treasury from the first port of arrival. The navigating officer of each cutter is required to prepare a chart of the vessel's cruising district, on which chart he lays down tracks representing all the runs made during the winter's cruising. This chart is forwarded to the Treasury Department and filed.

Of the thirty-five vessels of the Revenue Marine now in commission, only eight are designated by the President as winter-cruising vessels. These are the Levi Woodbury, with head-quarters at Eastport, Me., and cruising from the St. Croix River to Cape Elizabeth, Me.; the Alexander J. Dallas, with head-quarters at Portland, Me., and cruising from South-West Harbor, Me., to Cape Ann, Mass.; the Albert Gallatin, with head-quarters at Boston, Mass., and cruising from Portsmouth, N. H., to Wood's Hole, Mass.; the Samuel Dexter, with head-quarters at Newport, R. I., and cruising from Wood's Hole to Whitestone, L. I.; the U. S. Grant, with head-quarters at New York, and cruising from New London, Conn., to Delaware Breakwater, keeping outside of Long Island; the Alexander Hamilton, with head-quarters at Norfolk, Va., and cruising from Delaware Breakwater to Cape Hatteras; the William H. Crawford, with head-quarters at Baltimore, and cruising in Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries; the Schuyler Colfax, with head-quarters at Wilmington, N. C., and cruising from Body Island, N. C., to Georgetown, S. C. It will be seen that in some cases the cruising district of one cutter overlaps that of another, so that portions of the coast are patrolled by two cutters.

All the winter-cruising cutters, except the Colfax and Crawford, are steam-propellers. The two latter are side-wheel steamers. In respect to size the Dallas is the smallest, being only 179 net tons measurement; the Dexter comes next with 188 tons, the Gallatin is 212, the Hamilton 223, the Grant 262, the Crawford 265, the Woodbury 330, and the Colfax 369 tons. All of these vessels are slow, not one of them being able to steam more than ten or twelve knots at full speed, and most of them not over nine or ten knots.

All of the above-mentioned fleet carry more or less sail, sufficient in the case of all, except the Crawford and Colfax, to handle them safely in all kinds of weather, in the event of their machinery becoming disabled. The sister ship to the smallest of the fleet made the voyage from New York to San Francisco, a distance of nearly 16,000 miles, in perfect safety, most of the way, of course, under sail. The Grant is bark-rigged, the Woodbury, Gallatin, and Hamilton are topsail schooners, and the Dexter, Dallas, Colfax, and Crawford are fore-and-aft schooners, carrying fore- and main-sails, jib, and fore- and main-staysails.

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The Grant, Gallatin, Hamilton, and Colfax are iron vessels, the rest wooden.

Each cutter carries four boats and enough life-preservers for one boat's crew. None of the cutters mentioned in this article is provided with a steam-launch.

Each cutter carries a supply of rifles or muskets, revolvers and cutlasses, besides a small battery of from one to four guns, generally composed of 20-pound or 24-pound Dahlgren howitzers. Several of the vessels are now supplied with 3-inch breech-loading rifled guns in place of the Dahlgren howitzers.

Eight officers and a crew of from thirty to thirty-five men is the usual complement for each vessel. The crews are composed largely of foreigners—usually Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians. Men of these nationalities are found to be excellent sailors, obedient, amenable to discipline, trustworthy, and peculiarly capable of withstanding the cold and hardships to which they are necessarily subjected. The crews are divided into various rates, according to the duties that are to be performed, each vessel carrying 1 boatswain, 1 carpenter, 1 master-at-arms, 2 quartermasters, 2 coxswains, from 10 to 14 seamen, 1 cabin steward, 1 wardroom steward, 1 ship's cook, 2 first-class boys, 2 second-class boys, 4 firemen, and 2 coal-passers.

During November the cutters prepare for the arduous work of winter cruising. The battery is run in, trained fore and aft, and securely lashed, or stowed away in the hold. One of the light boats is put ashore, to make room for a surf-boat, with air-tight compartments, specially adapted to work in high seas and for landing in the surf. The yards and light spars are sent down and stowed ashore until spring. Sometimes stump topmasts and jib-booms are rigged in place of the long ones, thus reducing the tendency to roll and pitch, and enabling the vessel to steam to windward with less resistance. Enough sail, however, is always retained to handle the vessel without steam. A fresh supply of towing-hawsers, heaving-lines, ropes, oars, boat-gear, etc., is procured. Masts, sails, rigging, boats, steering-gear, ground-tackle, pumps, and, in fact, all parts of the vessel are carefully examined and repaired, or renewed if necessary. The chief engineer and his assistants thoroughly inspect all portions of the machinery and make them, as far as human foresight can, capable of sustaining the severe strain to which they are soon to be put. Supplies of coal, water, provisions, and ship chandlery are taken on board. A heavy iron ice-breaker is never forgotten if the winter is likely to be severe. The ice-breaker is made of $\frac{3}{4}$-inch iron, and is V-shaped. It extends about eighteen inches below the water-line, and the same distance above it, and fits over the cutwater, to which it is secured by five heavy chains. Three years ago one of the New England cutters was obliged to work in such heavy ice, while assisting vessels, that her ice-breaker was twice rendered entirely useless; the second time it was twisted and worn so badly that a new one had to be procured. In addition to the damage to her ice-breaker, the same vessel had nearly all the copper near the water-line stripped off, her gripe torn off, the forward planks near the water-line worn entirely through, and her propeller so badly bent and twisted that a new one was necessary.

On December 1st the cutter sails on her long cruise. Her captain is in the pilot-house. The officer of the deck, having laid aside his handsome uniform until spring, buttons his great-coat closely about him, dons his fur cap and gloves, takes the weather side of the bridge with marine glass in hand, and begins his vigilant lookout. A quartermaster on the lee side of the bridge, also with a good marine glass, assists in the search. From now until April 1st, whenever the cutter is cruising, at least two, and frequently four, pairs of glasses are almost constantly sweeping the horizon on the lookout for vessels in distress. Many a poor mariner with his sails blown away, ground-tackle gone, leaking badly, heavily iced up, food-lockers empty, or perhaps out of his reckoning, sights the revenue-cutter in the distance bearing down upon him, and experiences feelings which a landsman cannot properly appreciate.

In addition to feeding the hungry, saving the imperilled, and guiding the

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lost, it is also the cutter's duty to suppress mutinies, prevent smuggling, enforce the neutrality laws and the quarantine regulations, protect merchant vessels from piratical attacks, protect wrecked property, and guard the timber reserves of the United States against depradations. The constant and frequent inspection of the vast fleet of merchant vessels that trades along our coast forms a very important duty of the service, and one which, if not performed, would be followed by a very general neglect of the customs and navigation laws. Even with the rigid and constant inspections, from one to two thousand violations are detected each year, and reported to the proper authorities. It is not alone in the examination of the ship's documents, and the ascertaining that she has no smuggled articles on board, that she is engaged in the trade for which she is licensed, that her marine documents are in force, that her regularly authorized captain is in command, etc., that the importance of the boarding duty is most strikingly shown. Of the twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand vessels that are every year boarded and thoroughly examined by officers of the revenue-cutter service, many are found to have side-lights, anchor-bights, or fog signals of an efficiency far below what is deemed safe by the Government. These faults are corrected, and thus one of the greatest dangers of the sea, collision, is mitigated to a great degree. The benefits of the increased safety thus effected are shared, not only by the seafaring man, but also by that immense portion of the travelling public that selects our coastwise steamers as a means of conveyance from place to place. The constant patrolling of the coast enables the cutters promptly to discover and report to the proper authorities the absence or imperfection of buoys, spindles, light-ships, and other aids to navigation.

Although all the cutters perform useful and meritorious work, the two stationed on the Maine coast have greater opportunities for rendering assistance than all the rest combined. Of the five hundred and twenty-six distressed vessels assisted by the entire service during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, over four hundred were assisted by the Maine cutters. The large number of shoals, reefs, rocks, and islands lying off this coast, combine with the very strong tides, high winds, fog, vapor, and ice, to render navigation along it as dangerous as on any other in the world.

The fleet of merchant vessels that passes along the coast of Maine is immense, and in addition there is one of the largest fishing fleets in the world. These latter vessels are obliged to get their fish to market as soon as possible after they are caught, and hence they arrive on the coast from the fishing banks in all kinds of weather. In summer they have dense fogs to contend with; in winter, vapor, thick snowstorms, ice, high winds, and rough seas. Frequently they become so iced up that they are unmanageable. Many of the reefs, rocks, and islands are out of the track of the coastwise steamers, are never visited by tugs, and cannot be seen from the few life-saving stations on the mainland. But for the cutters, many of the poor fellows wrecked on these isolated reefs would perish miserably from cold, exposure, and hunger.

Vessel masters on this coast usually select the inside passages and channels among the islands, in order to avoid the high seas and winds which they would have to encounter off the coast. Vessels are frequently caught in these passages and frozen in; they are also frequently frozen up in the harbors. The cutters keep these passages and harbors open as long as possible. They cut out vessels that are frozen in, and warn vessels that are discovered approaching closed passages and harbors.

Assistance is rendered, as far as possible, in accordance with the needs of the distressed vessel. Vessels ashore are hauled afloat, and towed to a safe harbor; those frozen in are cut out and towed to open water; those in need of water, provisions, or medicine are supplied; those out of their reckoning get necessary sailing directions; the disabled ones are towed to a safe harbor where repairs can be made, and those that are short-handed by reason of illness or death are supplied with enough

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officers and men to work them into port. In rendering assistance cutters are positively prohibited from interfering with private enterprise.

Life on a revenue-cutter during winter cruising is one of hardship and danger. It is a life of constant exposure to all kinds of weather, and is so trying that only men of strong and robust constitutions can safely undergo it. Even in these not infrequently are sown the seeds of disease.

One of the greatest dangers the revenue officer is called upon to encounter is boat duty. This he has to perform in all sorts of weather. Fog, snow-storm, cold, high wind, or rough sea, is seldom considered a sufficient reason for neglecting to board a vessel bound in from a foreign port. Such a vessel has usually to be boarded while under way—a very difficult and dangerous undertaking, requiring the exercise of experienced judgment, prompt decision, great coolness, and considerable pluck. While on board the vessel, examining her papers, certifying to her manifest, etc., she has probably carried the boarding officer at least two or three miles from his vessel, and he may have to make the best of his way back to her in the teeth of a strong head-wind, high sea, driving snow-storm, and with, perhaps, the added difficulty, if not danger, of approaching night. When rowing in the teeth of a high wind it is no unusual thing for the boat's crew to become so exhausted that no headway can be made. In such a case the boat rows directly to leeward of the cutter, from which a life-buoy attached to a long line is thrown. It is quickly swept to leeward, picked up by the boat, the line made fast to the bow, and the boat hauled alongside. Sometimes he finds it impossible to return to the cutter, and he is obliged to seek shelter on some friendly vessel.

Managing a boat in the surf is perhaps as difficult and dangerous a duty as revenue officers are called upon to perform. Much of the supplies for the houses of refuge on the east coast of Florida are taken to them by revenue-cutters. All these supplies have to be landed through the surf on as exposed and dangerous a beach as any in the world. That no lives have yet been sacrificed, and no property lost in this work, speaks volumes for the skill of revenue officers as surf-men.

Running a line to a vessel ashore or in distress requires skill and courage of a no mean order. True it is that but few revenue officers have lost their lives in the discharge of this duty, but it is equally true that an officer must indeed be young in the service who has not several times stood face to face with death.

SOME TYPICAL RESCUES BY THE REVENUE-CUTTERS.

By Samuel A. Wood.

Nor less hardy than the rough-and-ready surfmen of the Life-saving Service who patrol our coast day and night are the officers and crews of the cruising cutters, who look so fine in sunny ports, and it is the purpose of this article to recall a few of their adventures and heroic deeds. Many acts of heroism are frequently performed in the routine of duty, and the world hears nothing of them. Not a few of these officers are the descendants of sturdy captains of old American clippers that made the "gridiron" a bit of bunting frequently seen and honored in ports of the Old World long ago. They have a strong hereditary love for the life they have chosen, and a coolness in time of danger characteristic of their illustrious progenitors. Such an officer was Second Lieutenant John U. Rhodes, of the cutter Dexter. His father was the skipper of the famous California packet Golden Fleece, and aboard of her, when a mere boy, he began his career as a sea-rover. His matchless courage in the disaster to the steamship City of Columbus, of the Savannah Line, off Gay Head, the westernmost cape of Martha's Vineyard, on January 14, 1884, won him the plaudits

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of a continent and promotion in his profession. No brighter instance of the valor and seamanship of the Revenue Marine officers may be found than that exhibited by the men of the Dexter at this memorable wreck.

The City of Columbus left Boston for Savannah, on Thursday, January 17, 1884, with eighty-two passengers and a crew of forty-five persons; she was a stanch iron vessel of nearly two thousand tons, and was commanded by Captain S. E. Wright, who had made innumerable passages through the treacherous waters of Vineyard Sound, and was familiar with their every reef and shoal. Many of the steamship's passengers were invalids, going south to escape the rigors of a northern winter, and win back lost health. The night was cold, and here and there in the quiet sky stars were visible. A gale was whistling out of the west, lashing up a high head-sea. When the vessel was within half an hour's sail of the promontory of Gay Head, and less than an hour from the open ocean, Captain Wright went below, leaving Quartermaster Roderick McDonald and Second Mate Edward Harding in charge of the pilot-house. The course of the steamship was southwest by south. Less than a minute before she struck the man on lookout forward rushed into the pilot-house and exclaimed tremulously that the Devil's Bridge buoy was close on the port bow. Devil's Bridge is a double ledge of submerged rocks abreast of Gay Head light. The outer ledge is an eighth of a mile from the mainland, and on either side is very deep water. It has been the scene of many wrecks, the most recent of which was that of the United States war-vessel Galena. When the two men in the pilot-house of the City of Columbus realized the proximity of the terrible reef, they were for a moment nearly unnerved. The lookout had barely told the danger before the keel of the steamship grated on the ledge. The second mate ordered the quartermaster to put the wheel to port. The order came too late. Again the vessel's keel thumped on the reef. The force of the impact was so slight at first that only a few of the passengers were awakened. Captain Wright felt the gentle jar, and supposing he had run down some small sailing craft, he sprang from his bed and ran to the pilot-house, repeating the order of the second mate, "Hard aport!" the moment he saw what had happened. It was about three o'clock in the morning. The captain saw the Gay Head light on the port bow through the land haze. He believed at first that he was not so fast on the reef that he could not work off. He signalled the engineer to back at full speed and threw the wheel over to starboard. The effort was unavailing. Then he ordered the men forward to hoist the jib, hoping to cant the vessel's head to starboard into deeper water. She swung off a few points and then swerved back again. While these attempts were being made to release her from the deadly grip of the reef, not a dozen of the passengers knew what had happened, and few of the crew realized their danger. As a last resort Captain Wright determined to try to pass over the obstruction, and he gave the engineer the signal to go ahead. The steamship only pounded more on the reef. By this time all the passengers had been awakened. The purser and his assistant had gone around knocking on their state-room doors, ordering them to get up, saying that the vessel was ashore. Supplementing the verbal warnings, the passengers heard the roar of the wild sea on the reef, and throwing whatever outer garments were nearest around them, they hurried into the saloon. Many were congregated there with grave faces, mutely looking questions that they feared to ask, when the captain, who had abandoned the pilot-house, came down among them and told them what all captains of sinking ships tell their passengers, that they would be saved, but that they had better put on life-preservers anyhow. He calmed the fears of many, but he was hardly through talking when a cataract of freezing water poured down the companionway among them and created a panic. They crowded up the stairs and rushed out on deck. At this instant a towering sea roared athwart the ship, and every woman and child, and half of the men aboard her, were swept away. Before the giant wave struck her, about

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forty men had climbed into the rigging. Living on deck was impossible afterward. There was a great gash in the ship's port side, and sea after sea broke across her. Two boats were launched and dashed to pieces against her iron sides. The benumbed men in the rigging watched the Gay Head light, gleaming like an evil eye, until it was lost in the whiteness of the coming day. Now and then a body floated out of the cabin and was borne away on the foamy waves. Their hearts beat high with hope for a little time just after daylight, when they saw a steamer three miles away, bound to the westward. She was the Glaucus. Her captain did not notice that there were men in the rigging of the wreck, and he kept on his course. Hope in the hearts of some of the men vanished with the Glaucus, and they let go their hold on the ratlines and dropped into the sea. A boat was seen coming out from Gay Head Point at half-past ten o'clock. It was manned by the Indian life-savers. They dared not approach near, as their boat would have been smashed by the floating wreckage or against the wreck itself. They shouted to the men in the rigging to jump. Six of them accepted the invitation and were picked up by the Indians. The boat returned to the wreck and saved others in the same way.

The Dexter was laboring to the eastward through the heavy seas while the brave Indians were working at the wreck. She came within sight of the high land of Gay Head soon after dawn. It was Lieutenant Rhodes's watch. He saw through his glass the dim outlines of a vessel's masts, slanting, as if she were ashore. He reported his discovery to Captain Gabrielson, and the Dexter was headed in the direction of Gay Head under all steam. As she drew nearer to the wreck, a score of men were discerned clinging to the rigging above water. All hands were called, and preparations were made for launching the boats. The Dexter steamed to windward of the wreck, and the cutter was swung out on the davits and lowered into the turbulent water, with Lieutenant Rhodes in command. It flew to leeward on a tall wave toward the wreck. The boat's crew pulled carefully, and when just under the lee of the rigging to which some of the survivors were clinging, the lieutenant ordered them to jump, assuring them that they would be saved. Thirteen men trusted their lives to him. Everyone was picked up. Two men remained dangling in the rigging, apparently unconscious. The plucky lieutenant determined to save them, if they had enough vitality left to stand transferrence to the cutter. It would have been courting death to have gone near enough in the cutter to take the exhausted men in the rigging off. There was only one other way to help them. Lieutenant Rhodes adopted that. He fastened a line around his waist and boldly plunged into the riot of frigid waters. A piece of wreckage struck him, and the men in the cutter, fearful for his life, dragged him back on board. He was undismayed by the accident, and went overboard again. This time he reached the wreck, got the men from the rigging and brought them with him to the cutter. They died after being put aboard the Dexter. After the launching of the cutter, the Dexter steamed to leeward of the wreck and anchored, in order to pick the cutter up. Her anchor-chain was tough and her holding-ground good, or she would have been unequal to the task of facing the heavy seas, into which she dipped her prow at frequent intervals. Lieutenant Kennedy had gone out in the Dexter's gig with a volunteer crew to assist his daring brother-officer. He could not get near the wreck because of the lightness of his boat, but he saved men who had drifted to leeward of the cutter, and picked up several bodies.

The gallantry of the Dexter's officers and crew received ample recognition. The Legislature of Connecticut, Lieutenant Rhodes's native State, thanked him; the Humane Society of Massachusetts gave him its gold medal, and the President of the United States ordered him to be advanced twenty-one numbers in his grade. Captain Gabrielson also received a medal from the Humane Society, and certificates were awarded to the other officers. Each of the crew received a money reward. Congress recognized the rescue in joint resolutions,

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and the Secretary of the Treasury made it the theme of a congratulatory circular, which was read at muster on every vessel in the service.

Many of the rescues accomplished by the cutters have been in conjunction with the men of the Life Saving Service. Probably the most thrilling event of this nature was the succor of the crew of the three-masted schooner Ada Barker, from an isolated rock near Outer Green Island, on January 13, 1891, by the men of the cutter Woodbury, commanded by Captain A. A. Fengar. The rock is called the Junk of Pork, and is one of the most dangerous on the Maine coast. It rises precipitously to a height of nearly fifty feet from the surface of the sea, and is encompassed with countless bowlders and jagged reefs. The Woodbury steamed out of Portland on January 12th on her mission of deliverance. A southeasterly gale, which whipped up lofty beam seas, compelled her to proceed slowly. She rolled bulwarks under now and then, and the seas washed across her decks. A cannon got adrift, but it was secured before it had a chance to do any damage. The Junk of Pork was one of the first objects of anxious observation by the officer on watch. It was hidden much of the time in a smother of foam and spray from the seas that broke in frosty shreds against its vertical sides, and swirled in chalky masses around its base. The officer thought he saw dark forms in a state of frantic activity on the flat top of the rock. A glass was levelled at the forms and they were made out distinctly to belong to six men. Two of them were flourishing shirts on sticks, and the others were waving their arms. The cutter was headed for the rock, and her men saw, in an interval when it was not enveloped in spray, the shapeless outlines of a wreck far up against its windward side. The cutter's whistle screeched encouragement to the men on the rock, and she cruised around until night, hoping the sea would abate enough to permit her to drift in a line to the rock and pull one or more of the shipwrecked men through the breakers. But the sea still raged at dark, and the officers held a consultation in the pilot-house and decided to steam back to Portland, procure dories, and make an effort to land on the rock at dawn of the next day. The Woodbury's boats, Captain Fengar said in his report of the rescue, could not have lived for a moment in the terrific breakers. It was an hour before daybreak when the shivering castaways heard the welcome blasts of the cutter's whistle. On her way out she had conveyed the tidings of the wreck to the Cape Elizabeth Life-saving Station. She lay by the rock until daylight, sending up at short intervals vapory toots of encouragement to the six anxious sailors. While her men were preparing to launch the dories and the white cutter, the life-boat from Cape Elizabeth, with her crew of yellow-jacketed men encircled with life-belts, hove in sight. Now, the cutter men looked upon the castaways as "particularly their own meat" (as one of the young officers expressed it), and they determined to make a strenuous effort to get to the rock first, even if they did have only ordinary open boats. The two cutters were dropped in a twinkling, and made a dash for the breakers. Captain Fengar made a little speech to the crew of the first cutter, which followed the buoyant dories. He said: "Now, boys, we want you to get those men. You must not fail. God bless you!" Lieutenant Howland, an old whaler, had charge of the cutter. Two seamen, who were originally assigned to her were relieved, much to their disgust, to make room for Third Lieutenant J. H. Scott and Cadet Van Cott, who entreated Captain Fengar to let them go and pull at an oar. It was a splendid race for the peerless prize of human lives between the Woodbury's boats and the life-boat. The crew of the life-boat were tired from the exertion of an eight-mile row through a choppy sea, and they were not able to cope with the fresh oarsmen of the Woodbury. The dory manned by Seamen Haskell and Gross was the first to reach the rock. It brought off one man and carried him safely to the Woodbury. The race between the white cutter and the life-boat was still on. The broad, belted backs of the life-savers bent like hickory bows under the stentorian encouragement of their captain, who stood in the

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stern-sheets vibrating his body to the swing of the oars. The men in the cutter pulled lustily, resolved not to let their chance of winning glory be snatched from them at the very moment when it seemed to be within their grasp. Their boat plunged into the breakers ahead of the life-boat and cleared a submerged reef on the crest of a comber. But she would have been swamped if Lieutenant Scott had not leaped into the freezing surf and held her against the return of the undertow. He disappeared for a moment. Then he came up again, half frozen, but dauntless, with his hands on the cutter's bow. The next roller landed her on a strip of rock. The life-savers hesitated on the verge of the breakers. They were deliberating whether they should shoot a line to the rock or risk landing. The intrepid action of the cutter's crew decided them, and they headed for the rock. The stem of their boat was stove on a bowlder, and she became unmanageable. She was extricated from her peril by the men of the cutter, who dragged her up on the rock. The five rescued sailors were bundled into her and taken to the Woodbury. They had been on the rock for forty hours, without shelter or food. The schooner had her sails blown away in a gale on January 11th, and had struck on the outer reef that night. Her bottom dropped out of her almost at the moment of impact. Her crew escaped from her by climbing up the foremast, which fell against the rock.

The wreck of the wooden passenger steamship Metis, off Watch Hill, in Long Island Sound, on August 30, 1872, gave the officers and crew of the cutter Moccasin an opportunity to display their courage and seamanship. The Metis was bound from New York to Providence, with one hundred and four passengers and a crew of fifty-two persons. She left New York on the afternoon of August 29th. A summer gale from the southeast, permeated with a driving rain, had churned the waters into a fury that would have been regarded dangerous even by deep-water navigators. The little, lime-laden schooner Nettie Cushing was making her way down the Sound under shortened sail, bound for New York. The two vessels met off Watch Hill. A mist had succeeded the rain, and the men on neither craft saw the other until collision was inevitable. The bowsprit of the schooner rammed a hole in the steamer's port side, a few feet forward of the line of the pilot-house. The vibration of the ship was so slight that not more than a dozen passengers were awakened. Captain Charles L. Burton, the Metis's commander, was not aware of the extent of her injury, as the men sent into the hold reported that she was not hurt below the water-line. The schooner, without bowsprit and headgear, vanished astern in the darkness. The Metis was stopped for a moment, and her officers made an effort to find out the fate of the schooner. They concluded that she had gone down, and the Metis went on her course. Half an hour later the chief engineer reported that the vessel was making water rapidly, and that it would be a question of only a few minutes before the fires would be extinguished. The stewards were ordered to wake the passengers. This was done by smashing in the state-room windows. Nearly all hands had time to partially dress and get life-preservers. The women and children crowded in the cabin. The steamer was headed for the beach, but when she was within five miles of it she gave a lurch and went down, bow first, carrying thirty or forty people into the vortex. Three life-boats were launched. One was smashed against the steamer's side. The others floated away, filled, as frequently happens on such occasions, largely with men. About fifty persons were on the hurricane-deck, which became detached from the hull as the steamer sank, and drifted off.

The Moccasin was at Stonington, a few miles away. She received news of the tragedy from Watch Hill, where hundreds of summer residents had gathered, watching through glasses, and with the naked eye, the struggles of the shipwrecked ones. A northeast gale had succeeded the rain-laden southeaster, creating a high cross-sea, which broke over the Moccasin's bows as she plunged toward the scene of the wreck. The hazardous work of lowering the

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boats was accomplished without accident by the cutter's skilful and nervy men. No vestige of the steamer's hull was visible, but the water was strewn with her top hamper. The upper deck had broken to pieces, and clinging to them were half a hundred persons, more dead than alive. The Moccasin's two boats picked up twenty-six who were alive, or in such a condition that they could be resuscitated. They also recovered fourteen bodies.

On a bitter day in January, 1889, the lookouts on the cutter Dallas, which was cruising along the Maine coast, saw protruding above the land vapor of Outer Green Island the topmasts of a vessel. It was thought at first on the cutter that the craft to which the masts belonged was under way. One of the officers made a more careful examination of the masts, and noted that they were leaning toward the wind. But for this discovery the unseen and luckless stranger might have been passed. The Dallas was steered toward the island. Gradually, as she approached, the hull of the vessel materialized from the mist. She was a large Gloucester fishing schooner, the Melissa D. Robbins. Her crew of eighteen men were seen gathered on the shore of the desolate isle, deliriously waving their arms and shouting for help. The surf-boat was lowered and the fishermen were rescued. They told the story of the wreck to their saviors. Their vessel was returning from a protracted cruise with a fine catch, bound for Portland. The skipper lost his bearings in a dense snowstorm, during a howling gale, and came to grief on the rocky shore of Outer Green Island. Her sails were blown away the instant she struck, and within a few minutes her stern- and rudder-posts were pounded out of her. The high surf dashed in snowy masses across her decks. It seemed as if she would soon go to pieces, and the crew got some of the dories ready to launch. Several of them were crushed alongside, and the crew gave up hope of leaving the schooner. The gale moderated and the tide went down at dawn, and they saw the shore within easy reach. They made it without difficulty, but were little better off than they were on the schooner. All their provisions had been ruined, and as there was no shelter on the island, and the mainland was many miles away, their chance of being saved seemed somewhat gloomy. The day succeeding their rescue by the Dallas was one of the severest of the winter, and they would have perished but for the timely appearance of the cutter.

In February, 1890, the Dallas sighted the British schooner Glen, ashore on one of the Duck Islands, small, desolate and remote from the Maine coast. She had been there a day, but was in no immediate danger of going to pieces. The Dallas bore down on her, took off her captain, and, at his request, left the crew on the island to save what they could of the cargo. The captain intended to return to the wreck the next day. A violent gale, accompanied by snow, arose during the night and continued for twenty-four hours. While the storm was raging, attempting to rescue the Glen's crew was out of the question, as the cutter could not live in the great seas combed up by the gale. The snow ceased falling on the morning of the second day, and, although the sea was still high and the wind fiercely blowing, the Dallas determined to make an effort to reach the shipwrecked men on the dreary, storm-beaten island. She bounded up and down the green declivities, whose wind-torn summits fell on her decks and dashed in spray against her spars and rigging, making her look like the mere spectre of herself. She signalled to the poor fellows gathered on the beach that they would be saved as early as possible. There was no boat aboard the cutter fit to send ashore through the tremendous surf, and she steamed to Cranberry Island and brought back the surf-boat and the crew of the life-saving station. The shipwrecked men were found huddled under an old sail. Some of them were so much exhausted that they were unable to move, and were carried to the surf-boat, from which they were hoisted over the side of the cutter. Those who were able to walk were landed at South West Harbor. The others were taken to the Marine Hospital at Portland.

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The perilous work of the cruising cutters is ably supplemented by that of the little harbor propellers of the Revenue Service. This is especially true of the trio of vessels stationed at New York, the Manhattan, the Washington, and the Chandler. The Manhattan is assigned to what is designated anchorage duty; that is, she keeps the channels of the East and North Rivers and the Bay clear of vessels, compelling them to anchor within the limit of the anchorage grounds laid down by the Government. Many collisions are thus prevented. She tows becalmed sailing craft out of the fairway, and makes steamers get out unassisted if they have steam up. Incidentally she does whatever life-saving may come in her way on her daily inside cruising. She has more than once gone to the relief of crews endangered by collisions in the Bay and rivers.

A notable incident in the history of the cutter Chandler (until recently commanded by Captain H. D. Smith) occurred in the Lower Bay, on March 14, 1891. The Italian bark Umberto Primo, while making port two days before, went ashore in a thick fog on the Dry Romer, a dangerous shoal a few miles northeast of Sandy Hook, where many sturdier craft have met misfortune. A wrecking steamer went down and vainly essayed to haul the bark off. As the weather was mild, the captain and crew decided to stay aboard until the agents of the vessel sent down more help. A strong northwest wind arose on the evening of March 13th, and before dawn of the following day it had developed into a fair-weather gale, stirring the seas into such a ferment that no boat from any of the wrecking tugs that hovered around could have been kept afloat for an instant in them. At noon the bark had pounded a hole in her starboard side, and the waves were leaping across her decks. Her crew were gathered on the poop under a sail that partly protected them from the showers of chilling spray that constantly covered the vessel. They made supplicating gestures to the men on the wrecking tugs, which could not go near enough to the shoal to take the Italians off. The life-savers of Sandy Hook saw the plight of the bark's crew, and they telegraphed to the city for the cruising cutter Grant to come down and tow them out to the wreck in their surf-boats, as they could not row there from shore through wind-swept seas. The Grant was not in port, and Captain H. D. Smith, of the Chandler, which is no larger than an ordinary tug, was asked if he would take out the life-boats. He said he would. The Chandler was preparing to lay up for the night at the Battery. Although Chief Engineer Hedden had banked his fires, he had steam up in an hour, and down through the ragged seas the buoyant Chandler plunged toward Sandy Hook, with pilot John Bradley, a veteran of the service, at the wheel. Captain Smith passed the wreck on his way and signalled to the hapless sailors that he would bring them help. Seldom has so small a vessel entered into what is practically the open ocean in such a gale. Captain Smith put in toward the Hook, and, learning that the life-boats were around the point, he had the cutter headed that way. She had a tough battle with the seas, which sometimes leaped over her bows and crashed against her pilot-house. It is doubtful whether she would ever have been able to round the point. Fortunately she was not required to do so. The ocean-tug Dalzell had anticipated her, and came out with both the surf-boats in tow. The Chandler accompanied the Dalzell to the wreck and helped to tow the boats to windward. The tide was unusually strong, and this made the work of the life-savers particularly hazardous. Twice the boats were nearly overwhelmed. They reached the bark at last, took off the sailors and put them on the Dalzell, and then boarded the Chandler, which landed them at Sandy Hook.

When the ferryboat Westfield blew up in her slip at the foot of Whitehall Street, the men of the Chandler and the Washington saved twenty passengers who were blown into the water.

While in charge of her pilot, John McMath, at a great fire on the North River front, about twenty years ago, the Chandler pulled three ships and several smaller sailing vessels into the stream and saved them from destruction.

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The cutters that cruise in the waters of the polar zone have the hardest experience of any of the Revenue Marine fleet. They are stationed at San Francisco. They pierce the ice-clogged Arctic and the Behring Sea searching for castaways from wrecked whalers, and pursuing violators of the revenue laws and the laws against seal poaching. They tow whalers caught on lee shores to good offings, supply them with medicine, and give the sick and injured medical attention. The Corwin, on her return from her cruise in 1884, brought to San Francisco ninety-eight shipwrecked sailors.

Lieutenant John E. Lutz, who had been detailed in a whaleboat with two men by Captain Healy, of the Corwin, to look out for illegal sealers on Otter Island, distinguished himself by capturing the German schooner Adele and running her to San Francisco, a distance of 2,300 miles, in twenty-six days. Lieutenant Lutz seized the Adele at one o'clock on the morning of September 1st. He discovered her at anchor off St. Paul Island and boarded her. Gustave Isaacson, her skipper, admitted that she was there for the purpose of sealing. Lieutenant Lutz took possession of all the arms aboard and waited for the men who were ashore killing seals to return. They refused to get the Adele under way or to have anything to do with sailing her. They were ordered to step aside, and while the Lieutenant covered them with his repeating rifle, his own men worked the Adele into harbor. The Adele's crew consisted of five white men and eighteen Japanese, and her papers showed that she measured "fifty British tons," and that she was built in Shanghai in 1877. Lieutenant Lutz detained five of the crew on board after the seizure and sent the rest ashore. He then used his prize, manned by a crew of natives, to chase a sealing schooner reported to be in the neighborhood. He gives the story of this chase in his report to Captain M. A. Healy, of the Corwin. He says that the stranger "finally hove to when nine or ten miles off shore and waited for me. It was dusk when I drew near her, and her people could not distinguish the revenue flag until I was within one hundred yards of her. I then observed that the vessel's name had been painted out. She immediately filled away and made all sail. My hail was answered by her people, who refused to give the schooner's name, and no attention was paid to the order to heave-to until boarded. I caused two shots to be fired across her bow and two into the upper part of her rigging, hailing her people after every shot and repeating the order for them to heave-to. Muttered imprecations were the only reply until after the fourth shot, when they fired into us. I then directed my men to aim lower, so as to rake the decks of the other vessel. I stopped the fire at intervals to see if she would heave-to. She fired five or six shots into us, which we returned with fifty or sixty rounds. We suffered no damage, and they probably received little or no injury, as they were all under cover. Darkness had set in, the wind freshened, and I finally abandoned the chase. I saw no hope of being able to take the vessel with my small force, or at least of doing it without endangering the one already captured."

The Adele was unfit to go to sea in. Her timbers were rotten and her rudder was merely hanging by the pintles. Lieutenant Lutz made an effort to run her to Ounalaska, but he was prevented by gales and fogs, and he then decided to risk the voyage to San Francisco. He feared to trust the deck to any of the Japanese, and, as his two white sailors were inexperienced, he was compelled to be up night and day. He kept on his rubber boots during the whole of the perilous trip, and never had a chance to change his wet clothes. The Adele was in such bad condition that her head could not be put to the sea in rough weather, and the Lieutenant was compelled to run her before every heavy gale. Her chronometer was useless, as the record of its error and rate had been destroyed by Captain Isaacson. After delivering his prize to the proper authorities in San Francisco, Lieutenant Lutz broke down and was dangerously ill for a long time.

An old Indian deerman came aboard the bark Hunter, off Cape Behring, on June 8, 1887, with a piece of cedar

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board on which was carved a rude inscription, which Captain M. A. Healy, of the cutter Bear, then cruising in the Arctic, interpreted to be a message from the only survivor of the American whaling bark Napoleon, lost in Behring Sea in 1885. The Bear found the seaman, J. B. Vincent, and brought him back to civilization. The natives who had taken care of him were rewarded by the captain with all the stores he could spare from the cutter.

The following unromantic, but impressive, record, compiled under the direction of Captain L. G. Shepard, Chief of the Revenue Marine Service, shows the work of the cruising cutters for the decade ended June 30, 1890:

Year ending June 30th.	Vessels assisted—hauled off, towed into port, etc.			Number of persons actually saved from drowning.
	Number.	Value of vessels with their cargoes.	Number of persons on board whose lives were imperilled.	
1881	148	$2,766,882	1,297	141
1882	147	2,254,716	1,383	111
1883	224	4,885,175	2,497	60
1884	246	7,015,572	3,310	63
1885	274	5,568,043	2,542	60
1886	313	6,738,569	2,888	154
1887	207	4,969,450	3,106	42
1888	526	7,328,793	4,041	60
1889	122	2,541,227	1,021	26
1890	80	2,318,585	811	43
Totals	2,284	$46,387,012	22,896	760

SO IT IS TRUE.

By Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

HERE's a friend who says that sorrow
Comes to-day or comes to-morrow,
  Here's a longface who is moaning!
Tell him death is far away!
Let dull age go weep and pray:
  Heed not grief, the ghost there, groaning,
Who would cloud the jocund day!

Ah, they say that anguish found them,
Men cut down with battle round them—
  (Hear the boys there, gayly singing!)
In some region far away!
What care we who laugh to-day?
  Bring no tears, whate'er you're bringing:
Honor to the jocund day!

What's that sound that cools our laughter?
What's that form that follows after?
  Funeral music sadly sounded—
One more man is turned to clay. . . .
Let dull age go weep and pray!
  Youth by death was ne'er confounded.
Long shall shine our jocund day!

Oh, my dear one, to my weeping
Marble silence sternly keeping,
  Lying there in breathless blindness—
Death is never far away. . . .
Even youth can weep and pray!
  Lips that loved have lost their kindness;
Dead are they, this bitter day!

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WASHINGTON ALLSTON AS A PAINTER.

UNPUBLISHED REMINISCENCES OF HENRY GREENOUGH.

THE glimpses given of Washington Allston through the passages from his correspondence published in the last number of this Magazine are supplemented by the following elaborate letter concerning the technical methods of Allston's painting, and his views as to the many difficult problems of his art, written by Henry Greenough in answer to the request of R. H. Dana, Sr., as a contribution to his proposed biography of Allston. Much as it deals with the detail of the painter's processes, it will have an interest for others than the student of technique.

In the early stages of my acquaintance with Mr. Allston it was my good fortune to hear him describe his mode of preparing his palette for painting flesh. This led to a conversation on color, in the course of which he explained very minutely his system of coloring. As it was a subject on which he always dwelt with pleasure, and frequently recurred to, I have heard him describe his process some five or six times, very nearly in the same words; but as he often went into explanatory remarks suggested by questions interrupting him, I will endeavor to give the result of these several conversations, using as nearly as possible his phraseology, although the exact order of his remarks may not be preserved.

"My present system," said he, "is one which I have practised for the last fifteen years, and I may say that I am perfectly satisfied with it, because I know it is capable of producing far greater results than my lifetime will ever enable me to attain. I sometimes vary or modify my process according to my subject, but my general practice is on the same principle.

"If, for instance, I have a head to paint, I suppose it to be first accurately drawn in outline and dead-colored with black, white, and Indian red. This dead color I paint solidly, with a good body of color, and in a broad manner, that is, with no hard lines or attention to detail in form or color. The object of the dead color is to give the general effect of light and shade, and the masses, which should be made out accurately; so that in the next stage I shall not be obliged to think whether the eyebrows, for instance, are to be lowered or raised, but having arranged these points, my whole attention shall be given to the coloring and modelling of the head.

"For the next painting I prepare my palette thus: At the top I put a good lump of white; next to it some yellow (say yellow ochre, raw sienna, or Naples yellow, according to the complexion I am to paint). Then red (vermilion is the best, but I always put by it some Indian red and lake to strengthen the lowest tints if required), lastly, ultramarine blue, and by the side of it a little black. My palette, you perceive, now has white, black, and the three primitive colors.

"By admixture of white with yellow I form three tints of yellow in regular graduation from dark to light, and the same with the red and blue. These I call my virgin tints, and they form a regular scale of four different tints, from the lightest down to the crude color. Lastly, I take a little pure yellow, pure red, and pure blue, and mix them to a neutral hue, which comes as near to olive as any of the tertiaries. This is for the shadows. I used formerly to make two olives, one light and one darker, but that is unnecessary; a little Indian red, or vermilion and lake, deepened by black, serves to strengthen the shadows, if necessary, and comes in play to mark the deep shadow of the nostrils, the eyelids, and parting of the lips.

"I now take my canvas, on which I have dead-colored my head, and with a

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large brush, say as big as my thumb, but one which will come to a point, I lay in the shadows with olive, not thin, but with a good, firm body. With this olive I paint over the shaded side of the face; the shadows at the roots of the hair, or where the hair joins the flesh, under the eyebrows, nose, and lips. The half-tints which join the shadows, such as the lower part of the lighted side of the face, and in general wherever the shadow becomes less positive, I go over with olive more lightly.

"I then take another brush, such as I used for the olive (for I always keep one brush for the olive and another for the lighter tints), and taking on the end of it a little of the lowest of my three tints, that is, the lowest tint of yellow and white, red and white, and blue and white, I mix them on my palette with my brush only, not grinding them together with my knife, but, by a few turns of my brush, mingling them in a light and delicate manner. This broken tint I apply to such parts as join the shadows. In the same manner I proceed with the middle tints, taking a little of each and gently mingling them I paint over all the portions of the face which remain uncovered, with the exception of the highest lights. These I paint over with the three lightest tints, neutralized in the same manner as the others were. My head is now covered, and each of the three colors enters into the composition of the whole. In every part there is a blue, red, and yellow, as there is in flesh, even in the highest light.

"I should have remarked that, although I use each of the three colors in every part, I still endeavor to keep the character of the flesh. I keep the shadows neutral and the mass of light warm, *i.e.*, with a predominance of reds and yellow rather than blue. This part of the process will occupy me, say half an hour. I have now not only the effect of light and shade, but the character of flesh, and the parts more accurately made out. It only remains to perfect the local colors and model up the detail. I find, for instance, that my picture has less red in the cheeks than the model has; I dip my brush into one of the virgin tints of red and break it in; if it is too light I try the next lower, and so on. The forehead may not have enough yellow; I break some in until I have corrected the deficiency in general. Wherever I find my picture wanting any color (on comparing it with my models) I touch in that color. It is really wonderful how any color thus broken in will be in perfect harmony, owing to the neutrality of the *impasto*, that is, owing to its being touched into a body of color composed of three colors. It seems like magic, the effect is so strong and so true to nature. When I say that I paint my shadows in flat with olive, you must not suppose that I leave them so; I endeavor to make my shadows as varied in color as my lights and half-tints. To be sure, shadows are generally neutral in color, but if you look at the shaded side of the cheek, for instance, you will perceive red in some parts. You should break in red, then either pure vermilion or one of the lower tints. In fact I modify the whole of my shadows by breaking in pure color—blue, red, or yellow—just as my eyes tell me that either of these colors is wanting.

"The only object of the first coat of olive is to lower the tone and neutralize the color of the tints which I afterward break in. And here I would remark that unless the shadows are painted solidly you can never make a brilliantly colored head. It is a very common error that the shadows should be painted thin in order to get transparency. You may get a certain degree of transparency by doing so, but then the whole will want force.

"Rubens's method of painting flesh, as described in Field's work on color, was faulty in this respect, as also in having streaks of separate colors, which always remind me of a prize-fighter, who has been bruised black and blue. The fact is, sir, Rubens was a liar, a splendid liar, I grant you, and I would rather lie like Rubens than to tell the truth in the poor, tame manner in which some painters do. His pictures are like the sophistical reasonings of a liar, to whom you have only to grant his premises and he will thereon erect a gorgeous fabric, but deny these premises and it all falls to the ground. There is a traditionary saying of Rubens that

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white is the poison of shadow in painting. This is nearer the truth in glazing than in the *impasto* or body-color painting. The *impasto* cannot be true to nature without the tints are modified by admixture of white. I often touch into my last glazing even with pure color. In this case it becomes necessary to use tints very low in tone, sometimes even the crude vermilion, ochre, or blue. Sir William Beechey once remarked to Gainsborough that he had that day made a great discovery. 'It is one,' said he, 'which I find enables me to produce great effects, and in your hands would, I think, work wonders.' 'What is it?' asked Gainsborough. 'Painting into glazing, sir,' said Sir William. 'That is no news to me,' said Gainsborough, 'but I thought I was the only man in England who knew the secret.'

'This is a digression, however. I was speaking before of painting in body colors. It is very important in covering the head, as I have already said, when you mix the three tints to do it lightly with your brush only. The modern Italians mix their pearl tints with the palette-knife, which is death to all brilliancy of color. It makes mud of the tints at once. They no longer sparkle to the eye, but become flat as stale beer. By mingling them lightly with the brush you make a neutral tint of ten times the force of one ground up with the knife, and if you were to take a magnifying-glass and examine the tint you will find small particles of pure color which give great brilliancy. You must have observed the difference in lustre between silks woven from different-colored threads and those dyed with a compound hue. A purple silk woven of two sets of threads, one blue and the other red, cannot be matched by any plain silk-dyed purple. The first has a luminous appearance like the human complexion. This luminousness is the grand characteristic of flesh. It is what Titian calls the "luce di dentro," or internal light. When I first heard that expression of Titian's it opened to me a world of light. It is common with painters to talk of the transparency of flesh; it is not transparent, but luminous. When I was in Paris, a student, Hazlitt (author of 'Conversations with Northcote') was there painting a copy from Titian. We were examining the texture of the color, and he remarked upon the singularly varied character of the tints. 'It looks,' said he, 'as if Titian had twiddled his colors.' I don't know whether this expression strikes you as it did me. To me it is very expressive, and first gave me the idea of catching up each of the three colors and merely twiddling them together instead of grinding them with the knife.

"I always endeavor to finish my *impasto* in one day. With ordinary diligence and success this may be easily done."

A friend who was present here expressed great surprise at the idea of a head being painted in one day, so as to be ready for glazing the next; meaning, of course, a highly studied head and not a mere sketch. Mr. Allston replied:

"Oh, yes, even a portrait (supposing it to have been already drawn and dead-colored previously) might be painted in one day, that is, the face alone, the hair could be painted separately as well as the dress, background, and accessories. At all events, if I were a portrait-painter I would make the experiment. I would devote great attention to making a careful and correct outline and dead-color, but afterward, instead of taking several short sittings, I would complete the *impasto* in one long sitting, and glaze afterward. If on a review of my work I find any part incorrect, or which does not satisfy me, I go over the shadows and the half-tints, in such parts as I wish to repaint, with a thin glaze of olive, very slightly, and touch into it. There is no difficulty in matching the lights, but it is very difficult to paint over your shadows and half-tints, unless you prepare an olive glazing to touch into.

"When my head is ready for glazing I give it a general glazing a day or two previous to finishing it. I mix asphaltum, Indian red, and ultramarine to a neutral tint, and with this I just tinge some megilp—the least in the world—just enough to discolor my megilp a little; this serves to lower the tone of my picture a mere shade and give harmony to the colors. I add to

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the megilp some japan gold-size, which serves to make it dry firm and enables me to work it over the next day, wiping out or painting over as I please. When this is dry I prepare some megilp with asphaltum, Indian red, and blue of a deeper tint, as before, only I put little or no japan in, as I wish to prevent its drying too soon. The neutral tint mixed as I have described is what I call 'Titian's dirt.' With this I go over the face, strong in the shadows and lighter in the half-tints; with a dry brush or rag I wipe off the glazing or weaken it as I wish, and in this way model up the general form and detail. This part of the process is very much like water-color painting, only that water-colors dry several times during the process, but here the paint is left moist. If any part seems weak in color I paint in pure color, either red, blue, or yellow, as the case may be.

"The effect of glazing is to deepen the tone. You may paint a bit of canvas over with a solid body of ivory black, which one would suppose is as black as paint can represent; but let it dry and then, by repeated glazings of asphaltum and Prussian blue over a portion of it, you will deepen the tone as much as to make your first coat of black look like slate-color by the side of it. The variety of hues producible by glazing is infinite, and yet the modern Italians, and, in my time, the French, were utterly ignorant of it. When I was in Rome a German professor of painting asked me what colors I used. My colors, he said, looked like what the old masters used. I told him that I used the ordinary colors, sold by the color-men there, but that the effects he spoke of were produced by *vellatura* (glazing). Happening to have by me an old palette on which some colors had become dry, I took some megilp, asphaltum, and lake, and passed over some dry vermilion and showed him how much it deepened the tone; then with asphaltum and blue I glazed over some yellow and produced a beautiful green, and so with several other colors, which seemed to astonish him like a trick in jugglery. 'Ah, ha!' said he, 'I have often heard of *vellatura*, but never knew what it meant before.' I don't relate this anecdote as redounding to my credit at all, as I did not invent the system, but brought it with me from England.

"The French, I am told, have already greatly improved in color of late years. When I was in Paris they knew nothing of glazing. I was making a study from a picture of Rubens, one of the Luxembourg collection, and was preparing my picture as I supposed the original to have been prepared, that is, instead of painting up my effect at once, I had painted certain portions different in actual color, to be modified afterward by glazing. I was somewhat annoyed in the course of my work by observing that the French artists were deriving great amusement from my picture at my expense. They frequently watched my progress and tittered together in groups. Some of them went to Vanderlyn (who was then in Paris) and told him there was a countryman of his in the gallery whom they pitied very much; I was in a sad mess, they said, and evidently didn't know what I would be at.

"It happened, however, that one morning when I had commenced my preparation for glazing, and had commenced glazing a part of my picture, a Roman cardinal and his suite were passing through the gallery. You are aware that among the Italian clergy are many men who, having great learning and taste, devote much of their attention to the study of the fine arts, and become, in fact, much better judges of art than the present artists; not studying the art professionally, they do not, like the artists, become blinded by prejudices in favor of this or that system, but judge by the effects. As this cardinal was passing by me he stopped and examined my work with evident interest. He asked me of what country I was, where I had studied, etc., and ended with a compliment. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'vous vous entendez; je vous en fais mes compliments.' ('I see, sir, you understand what you are about; accept my congratulations.') I don't hesitate to repeat this compliment, because I considered it as paid to the English school of color, where I had learned this process, and when some of the Frenchmen afterward made me the *amende honorable* for their previous rudeness, I disclaimed

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the merit of the compliment for the same reasons."

Mr. Allston one evening commenced a conversation on the subject of backgrounds, by remarking that he had been exceedingly amused that day by an anecdote of a young painter, who, understanding literally Sir Joshua Reynolds's precept, that the painter should on the background disperse all the treasures of his palette, actually compounded with his palette-knife all the odd tints which happened to remain on his palette, and having plastered on this muddy compound, really fancied that it gave a harmony to his picture! "All that Sir Joshua meant," said he, "was that the colors of the head or figure should be somewhere repeated, otherwise it would be a spot in the picture. Sir Joshua was the last man to grind his colors together. A background should be painted, however, with a solid body, whether in a portrait or landscape. If the background of a portrait, for instance, instead of being painted solidly, be washed or glazed up strongly, it will come forward too much, and the head will appear embedded into it; a thin pellicle of glazing, just enough to give harmony, is sufficient. I had an opportunity of testing the truth of what I say on a large scale. I was painting my large picture of the 'Angel Delivering St. Peter from Prison.' My figures were all drawn and dead colored; I had made out the lines of the architecture and washed in the background with umber: this gave me my effect of light and shade, and served to prevent any uncovered canvas from disturbing my eye while painting my figures. I then finished my figures, and Mr. Leslie happening to see the picture in that stage, I remarked to him, that, according to Mr. West's theory, I ought not to touch my background again. Mr. West had at that time a theory (which I think he must have adopted late in life, as his early practice does not savor of it at all, that *if you once lose the ground of your canvas in the background, it is not within the reach of art to supply the loss.*' 'Now,' said I to Leslie, 'I think I can prove to you that this is an error; I will paint over this background a new one which will make it as flimsy as a gauze veil.' Accordingly I prepared my palette with a variety of tints mixed with white and painted over a small portion, say about half a yard. I then retired a short distance to observe the effect. To my great dismay, I found it looked weak and chalky to the last degree. I had used, as I thought, very strong color, and yet, by the side of the glazed portions even vermilion and white looked like slate color. A new thought struck me. I became convinced that my principle was right, but my palette was in this case wrong. I swept it clean of the tints I had prepared; I took off a pint of paint, and then took a bladder of pure yellow ochre and emptied it upon my palette; for my red I ground two whole papers of pure vermilion, and so with all the colors I wanted, with the exception of ultramarine; to give body to that I added a little white; this was the only color I used with any white. I then went to work again, and with these pure colors—blue, red, and yellow—I painted away fearlessly and found the result just as I had anticipated. I found that with this strong color I could match my glazed background perfectly; it was already made out, in lines, form, and chiaro-oscuro, and all I had to do was to match as I went on. The prison-walls were illuminated by a supernatural light, and the focus of it was on the walls behind the angel. I there used almost pure yellow ochre, and in order to make the lights upon the nail-heads of the door, I was obliged to use *pure Naples yellow and vermilion.* When I had done about half of it, I compared the two portions, the old with the new; why, sir, the stones of the wall in the glazed portion looked as if you could blow them down with your breath. I completed the whole of the background in that day, and never had occasion to retouch it, except to give it one general wash of thin asphaltum glazing. Sir George Beaumont, in a letter to me, speaking of the background of the picture, said, 'the background is perfect,' and *I think I may say to you that it was as perfect as anything I ever painted or ever shall paint.*"

This last remark was made in so modest a manner that I felt that the en-

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FROM A PAINTING BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Study for Belshazzar's Feast.

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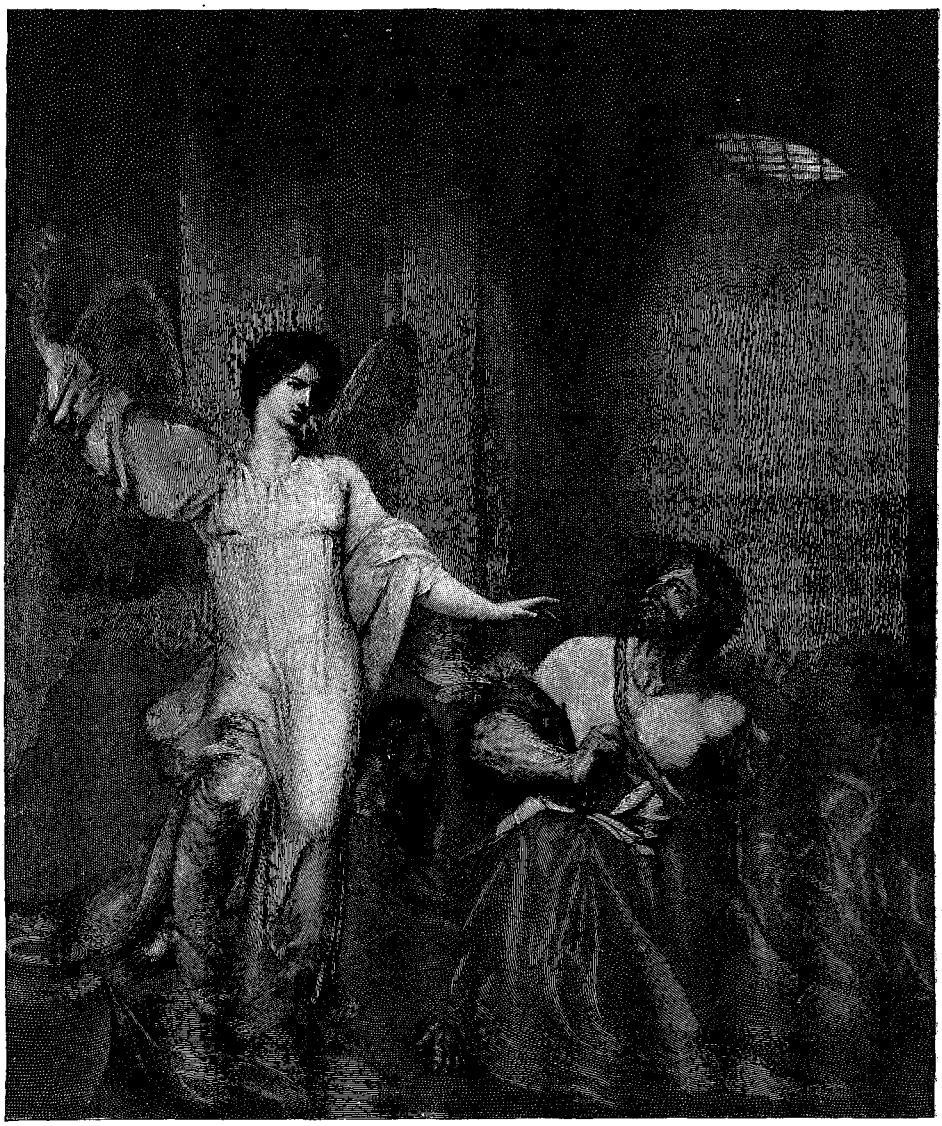

FROM A PAINTING BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

St. Peter and the Angel.

thusiasm of his manner was all for the art, and that there was no *personal feeling* in it. It was like the enthusiasm of a chemist in describing a beautiful result of some darling experiment. Mr. Allston then paused a moment and added, "It was a happy accident, sir." As if desirous of disclaiming all glory *for himself*.

I was one evening present at a conversation between Mr. Allston and a young artist, in the course of which he made several remarks which strike me as worthy of preservation in connection with his art. After some compliments and an assurance (which must have been in the highest degree encouraging, coming from such a source) that he was in the right road, Mr. Allston continued: "I have frequently been told by friends of yours, sir, that they were *afraid* you were running after the old masters. Now if that frightens them, I *would*

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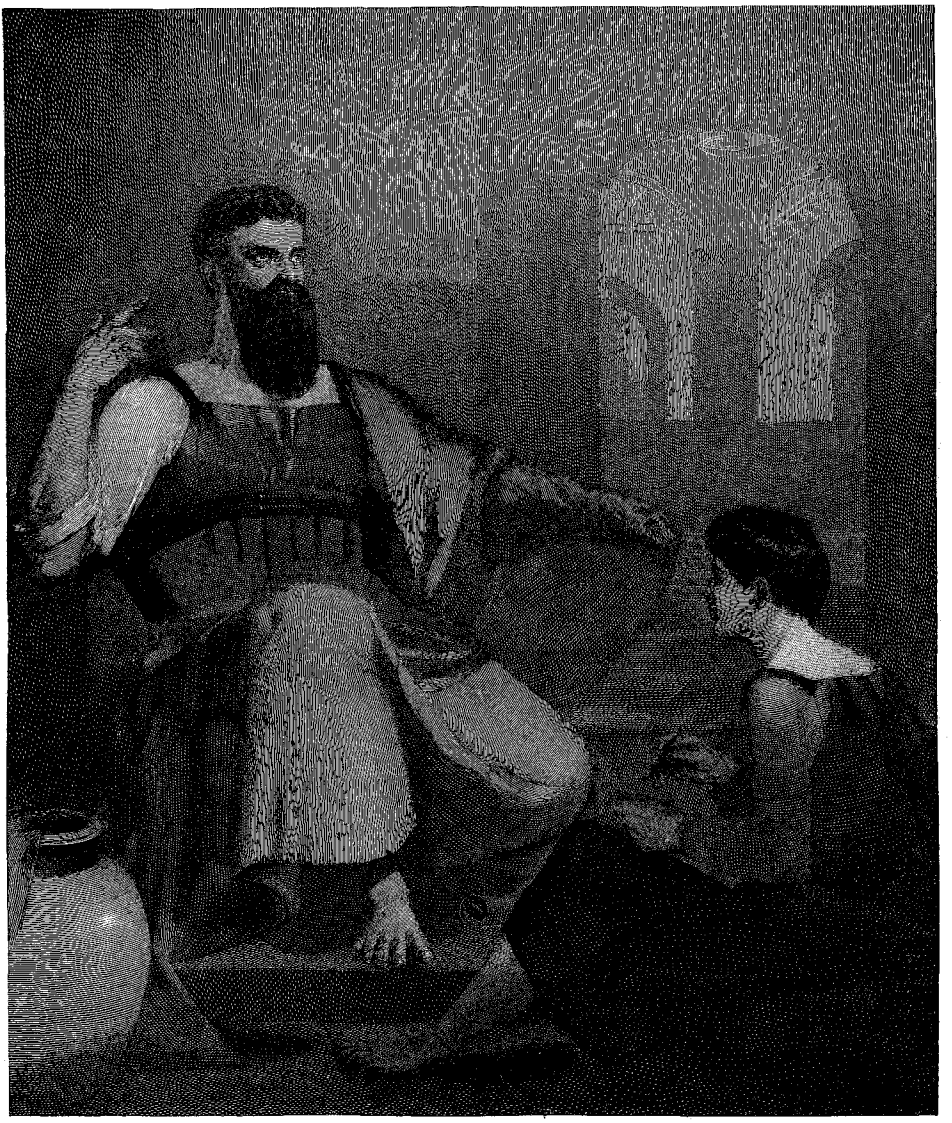

FROM A PAINTING BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Jeremiah and Baruch the Scribe.

make every hair on their heads stand on end! for you may depend upon it that you cannot go to better instructors for your art. From them you will learn the language of your art, and (will learn) to see nature as they saw it. You will understand, of course, that I am not recommending you to *imitate*, but to *study*, them. By studying their works you will imbibe their spirit insensibly; otherwise you will as insensibly fall into the manner of your contemporaries. The *old* masters are *our* masters, and there is hardly an excellence in our art which they have not individually developed. With regard to preparatory studies, I should warmly recommend your devoting a portion of every day to drawing; for this reason, that if an artist does not acquire a correct design *while young*, he never will. Sir Joshua Reynolds always felt conscious that his

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FROM A PAINTING BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON. ENGRAVED BY ANDREW.

Dido and Anna.

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powers were very much limited and his works incorrect for want of the *early habit* of drawing. A painter may be blest with every gift of nature, but unless he has acquired the art of design he can never *express himself*. If you would not be tormented by a consciousness of having noble and beautiful conceptions to which you cannot give birth, you must give much of your time to drawing. For this purpose I should recommend a course of study *somewhat different from what is generally pursued.* I would devote my attention principally to outline. It is perhaps well enough to learn how to make a finished drawing, but when you have once done that, your time had better be spent in making drawings of the figure in highly studied outline only. My own practice is to make a finished outline always before touching the brush to canvas. I draw the outlines of such figures as I intend to drape, making out the figure as nicely as if it were to be painted naked. I take a large, rough piece of common chalk, which makes a broad mark, and then with my finger or a bit of bread I can rub out a portion and thus get a *little more* or *little less* much better than by using a fine point. When I have arranged the contour of my figure or head I trace the final outline with umber. I would recommend your studying your outline as highly as if it were not to be disturbed, but when you paint use your *brush as freely as if you had no outline to go by.* This is the only way to avoid the hardness of effect which is apt to arise from a close study of the outline. I frequently paint my figures over the outline and let my background encroach upon the contour of the figure again several times in the course of the painting.

"The process of shading with chalks or pencils is, more strictly speaking, painting, but it is painting with the very worst of materials. I know of no better exercise in drawing than the study of Flaxman's 'Illustrations;' and I would make it a rule to copy two or three figures from them every day. This, of course, I recommend as an initiatory study. After you have acquired a readiness of giving the air and spirit of the figure, preserving the proportions, you will then have recourse to nature and the antique with great advantage. The drawings of the old masters, which are now preserved with so much care, are almost all studies in outline and pen sketches. I cannot see how the modern deviation from this practice can be attended with any good. I would adopt for my motto that of Tintoret, 'The design of Michael Angelo, with the coloring of Titian.' But I would modify it by substituting the design of Raphael for Michael Angelo's, for Michael Angelo's style of drawing was mannered, peculiar to his individual nature and intellect, while Raphael's was truer to nature and more suitable to form a school of drawing.

"Be industrious and trust to your own genius; *listen to the voice within you,* and sooner or later she will make herself understood, not only to you, but she will enable you to translate her language to the world, and this it is which forms *the only real merit of any work of art.* An artist must give the impress of his own mind to his works or they will never interest, however academically correct they may be. If you work in this spirit you will often find yourself working for months and months without effecting your purpose, and at last some accident or chance touch will produce an effect which something within you will immediately recognize as true."

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AN ADVENTURE IN PHILANTHROPY.

By Edwin C. Martin.

RAWN by the sound of high and angry voices, intermingled with a woman's sobs and children's screams, twenty or thirty people had gathered before a small, unpainted house that stood in one corner of a damp, grassless, littered door-yard. The time and the locality emphasized the harshness of the voices. Other houses thereabouts were small, but no other door-yard lacked its bit of well-kept lawn and its fresh, smiling flower-beds. The street was wide and clean, and bordered by lines of pleasant trees. And just now there was that soothing clearness and tranquillity in the air that marks the early twilight of a cool, bright midsummer day. It was the hour when families gather on the verandahs, or under the door-yard trees, and the men smoke their pipes and cigars, and all yield themselves to the soft evening breeze, that it may blow the day's anxieties out of their minds and the day's weariness out of their bodies. At an hour when the hum and murmur of its full activity pervaded the town, the noise of a family quarrel might have passed, even in this always rather quiet neighborhood, without much notice. But now it rang out with startling effect, and set people running from all directions, under such a force of alarm that they were sensible of great relief when they learned what it all was, though they then agreed that, while not as bad as they had feared, it was bad enough.

For five or ten minutes, however, they did not learn much. They stood clustered about the gate, none quite willing to enter, and gasped conjectures into each other's ears as the tide of jangling and sobbing within rose and fell. Amidst the hubbub few words were distinguishable. The name "Tony," pronounced by the woman's voice, came out clear from the confused jabber again and again, and a sharp grunt that sounded like "hout-ye," in a man's voice, occasionally rose above the general din. One moment the talk seemed to be in German, the next in English. At its fiercer outbursts, the women of the crowd, who were much the larger part of it, grew urgent with the men to rush in. But before any of them could be quite persuaded, a young girl came running out, in great excitement and crying noisily, though tearlessly. Through her slatternly gown appeared traces of a trim, lithe figure; and her face, though now creased and twisted by her sobbings and none too clean, showed marks of beauty. Nor was proof of pride of person wholly wanting: her hair was beautifully crimped.

"What is it, Louisa?" asked the women, crowding about her eagerly as she came through the gate.

"He's peatin' her agin," cried the girl.

"Beating? Who?"

"Papa. He's peatin' mamma. He struck Elijah too—right on he's head—and Gussie. He ought-a get arrested, the old devil. He's goin' t' kill 'um. Why don't somepody go in and took 'im off. If there was a p'liceman here, he'd took 'im quick enough. He wanted to kill me too. I wasn't doin' nothin' neider. I never said one vord to 'im; but he shouldn't peat mamma that way, 'cause it wasn't ride." This the girl uttered wildly, distractedly, as if scarcely knowing what she said.

Again the women grew emphatic that some of the men ought to go in. But they were men in whom the habit of meddling in their neighbors' affairs only out of their neighbors' presence was deeply rooted, and to whom, moreover, an occasion for forcible interposition was so unwonted as to rather overawe them. They were beginning now to be embarrassed, however, by a sense that something ought to be done, though they did not quite know what. Greatly relieved were they, therefore, when a moment later a sturdy figure in blue uniform pushed in among them, and,

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making a path for himself through the crowd more lustily than to the crowd itself seemed at all needful, passed through the gate and entered the house. Their thanks were due for this relief to one of their fellows, who, when the women first grew urgent, had had the forethought to slip away and summon an officer.

For a moment after the officer's entrance the turbulence in the house seemed to increase. Then it suddenly subsided, and when voices were heard at all they were pitched lower. All eyes fastened on the door, in expectation of seeing the culprit dragged forth. But, for what seemed a long time, though it was only a few minutes, nothing happened. Then the officer came out and beckoned to the men at the gate for help. But scarcely had he done this when there followed him out a tall, broad-shouldered fellow in the blue cotton blouse of a laborer, who cried, "I ko, I ko. I vant no droubles. I have tun nudings; but I ko. Dot's pooty bad, Sophy, ven you vill have me dook by the bolice and make me shame pefore my childers." And he touched the corner of either eye with the joint of his big, hard forefinger.

At this a woman, with the round wondering eyes, now a little teary, and the white, chubby chin and cheeks of a good-natured baby, appeared in the doorway and answered, in a soft, plaintive voice, "It's you, Tony, makes all the droubles. The childers and me tries our pest to please you, and then you try to hurt us."

She followed to the gate as her husband went away with the officer, and there dropped out of the house after her, shyly, one by one, a line of ragged, unwashed children. The first was a boy of ten or twelve years, tall and lank. The others, five in all and all girls, were much smaller than he, but not much different in size from each other. Two were deformed, and all, the boy as well as the girls, looked pallid and unhealthy.

The mother at once drew a sympathetic group about her that easily persuaded her to a full recital of her troubles. She spoke in the same soft, plaintive voice in which she had spoken to her husband. There was neither resentment nor anger in it; and there were no signs of either, or even of fear or anxiety, in her face. The face was a little sad, but it was as unruffled as a tub of old rain-water. "I don't know," said she, "what makes 'im be this way with us. The childers and me always tries not to plague 'im, 'cause we know how he is. It's on Louisa he begins first. Seems like he had a special dislikin' to 'er. But she don't never do nothin' to 'im."

"No, I don't never do nothin' to 'im," interposed Louisa, whose excitement continued unabated. "He come home from he's work, and I was sittin' on the door-step, and he says was supper ready and why diddin I wash Susie's face. And I diddin say a vord, on'y yust stayed sittin' there, and seems like he kep gittin' vorse and vorse."

"And he wouldn't eat he's supper, 'cause he said I never cooked 'im anything he could eat, and he threw a plate on the floor, and then he hit Elijah right on he's head, and Helena too he hit."

"It vas Gussie, he hit," corrected Louisa.

"Was it Gussie? One of 'um he hit. And when I said to 'im, 'Tony, you don't do ride to peat the childers,' he said he vas der fader and he would yust give me some too. And he did. It hurts me yet where he struck me—with his doubled-up fist—right on the shoulder here—and on the back. I tried to get 'im to stop, but he vouldn't."

"He's always that way when he gets trinkin'," interposed the girl again, "and nothin' a bodies can do pleases 'im."

"He's been drinking, then?"

"He must a-been," said Sophy, taking the answer on herself, "'cause he never act that way if he diddin be. When he's hisself he knows well enough Louisa and me does alls we can to make 'im and the childers comfortable. I says to 'im, 'Tony,' I says, 'if you give me the money, I go out and buy alls that's on the market for your supper,' but at that he only storms worse'n ever. And that's the way it always was. If I ask 'im for any money he's always mad, and he wants to know where's my money, and says I give it to Louisa to

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buy her some things with, when I don't give Louisa none; on'y a twenty-five cents last week to buy her some collars, when she diddin have a one, but they was all wore out."

Except the young girl Louisa, none of the children showed any concern at the family disruption. The others, as their mother talked on, and they lost the little timidity they had at first felt before so many strangers, slipped through the crowd off into the street; and the boy diverted himself by throwing stones at a passing cat, while the little girls sat down at the side of the roadway and built hillocks and embankments out of the gravel and sand.

When they had heard all that Sophy had to tell, the crowd scattered and returned to the now especially gracious composure of their own homes. They departed at one in the opinion that the fellow Tony was an unqualified brute, and that Sophy and her children merited all aid and sympathy. A like opinion prevailed at the police court the next morning, when Tony was arraigned for drunkenness and wife-beating. In flat contradiction to both Sophy's and Louisa's testimony, Tony stoutly denied these charges. He had taken some "peer" through the day, at the brewery where he worked; but that he did every day—a man couldn't "vork mid-out a leedle peer." "Naw, zir," he was not "trunk; no more trunk als dese minute." Nor did he strike his wife. Any hand he might have laid on her, was not the hand of violence. She didn't do "ride" by him, and sometimes he "got made pooty mad." But he wouldn't strike her; no, he would strike only a man. In the midst of these denials Sophy broke the regularity of the proceedings by whining out, "Tony, you know you did strike me—and Gussie too, and Elijah; well enough you know it." But Tony, without deigning to look at her, contradicted by a savage shake of the head. The doom was against him, however. He was sentenced to jail for the utmost term allowed under the statute; and the court reporters lamented, in their several journals, that the term could not have been longer, and reaffirmed that familiar regret of theirs at the departure of the whipping-post.

II.

Having seen the lawful partner of her joys and the unlawful author, as she believed, of all her woes, carried off for sixty days, or some such period, to the secure lodgement of the jail, Sophy repaired to the house of a Mrs. Wellington, where she was under appointment to do a little floor-scouring, a little window-polishing and other like offices. Mrs. Wellington had chanced not to witness any part of the rupture of the peace of her neighborhood the night before; but she was already in possession of three full accounts of that event—each, it is true, more or less at odds with the others in every essential particular save the unspeakable brutality of Tony. And, as she was one of those rare persons whose curiosity in the affairs of their neighbors is not insatiable, she had contemplated Sophy's coming with heavy forebodings; for Sophy was no stranger to her, and had already proved herself, in the province of her domestic misadventures, the most confiding person Mrs. Wellington had ever encountered.

"'Tain't my fault, Miss Wellington," said Sophy, in her childlike, plaintive voice, "and it 'taint the childers' faults neider. It's yust Tony's meanness, that's all it 'tis. I don't know what makes 'im be so mean. But that's the way it bees all the times ever since we first got married together."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wellington, half rebukefully, "it's a great pity you married him." Having made an altogether happy marriage herself, she could not but hold it as a kind of offence in another to have made an unfortunate one.

"Peoples said as I'd wisht I hadn't, 'cause he trinkt; and I told 'im I diddin want to marry 'im; but he kep' plaguin' me so, and promisin' everything, and then I said I would if he diddin trink no more. And that's how it vas, Miss Wellington. And at first he was good to me, and we diddin have no troubles. Then—I don't know what made 'im—he changed. We was livin' at Grindstown then. It's on'y for him Susie and Annie's crooked like they is; he beated 'um so. And it hurted me weeks and weeks where he beated me. And then I

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told 'im I couldn't live with him no more, and I comed back here where my peoples beed."

"So, then, you once separated from Tony?" said Mrs. Wellington, this being a fact to Sophy's credit that she had not heard before.

"Yes, we was separated, and I said I never took 'im back. But he followed me and said I should took 'im back. I says to 'im, 'Tony, it's no use,' I says. 'When I took you back, you wont do what's ride by me and the childers. It will be yust like it was before.' But he kep' beggin' and beggin', and sometimes he cried and said he was so lonesome after me and the childers; and it wasn't easy for me with all them six childers so little—Retie she diddin been borned then—to get on all myself. I worked so hard as ever I could, Miss Wellington; and yet it would come sometimes, no matter how hard I worked, as we wouldn't have nutting to eat, on'y some bread, or somethings somebody had give me where I was workin.' And I was afraid some days I was goin' to die, I'd be so sick; and then I diddin know what 'ud happen to the childers, 'cause fader I knowed he couldn't took 'um, he had enough. And then I says to 'im—he kep' beggin' me so hard—I says to 'im, 'Tony, then I took you back.' And that's how it was. He had good work at the brewery then, and the childers was his yust like they was mine, and so I took 'im back. But it's no use to took 'im back no more, and if he comes beggin' me this time, I won't listen to 'im, 'cause I know it won't be no use."

Mrs. Wellington heartily approved of the resolution in which Sophy's speech concluded. "No," said she, "you ought not to take him back. It is folly to try to live with such a man. He ought to be made, though, to help you take care of the children."

"He won't help none. That other time I says to 'im he shall give me some of the money for the childers what he gets for his work. 'Taint ride,' I says, 'I shall have 'um to took care of all my own self'—six of 'um they was then. But he wouldn't give me a five zents even. He says when I took 'im back he give me some, but not else."

When Wellington came home from business at evening, he found his wife full of the subject of Sophy's troubles—disagreeably full of it, he thought, until, disregarding clear signs of indifference and impatience upon his part, she had forced his attention: then he got full of it too. In the general way, neither he nor she was much addicted to philanthropy. Their own affairs exacted so much of their time that they did not need it as a diversion, and they had various reasons for excusing themselves from it as a duty. One of these was the manifest futility of much of it. Still they were neither of them much prone to self-deception, and they sometimes questioned to each other whether society would not be the worse for it, if everybody did as they. This made them perhaps the prompter to extend such help as they could in a case of distress that came directly under their notice. Wellington usually had a dime ready for any red-nosed beggar who applied to him, though he was sure the fellow would spend it for drink. And Mrs. Wellington never refused at least a bit of bread to any tramp who called at her door, though she knew she was encouraging idleness. Then, they had their charges among the needy of the neighborhood, whom they sought out when they had any work that these could do, and on whom they bestowed their remnants and superfluities. The chief of such charges, for a year past, had been Sophy.

Naturally, people who were so well regulated in their own, had pronounced views as to what was rational in the conduct of others; and heretofore Sophy's confessions had left Mrs. Wellington in rather more discontent than sympathy with her. Especially exhausting to Mrs. Wellington's patience had been her persistence in living with such a man as Tony. But now sympathy was in full sway. Since Tony was to be cast utterly off, it would be a pleasure, Mrs. Wellington said, to help Sophy all she could. And Wellington said, "Yes, that's right. If she'll cut loose from that scoundrel, she ought to be helped. She can take care of my office, if she wants to. The woman who is doing it now is a good woman, a widow, and

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does the work well; but she has a lot of other offices to do, and I am under no obligations to her."

"Then I'll tell Sophy. I know she'll be glad to do it. And I'll speak to Mrs. Yardley and Mrs. Johns and Mrs. Thompson. They have all taken an interest in her and have felt just as we did, that she ought to get away from Tony; and now that she's going to, I'm sure they will do all they can for her. Seven children are a good many; but if she will, she can get on. Louisa must take a place and earn something too."

"And the boy, Elijah," said Wellington, "he's big enough to be at work."

A feeling of great comfort sprang up in their hearts when they had got Sophy's affairs all so nicely arranged for her. Wellington put the books and papers that he had gathered to spend the evening over, completely aside, and did not look into one of them. He just sat there talking to his wife until an hour beyond their usual bedtime; and Mrs. Wellington did not know when she had seen him so bright and witty. And they were still light-hearted next morning; and Wellington went off to business trying his best, though not very successfully, to hum the tune of a song that he used to sing with some distinction in small companies ten years before; and Mrs. Wellington, as soon as the more pressing of her household tasks were disposed of, set off to see Mrs. Yardley, Mrs. Johns, and Mrs. Thompson.

III.

For a month their enterprise seemed to Sophy's patrons to be prospering to perfection. Sophy had all the work she could do, and, as she never went home from any of their houses without some gift of food and clothing, it was clear that for these at least she was not wanting. There had been a little failure in the matter of places for Louisa and Elijah. Sophy had objected that, with her and Louisa both from home, there would be no one "to mind the childers," and that Elijah, unless his work were particularly light, would not dare undertake it, "'cause the doctor says he got the hastings consumptions on 'im." So, as no place had yet offered for either, this part of the plan was not pressed.

After the first month, however, the aspect of things grew less flattering. Sophy's appointments began to be kept not quite so promptly as formerly, and the excuses she offered for her tardiness were not always sufficient. Coming one day to Mrs. Wellington's an hour or two after her time, she said, "Louisa she had to go up town, and I could not come, Miss Wellington, till she comed back, on account the childers." This might have passed but that, later in the day, she said, "Louisa she tell me I shall ask you, Miss Wellington, did you have some liddle vlower or schmall piece of laze like, that you might not want to use no more your own self, so she could make her her hat with it;" and then added, ingenuously, "she went up town already this morning and got her her hat, and some ribbons too she got, and she's goin' to make it herself. I don't know if she can make it herself, but she's goin' to try."

Another day she left her work before it was done, "'cause," as she said, "Louisa she's got to go out somewheres, and she ast me wouldn't I come home early."

"But couldn't Louisa wait and go after supper?" asked Mrs. Wellington, reluctant to have the work left unfinished.

"Oh, she's goin' after supper," returned Sophy. "But if I wait till I'm all drough and then go home and get supper, that makes it so late, Miss Wellington, and a young girl like Louisa, I don't like to have her out so late."

"But doesn't Louisa get the supper, when you are away at work? She ought to."

"Sometimes when I be comin' away I says to 'er, 'Louisa, you shall make the supper ready agin I be comin' back.' But she won't do it. She says if she minds the childers then she can't be gettin' supper too. I minded 'em many times and got supper too my own self; but Louisa is—I don't know what she is; it seems of she couldn't do so well by her own self as she ought-a. Often I says to her, 'Louisa,' I says, 'I can't

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be doin' for you this ways always. If somethings would happen to me,' I says, 'then what would you do? You know well enough papa wouldn't help you none.'"

Occasionally Sophy defended with the plea of sickness, and at first this not only shielded her perfectly from blame, but even won her testimonies of special commiseration. Finally, however, on a day when she was reported "so sick she couldn't hold her head," Mrs. Yardley, coming by chance within sight of her house, saw her hanging over the gate and gossiping comfortably with some neighbors.

The care of Wellington's office showed the same relaxing hand that appeared in Sophy's other tasks, and, in desperation at the litter that was banking up about him under Sophy's scant dustings and sweepings, he declared that he was going to pay her to stay away altogether. But Mrs. Wellington, having a large frugality in the expenditure of small sums, said that this would be sheer folly. Of course, if Wellington could not put up with Sophy, he must dismiss her; but, if he dismissed her, he should not go on paying her. And, as Wellington had not the heart to cast her off entirely, he kept on with her.

Thus the close of the second month found the hopes of what one may call the Sophy Aid Association greatly drooped. The members still held to their resolution to do all they reasonably could for Sophy, but the fire of sympathy in them had burned down into a very moderate flame. To further subdue it, the fact now developed that Sophy was holding communications with Tony. The first hint of this came from Sophy herself, when she said one day to Mrs. Wellington, "Tony he's begun agin plaguin' me to be took back, yust like he always does."

How near the rage of utter despair this disclosure must have brought Mrs. Wellington was shown by the energy (almost fierceness) with which she said, "You don't mean to tell me that you have been to see that dreadful man?"

The look of wonder in Sophy's big, baby eyes changed to one of alarm, and she made haste to answer, "Oh, no, I ain't been to see 'im, Miss Wellington; I ain't been near 'im. He wanted me to come, but I wouldn't. He sent one of the mens from the jail to ast me to come —two or three times he sent 'im. But I says to 'im, 'If Tony wants to see me,' I says, 'he'll yust have to want to. I got no call to see 'im; I seed 'im too much already.'"

"That was right, Sophy; exactly right," said Mrs. Wellington, much relieved; and she added, "They must be very careless at the jail to let him annoy you so."

"He's talked 'um over to he's side. That's Tony. If a bodies don't know 'im how he does, he makes 'um think it's all me's and the childers' faults. When he's out I don't know how it will be. It's two weeks yet I think they got 'im in for. Then he'll come beggin' round, I shouldn't wonder, worse 'an ever."

"Well, Sophy, there's but one way to do; you must settle it with him right at the start. Try not to see him at all; but if you must see him, tell him at once, and tell him in a way that will make him know you mean it, that you are done with him forever."

"Yes'm, it's no use his comin' back no more. It's hard for me doin' for my own self this ways, and all the childers on me; and if he got he's place back on the brewery agin, that would be a great help, on'y for 'im bein' mean to us agin. But what you say, Miss Wellington, that's all I can do."

A few weeks later Mrs. Yardley received a shock several degrees sharper than Mrs. Wellington's. She saw at Sophy's door a man who, she was almost certain, must be Tony. She at once communicated with Mrs. Johns, but, not being perfectly certain, she pledged Mrs. Johns to secrecy and to aid in further observations. The next day Mrs. Johns saw Tony there unmistakably, and then she and Mrs. Yardley went to confer with Mrs. Thompson.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Thompson, "he has been about the house every day for a week. Mr. Thompson has seen him as he passed in his way to the factory." But Mrs. Thompson did not know whether he was living there; he might merely have chanced to be there when Mr. Thompson passed.

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They went together to advise with Mrs. Wellington. Mrs. Wellington could not quite believe that Sophy and Tony were actually living together. She had seen Sophy but yesterday, and Sophy had not said even that Tony was free. She was to come again to-morrow, and Mrs. Wellington would find out. And find out she did.

"No, Miss Wellington," said Sophy, "I ain't took 'im back. I told 'im it was no good for 'im to talk so nice and cry and say he was so lonesome after the childers, 'cause I wouldn't took 'im back no more; and he could yust go whereever he wanted. But he yust forced hisself back, and then I diddin say another vord to 'im, 'cause I saw he was bound to have his own way no matter what I said. He's goin' to get his place back, dough, on the brewery — next week, I shouldn't wonder, he'll get it."

IV.

Casting hungrily about for one small good that might come of the folly of Sophy's reunion with Tony, her baffled patrons said to themselves that at least she would now have leisure to bring her household into a little order and air of comfort. But Sophy disclosed no sense of this advantage. The little girls still rolled in the gutters, their heads unbonneted, their hair uncombed and falling in clammy strings down their backs and about their faces, and their frocks rent and greasy; and when Mrs. Wellington, wondering at the continuance of their sorry aspect, asked what had become of all the stuffs and garments that had been given Sophy, to be made up for them, Sophy explained that she "diddin never got no time yet to sew."

At length, hope found not even chaff to feed on, and Mrs. Wellington and her associates must now have resigned Sophy righteously and rigidly to her fate, but for a fresh misfortune, to the production of which clearly she herself had not contributed. Tony lost his place. And in his adversity Sophy discovered a loyalty to him that won her still further grace. "Tony diddin mean to do nothings wrong that time, Miss Wellington," said she, "I'm sure he diddin. It was the foreman's own fault. He had no ride to blame 'im for what he diddin done. And Tony he's got some pride and he knowed he always doned he's vork ride; and the foreman he knowed he always doned it ride too. And then to come scoldin' at 'im, when he knowed he was quick-like anyways. And Tony diddin knock 'im down ride off already. He says to 'im as it wasn't 'im he should blame; but he diddin mind, and then Tony he was made so mad that he doned it before he knowed. That wasn't ride to knock 'im down, and I says to 'im, 'Tony, that wasn't ride for you.' But Tony he says the foreman had no business to done what he doned. And that's how he got turned away, And I'm afraid, Miss Wellington, now he don't got no vork he gets trinkin'. He ain't trinkt none yet, and he says he won't trink none neider. But I know he get very discourage when he don't got no vork."

If Tony had not already stood as low in the esteem of Sophy's benefactors as possible, the occasion of his dismissal would have wrought him a decided reduction. As it was, it simply confirmed opinion against him. For Sophy's sake, however, it was agreed that the little that could be done for him, must be. For one thing, Wellington bought his winter's stock of coal before he was quite ready, and gave Tony the job of carrying it from the street to the bins in the cellar.

Tony achieved this task in a manner that raised a small commotion in the Wellington household. On coming home one evening, Wellington was informed by his wife that Tony was just finishing. Wellington refused to believe her. In the time he had been at work, Wellington declared, Tony could not have got in five tons of coal, much less ten. But on going into the cellar to see for himself, he was moved to exclaim, "Why, Tony, you work like a steam-engine."

Tony grinned like a flattered bashful boy. "Oh, I dun knaw. Dot vas lide vork, Meeser Vell'n'ton. It vas blay along mit liftin' dose kegs on der prewery. Dot's pooty heavy, Meeser Vell-'n-'ton, dose pig kegs vull mit peer. Dose leedle kegs, dey don't make so much—

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no, dey're lide ; a schild could leeft dem, I dink, almost. Bud dem pig vellers—dot makes a veller schwed sometimes. Yez, you got pooty schtrong by vork like dot, I dink, Meeser Vell'n'ton."

For all his long acquaintance with Tony at second-hand, this was Wellington's first sight of the man. He found his prefigurements of him quite mistaken. He had expected a countenance reddened by too deep devotion to the cup, and that he saw. He had expected too a body betokening great strength, and that he saw. But the body he had preconceived was such as we associate with what we are wont to describe as the strength of an ox, a body, by the way, that does the ox injustice. Tony's was not of this sort. It had no grossness, and yet it made no secret of its power. It was, indeed, nearly perfect in its proportions ; and, for the body of a laborer, it was remarkably straight and erect. But what most moved Wellington's admiration was the fellow's eye. The brewery and its temptations had as yet left that untarnished. It was a large, purplish-blue eye, wonderfully alert and sparkling under its long black lashes.

Wellington was pleased, too, at the neatness of his work. When all else was done, he set the cellar in as perfect order as if he had been the most careful of housewives. So patiently did he bore out the dust in all the corners with his broom, that Wellington grew tired for him, and said, "Oh, Tony, you give yourself too much pains."

"Naw, your vibe she like to have it all nize, I knaw dot. Und I like mine own zelf to have it all nize doo. Dings effry-vich-vay, I not like dot, naw, naw. Now I got some dime, I vix up my yord. Yez-zir, Meeser Vell'n'ton, you not knaw dot yord nex' dime. I dell Louisa und Elijah, ven I pin zo busy, dey shall vix it up, but dey don'd. Childers dey not like to vork much. But I vas a great vellers always to have dings need. Yez-zir."

When he had finished, Wellington put into his hand double the sum he would usually expect to pay for such a service ; and, much to his surprise, Tony cried, "Naw, Meeser Vell'n'ton, dot's doo much. It is vort not more als halb dot, Meeser Vell'n'ton. I not vant so much."

But Wellington insisted and hinted that he might want his help again ; and then Tony yielded, saying, "Vell, you gif me some more vork to do, den dot makes it ride. But dese vat I done now dot's so leedle, und you und your vibe you been so gind to my Sophy, I charge you not one zent, but you knaw how it vas dot I ain't now got no blace no more, und only for dese vat you gif me in my hand now I ain't got no moneys neider. I like to vork for you some more, Meeser Vell'n'ton. Yez-zir, I like such a mans like you ; and your vibe she vas a nize lady, a gind lady. Sophy she got no zuch a goot vriend als her. Vell, Meeser Vell'n'ton, goot-pye."

"I must say," said Wellington on rejoining his wife, "I don't believe that fellow Tony is as black as he is painted."

"And that's the belief I came to this afternoon," returned Mrs. Wellington, laughing. "Knowing he was Tony, at first I was half afraid of him ; but as I watched him passing the window with his loads, and never stopping to rest or to loiter, I became interested in it ; and, finally, I went out and talked to him a little. There is something almost attractive about him."

"Yes, decidedly. No doubt he's an ugly fellow when he is angry. At any rate, I had rather not fall into his hands then. How that foreman at the brewery must have gone down before him!" And the two now fairly shook with pleasure at thought of the unlucky incident that but a few days before had shocked them unspeakably. Certainly Tony was a magician, whatever else he might be.

The next day Wellington went running about town, inquiring wherever he thought it at all worth while, to find Tony a situation. He found none ; but, luckily, before the resolution not to drink had worn quite through its last strand, Tony found one for himself. Then, a little later, his offence at the brewery was forgiven him, and he returned to service there.

About this time Sophy forfeited the little favor that had been renewed to

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her, by bringing forth another treasure, to, as Wellington impatiently phrased it, "disfigure the landscape and clog the gutters." This misdemeanor of Sophy's was perhaps more severely reprobated by Mrs. Wellington than by either Mrs. Yardley, Mrs. Johns, or Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Wellington being herself childless. Her relations with Sophy were at once reduced to a strictly business basis.

V.

When Sophy and Tony again fell into conflict (and, of course, fall into conflict again they must: that was in the very nature of the elements, like the conflicts between water and wind), the Wellingtons first learned of it through the newspapers; for Sophy and Tony had now removed into another quarter of the town.

"It had to come, I suppose; and now that they are into it, they should be left to get out as best they can." So said Mrs. Wellington, and Wellington perfectly agreed with her. And having thus assured themselves that wisdom and duty dictated a policy of scrupulous non-interference, Wellington said that he believed he would go down to Sophy's and see what could be done. They must be got together again if possible, that was certain. And herein Mrs. Wellington perfectly agreed with him.

"I ain't seed 'im no more since gesterday, Mr. Wellington," said Sophy, when Wellington had been let in and given a chair. "About ten o'clock, I think it was, gesterday morning that he been here. No, he diddin come in. He said I should let 'im in, but I told 'im he should yust go off, 'cause if he diddin I must got the police."

"But don't you think you ought to get together and straighten out your differences?" asked Wellington.

"Took 'im back agin, you mean? No, I couldn't, Mr. Wellington, I couldn't took 'im back no more. I'd been avraid to took 'im back, Mr. Wellington, after he acted the way he done."

"And you don't know where he is now?"

"No, I don't, Mr. Wellington. He was goin' to Chicago, he said; but he diddin gone yet, like he said he was. Annie, she saw 'im this afternoon at Steifel's saloon. He stopped her when he happened to saw her passin,' and he give her a five zents and told her she should never forget papa, and tell mamma and Louisa that we never see 'im no more. And Annie she comed home all cryin'. If he bees trinkin' agin, and that's what he's doin,' you'll find 'im there, at Mr. Steifel's. If he don't be there, then I don't know where you find 'im, Mr. Wellington. But I couldn't took 'im back no more, Mr. Wellington."

Wellington had entered the house with only the vaguest, loosest plan in mind, and he came out with no plan at all. The night was dark and muggy; there were no pavements in that part of the town, and the street-lamps were few and dim; and, as he went picking his way and, for all his care, sousing into a pool of water here and a bit of mire there, he pronounced himself little better than a fool for having left home, and resolved to get back there as soon as possible. But in the way he came upon Steifel's saloon, sending forth odors that declared felicity at least in its name; and he concluded to look in. Tony was there, in the very act of finishing off a glass of beer; and, apparently, he was little, if any, the worse for his potations.

"Yez, Meeser Vell'n'ton, dot's a pooty pad schrabe we been in," said he, as in compliance with Wellington's desire for a little private talk with him, they came forth and set off down a quiet street. "My vibe she shut the door of my own house in my vace, ven I vant to got some dings dot's my own. Dey ton't been her dings at all. I call dot pooty pad, Meeser Vell'n'ton. Yez-zir."

"But, Tony, are you sure you have always done exactly right yourself?"

"I been a goot man, Meeser Vell'n'ton. Yez-zir, I been a goot man. No besser man in dese town. I vork. Meeser Schneebad he tell you. He got no man in he's prewery vat done he's vork als me. Four o'clock I'm up, Messer Vell'n'ton, effry morgen. But my Sophy, she not up, naw; nor Louisa. I must get my breakfast my own zelf—effry morgen, Meeser Vell'n'ton, I must."

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He paused as if for some comment from Wellington, but Wellington deemed it imprudent for a peace-maker to offer one just there.

"I say nutting, Meeser Vell'n'ton, not so much as a vord. I go off by my vork, und 'um schleepin.' Und ven I come home von my vork to get my dinner und to get my zupper, how is it? Sophy she says I gif her moneys, und den I have vat's petter. I gif her moneys; effry veek I gif her some, Meeser Vell'n'ton, ten, twelve, vifteen tollars sometimes. Und she have some moneys too; she vorks. Yez-zir, I been a goot man, Meeser Vell'n'ton."

"But it's no more than a man's duty to take care of his family," suggested Wellington.

"I dook care of 'um. Effry veek, I tell you, Meeser Vell'n'ton, I gif moneys —ten, twelve, vifteen tollars, I gif. Dot ton't been ride, to gif all I made. I keep some dings, 'cause I dink sometimes I like to bought me a house of my own. Oh, I got zome moneys; Meeser Schneebad he keep 'um for me. I ain't strapped. Sophy, she ton't know dot. I nefer dell I got some moneys; I make dot a zecret from her. I can go vay; und I get vork too. On Chicago, on St. Louis, on Zinzinnati, all dose blaces I get vork. Dose prewers they knaw me, I'm a goot man. Yez-zir, Meeser Vell'n'ton, I'm a goot man. Und I go vay, dot's vat I do. I go on Chicago; I go tomorrow."

"Oh, no, you don't want to go away," protested Wellington. "You must stay here and help take care of your children. You know Sophy can't take care of them alone."

"Yez, der childers; dot makes me veel pooty pad, Meeser Vell'n'ton. Den's ven I got mad sometimes, ven I come home und I zee nopody ton't took no care of 'um, und der house is—vell, you knaw, Meeser Vell'n'ton. I like to have somedings need around, und de childers to be zo dey ton't look zo. Louisa's all the droubles. Dot ton't been ride for a young girl to run der streets und been zittin' up zo late effry nide; und, ven I say she shall stay home und done some vork, she ton't mind me vat I say; und Sophy she says I'm mean to Louisa, und she shall do vat she likes. Und dot makes a man pooty mad. I been her fader, und if she been my schild und I been her fader, den it's ride I tell her vat she shall do. Und Elijah, he's pig now, und he not vork none neider, 'cause he got de hastings consumptions on 'im. De consumptions! De laziness, dot's vat he got on 'im, all von Sophy. She yust spoil 'im. Naw, Meeser Vell'n'ton, I go vay; I ton't try no more."

"No, don't say that yet," urged Wellington; "let's have a talk with Sophy."

"No, I go on Chicago. I get vork dere quick 'nough. I got some vriends dere. I gone to-day, o'ny for my moneys mit Meeser Schneebad; he vas avay."

"Well, we'll go and see Sophy anyhow."

"She not zee us, Meeser Vell'n'ton. Gesterday she shut der toor in my vace und say she not vant to zee me nefer. No, dot's no use, Meeser Vell'n'ton."

Little by little, however, he yielded to Wellington's persuasions. And Sophy did not refuse them entrance. But nothing came of the interview, and Wellington retired from it disgusted with all the parties to it, with himself not least. The next day Tony disappeared from town. To which of the cities that stood ready to welcome a man of his merits he went, nobody knew, and probably nobody cared.

For all her obstinacy in completing the separation, Sophy met the ensuing responsibilities with very little spirit, and Mrs. Wellington, Mrs. Yardley, Mrs. Johns, and Mrs. Thompson found her a heavier, more hopeless charge than ever before. In a week or two she was on the point of being ejected from her house for not paying the rent, and no sooner had she been rescued from this danger than she hung on the brink of another as desperate. She was still able, however, to indulge herself in a luxury of quite a rare sort. "Next week, I think it is," she said one day to Mrs. Wellington, "I get my divorce."

"Your divorce?" exclaimed Mrs. Wellington, in wonder.

"Yes, I get one on the court. The neighbors they say it's the on'y ways to keep Tony from troublin' me agin, and they tell me I should see a lawyer about

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it. And I went and see a lawyer, lawyer Suter it was, and he says it's the on'y ways too. And then I says he should get me one, 'cause I was afraid of Tony."

Altogether, it was perhaps as welcome a piece of news as she had ever received, when one day word came to Mrs. Wellington that Sophy's sisters in Grindstown had written that, if she would remove there, they would find work for her and do all they could to aid her. Even the fact that Sophy lacked all means of accomplishing the removal did not lessen Mrs. Wellington's sense of relief. "They can be got there somehow," she said resolutely, and hastened to confer with Mrs. Yardley, Mrs. Johns, and Mrs. Thompson.

On a hint dropped to the township trustee, that it would be a clear gain for the poor-fund during the coming winter, that officer agreed to pay all the railroad fares. This, the most important difficulty, thus happily surmounted, the ladies next applied themselves to bringing the family's apparel into a reasonable decency for the journey. Mrs. Yardley made over an old bonnet of Sophy's with some ribbon from an old one of her own. Mrs. Johns regenerated an old gown. Other renewings and patchings and piecings were achieved with the wonted skill and economy of women in such works. And, so happy was the sum of these labors, that any of her old friends must have looked twice to recognize Sophy in the woman who, at last, stood in the station with a perfectly clean baby in her arms and, as the train approached, cried out, "Now, you mind you don't drop nothing, Elijah, and be keerful from the cars. And, Helena, you be keerful too; took Susie's and Retie's hand. Took her hand, Susie and Retie, took Helena's hand. Gussie and Annie, yous stay by mamma; catch holt to my dress."

Louisa was not of the company. She had declined to go, alleging as her reason for staying behind the prospect of "a place to live out." Mrs. Yardley discovered, though, or at least was persuaded that she discovered, that what held Louisa back was a lover, from whom she was loath to part.

As the train moved away Mrs. Johns said, with the sigh of one who fears his happiness is too great to last, "Now, if they'll only stay!"

"Wouldn't it be dreadful if they didn't?" said Mrs. Thompson.

"But they'll not," said Mrs. Wellington and Mrs. Yardley, almost in concert.

Five or six months later Wellington's attention was attracted by something familiar in the neat figure and untidy dress of a young girl a little ahead of him in the street. At the next corner the girl turned, and they met face to face. "Why, Louisa, is it you?" said Wellington, more in conclusion to his own reflections than in address to her. "Your mother and the children are still at Grindstown, are they?"

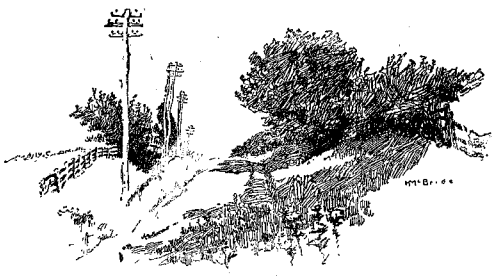
"Yes, still there," answered Louisa.

"And your father, what of him?"

"Oh, he's yust the same like he always was; mean as ever."

"But he is not with them?"

"Oh, yes, he is with 'um—this good whiles."



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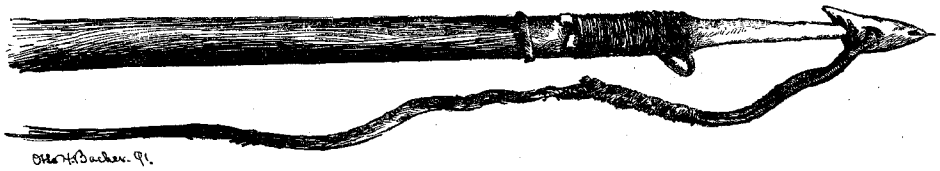
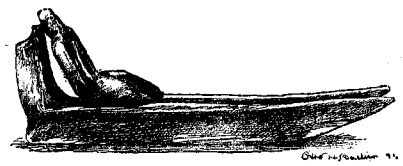


Harpoon and Line.

THE ARCTIC HIGHLANDER.

By Benjamin Sharp, Ph.D.



Toy Sled and Figure of Carved Ivory, slightly reduced in size.

IN 1813, Sir John Ross discovered an isolated race of human beings numbering about two hundred souls, living on the inhospitable shores of North Greenland. To this community he gave the romantic name of "Arctic Highlanders," a name which unfortunately is misleading; for they are a littoral people and *cannot* inhabit the arctic highland, as it is an everlasting ice-cap, and moreover they *will* not even visit it, for this inland ice is to them a region of terror; a land where abide their demons and evil spirits.

At the present day they number, as near as can be estimated, about the same as when the knowledge of them came to the civilized world; nor have they increased their territory, but live on the narrow strip of mountainous coast, which is left bare during the summer months, by the retreat of the winter snows. They could not be more cut off from other human beings, did they live on some small oceanic island. Practically they do live on an island, for they are surrounded by water; by great expanses of solid water; for they never pass the ice barrier of the great Humboldt Glacier, with its sea face of sixty miles; they never ascend to the summer foot of the "ice-blink," some two thousand feet above sea-level; nor attempt to wander south over the vast ice-floes of Melville Bay, one hundred miles in extent. At 79° north latitude, near the southern edge of the Humboldt Glacier, is a collection of huts known as *Etah*, their most northern settlement, while at Cape York, in latitude 75° 55′ N., probably their largest encampment, is their southern limit, and which, as near as we could determine by the sign language, they call *Pitanito*.* Their country may be said to be about one hundred and eighty-five miles long and from three to five miles in breadth.

Living on this strip of land, upon which grows not an edible plant, they subsist entirely upon flesh and blubber obtained from the sea by their own exertions and eaten raw; their wants are few; their means of gratifying these wants, fewer. It is said the only vegetal food ever obtained by these people is the half-digested moss taken from the stomach of the reindeer—a great delicacy—at least to those "eaters of raw flesh," these *Eskimatsik*, as their western brothers are termed by the Red Indians of America. From this we have our word Eskimo.

Whence came they? It is held by some that they are the remnants of preglacial man, having retreated with the great ice cap which covered the northern hemisphere as fár south as middle Pennsylvania and New Jersey; until now, the Arctic Highlanders remaining close to the perpetual ice are the most northern inhabitants of our globe. Their short stature, their high cheek-bones, and their almond-shaped eyes, certainly suggest a Mongolian origin, and it is probable that they are a race which has come from North America to their present abode. That they came from some wooded country is

* Pronounced, *Pee-tän ee-to*.

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shown by a word in their vocabulary, *sigssik*—the squirrel, pre-eminently a forest animal, and one which has never existed in Greenland; and furthermore, their traditions tell of their being driven out of a fair land by red men, *tunuit* (singular, *tunek*), a word still used by mothers to frighten children into good behavior.

Government they seem not to have, the oldest man of the family at most ruling that family. Of the customs, as marriage and religion, little or nothing is known, but we hope that the investigations of Lieutenant R. E. Peary, who is now among these people, will throw much light upon this interesting chapter of their story.*

A few days after leaving Lieutenant Peary in his winter quarters at McCormick Bay, we were skirting the high wild shores of Cape York. A dense veil of fog shrouded the mountain-tops, and reaching nearly to the water, gave us but glimpses of the black rugged coast. Here and there a glacier front rose as an ice-wall from the sea, or a strip of snow in some gorge lay unmelted on account of its protected position. All at once came through the fog a faint cry of "Ky-mo, ky-mo!"

"There are the Yaks; ky-mo, ky-mo!" answered the lookout on the forecastle head. Presently we could see three conical skin tents perched upon the side of a bleak mountain spur. About a dozen small creatures were running about, some waved their arms, while others skipped over the huge bowlders to get to the shore, from which ran a great ice-floe to the south and east. Before we had made fast, a *kayak* had been launched, paddled alongside, and hoisted with its inmate on board.

He was a fine-looking fellow, this "Yak," as the whalemen call these Arctic Highlanders, in contra-distinction to the "Huskle" of southern Greenland. His copper-colored face peered through the hood of his *timiak*, his bright eyes twinkled through the long straight black hair, which fell from his forehead to about the level of his nose. His jacket, if the seal-skin coat and hood combined could be so designated, reached but little below his waist, but low enough to cover the tops of his knee-breeches, or *koslik*, made of the skin of the polar bear. His feet, encased in high moccasins or *kamik*, the only part of his attire from which the hair had been removed, were remarkably small, as were his delicately-shaped hands.

He gazed about the vessel as if he were afflicted with "stiff neck." This peculiarity was observable in all those who came aboard, and it is no doubt caused by the constant wearing of the stiff hood of the *timiak*, which does not allow a free movement of the head, so that when one wishes to look at something at his side, the body is turned at the waist, while little or no movement is made at the neck.

But little time had elapsed after the arrival of the *kayaker*, before the decks were crowded with men, women, and children from the village we had first seen on the mountain side, as well as from another about three-quarters of a mile to the eastward. They came running over the ice, in a peculiar waddling fashion, their arms swinging at their sides, the palm forward and the thumbs stuck outward; their mittens scarcely covered their small hands, so that their brown wrists were left quite bare. Many of the younger women had on their backs papooses, and their little heads and bright eyes peered curiously out from the side of the mother's hood. The mothers seemed very affectionate to their children, talking and cooing to them now and again, and when the children were restless, they would dance or jump them, by working their shoulders up and down. Offer a little piece of cracker, or bit of candy, and a little brown hand would be thrust out from the mother's neck, seize the present, and be instantly withdrawn. The children who are carried in this manner are naked, lying against the bare back of the mother, and are kept from slipping down the back by a thong of walrus hide, ingeniously secured outside of the *timiak* below the child and fastened in front by a toggle of ivory. When the mother wished to take a child out of its little nest on her back, she threw back her hood, and stooping for-

* The results of these investigations will appear after his return in the pages of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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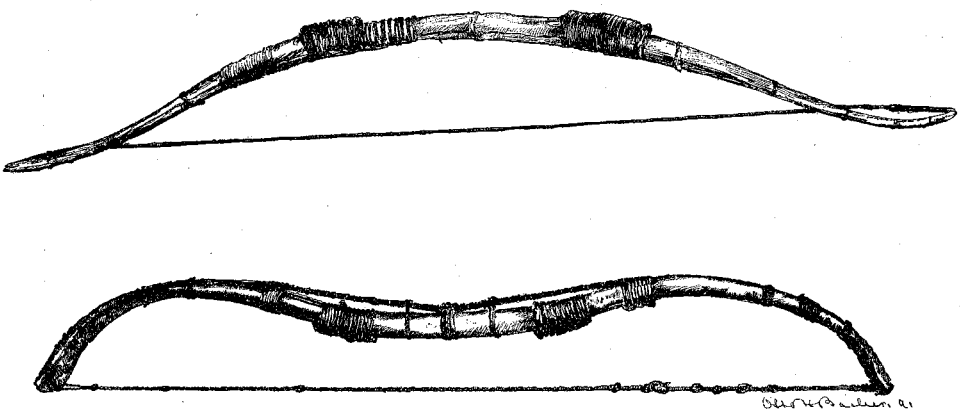
ward so that her head was brought on a level with her knees, shook or hunched her back until the child had been slipped far enough out for her to grasp it by the arms; then still keeping her position, she would drag it forth.

Even the little children would catch up a piece of blubber, stick one end of it into the mouth and saw away at it with a dull knife until the morsel was severed, which was then swallowed whole.

The Little Auks, which fly about these



Bows Strung and Unstrung.

The larger children wandered about the decks, examining everything, peering into boxes and barrels, and peeping into the cabin sky-lights, without a word or at most only a whisper to their companions. When spoken to, they would make a very solemn, half-frightened face, but the merry twinkle in their coal-black eyes showed they thoroughly enjoyed this great event of their lives. They clambered into the deck-house, where they saw pieces of black stone put into the stove, and opening wide their eyes in amazement, when they saw it take fire and burn, they cried "Ee, ee!" and called their parents, who appeared as much astonished as the children at this novel sight.

The natives had evidently come to stay, as some of them brought their lunch in the shape of narwhal heads, which they dragged over the ice to the ship by the long spiral ivory horns. These horns were speedily hacked out of the skull and traded for a steel knife or two. When they lunched, a piece of blubber was cut from the narwhal's head and one end of it put into the mouth; it was then sliced off, the knife passing close to the lips, and so very near the nose, that we expected to see it disappear every time the operation was repeated.

shores in countless thousands, the rustle of their wings, as they flew over the ship, resembling the moan of the wind in a pine forest, form also a part of the food of the Arctic Highlander. With a net made of woven sinews, and stretched upon a thin piece of bone or barrel-hoop, obtained from some passing whaler, and set upon a long pole, the native lies concealed in some spot over which the flocks of these birds fly. With a quick upward sweep and twist of the net the bird is caught. Lying on deck was a landing net, which was used for collecting specimens; one of the men seeing it, picked it up and, standing at the break of the poop, commenced to go through the motions of catching imaginary Little Auks; another, standing in the waist and noticing the frantic gyrations of his brother, immediately supplied the deficiency with lumps of coal. It was surprising with what accuracy these lumps were caught. Some Little Auks, which had been brought on board, were taken by the children and skinned. A few bites from their sharp teeth served to separate the skin about the neck; then holding the head in the mouth, the skin was separated with the fingers from the neck and shoulders of the bird, and turned back and pulled

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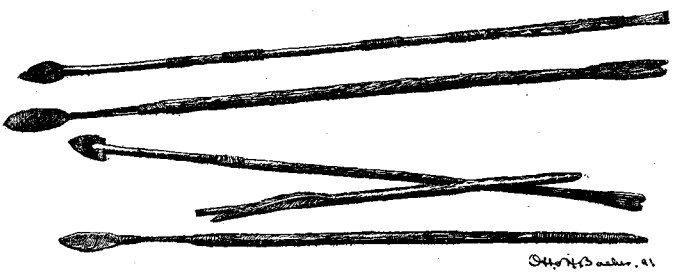
down to the legs, as neatly as if the skin were a glove. The pelvis was then bitten off from the body. The skin, which was covered with a thick layer of yellow fat, was rubbed by the aboriginal taxidermist over his face until it shone again. This face washing was performed, to our surprise as well as to our amusement, by every child who skinned a bird; a habit taught them, no doubt, with as much care as our mothers taught us to use soap and water. The oil serves as a protection for the skin against the cold, and its use, together with the large quantities taken as food, makes the skin of the natives remarkably soft and smooth all over the body.

At Saunder's Island, on a low spit of ground which ran from the foot of the lofty perpendicular cliffs, there is another settlement of these strange people; but this at the time of our visit was deserted. In a cache, about eight feet long, four feet wide, and four high, made of large stones, and ingeniously covered with flat ones, hung fifty or more skins of the Guillemot or Murre, drying. They had been captured from the cliff above, where there existed a great "loomery," the ledges of the crimson and gray strata being literally alive with them. In another similar cache hung the drying bodies of the birds, the clear cold air preventing decay.

The skins of these birds, as well as those of the Little Auk, are sewed together and made into underclothing,



Arrows.

which is worn with the feathers next the skin.

The "*tupik*," or skin tents, and the name would suggest a relationship to the word "*teepee*" or wigwam of our Western Indians, were placed at Cape York, as well as at Ittiblu (Netlik), about fifty or seventy-five feet above the level of the sea, or rather ice, for at Cape York and to the eastward in Melville Bay an extensive "land floe" fringes the coast. In the summer time it is riven with cracks and spotted with pools of water, around which detours must be made in order to reach the shore. Following a couple of natives, a party started from the vessel to visit one of the villages; occasionally so wide a crack would bar our progress, that we must ferry ourselves across on small pieces of ice, or the more agile would take a running jump, and would *generally* make it. Reaching the land, we had a long walk over great bowlders and loose stones, slippery with black lichen; over a strip of snow, which lay unmelted across our path, with here and there a crimson patch of the so-called "red snow;"* and fording a torrent, dashing over rocks from the melting snows above, we came to a more level spot on the mountain side.

Here three miserable conical skin tents stood. They were about eight feet high, the peak sloping over so as to make one side nearly perpendicular; in this side was the door, covered with a piece of seal-skin. The tents, supported by wooden poles or ivory norwhal horns, were held down firmly to the ground by a circle of large stones, and all looked out upon the south; out over the ice-covered sea, to the black water beyond, where here and there a great "island of ice" loomed indistinctly out of the light fog. About the huts lay the carcasses of several narwhals and walruses, from which the men were cutting the ivory, or slicing the blubber in great masses. On the ice below, several sleds and three or four seals, recently captured were being dragged ashore. Harpoons with lanyards of walrus hide, leaned against the tents; these were gladly bartered for a knife, or a couple of steel needles. The handles were formed of

* The red snow is a minute plant (*Protococcus nivalis*), closely allied to the green one, forming patches on shaded rocks, or the northern sides of tree-trunks in our forests.

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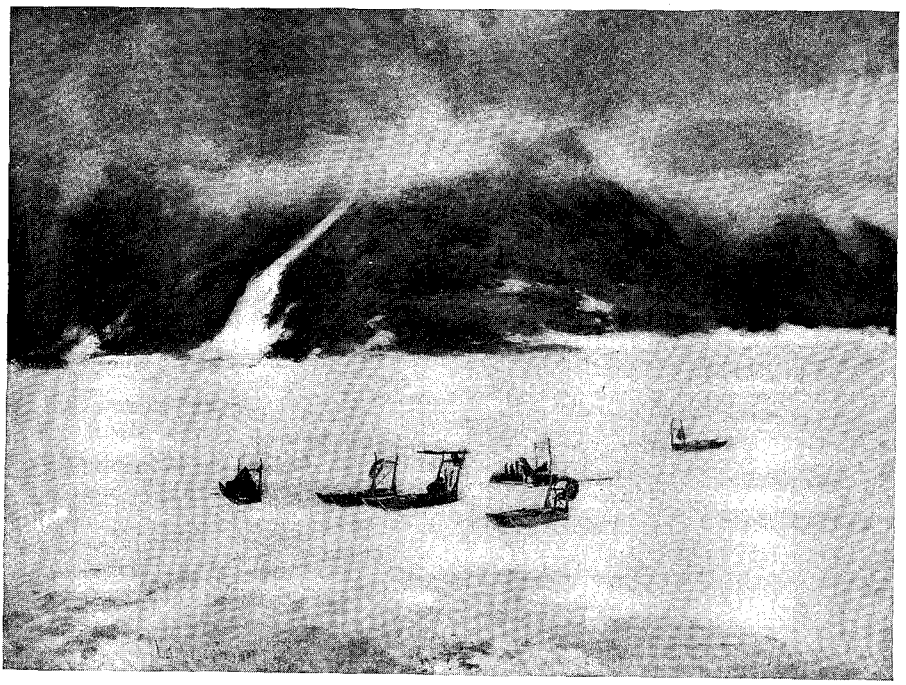
wood, upon the end of which was securely lashed a square piece of ivory, slightly hollowed at the free end and a movable piece of ivory, about eight inches long, made from a walrus tusk, was secured to this by a couple of turns of raw hide, and kept from slipping by a projection which fitted into the hollow of the fixed piece. This ingenious contrivance was devised to prevent the handle of wood, so valuable to these people, from being broken, should the animal harpooned give a sudden wrench. On this point of ivory is set a smaller detachable piece of ivory about three inches long, into one end of which an iron or steel point is set and riveted. Through a hole in its middle the harpoon line is made fast. On the other end of this line, which is about twenty feet long, is fastened a float made of a whole seal skin, which can be blown up when about to be used. The principle is exactly the same as that used by the sword fishermen of our coasts; the float corresponding to the keg, the harpoon head to the "toggle," and the handle to the long iron-shod pole. When a seal is harpooned, the head of the instrument is driven into the body, and left there, as the handle is withdrawn;



Cape York, Greenland.

the wounded animal darting away, drags off the line together with the seal-skin float, which it cannot pull under water; with this as a guide, the hunter is always able to follow the game, which, when the opportunity offers, is despatched with a lance. In walrus hunting the float is dispensed with, the end of the line is made fast to the handle of the harpoon, which is shod with iron; this, when the animal is speared is struck into the ice. Then comes a simple question of brute strength; a question of which of the two has the greater endurance. A struggle of this kind lasts at times five or six hours, and in the vast majority of cases ends in the death of the walrus.

A bird (or fish) spear, with its forked barbed point sticking in the lacings of the tupik, was secured for a couple of needles, or a large fish-hook, the use of which they seemed to understand, making with the crooked finger the motion of catching fish.

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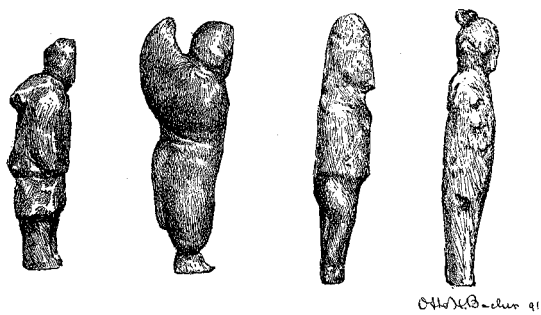
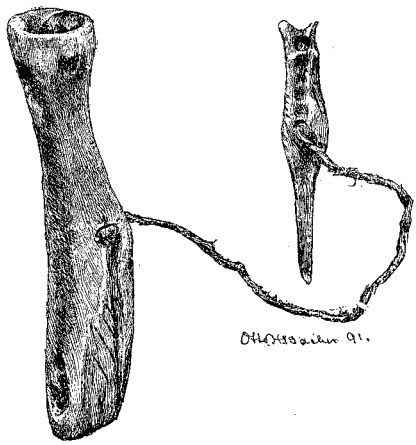
The most interesting implements seen about the tupiks were the bows and arrows. The former, made of bone, consisted of three long pieces lashed together with rawhide, over two small pieces of bone, one on each side of the joints. Three or four strips of walrus hide were stretched on the outside of the curve in order to strengthen the bow, which was strung with a piece of hide. The wooden shafts of the arrows were tipped with iron, one or two only did we find with ivory, while only a small proportion of them were feathered ; the feathers were tied to the end of the shaft and lay flat with it, not projecting from the shaft as is seen on those arrows made by natives of higher civilization. The iron tips were sometimes set and riveted into a piece of bone, or the iron was pounded down to a narrow point and this lashed to the shaft.

The discovery of the bow and arrow among these North Greenland tribes is interesting, as other explorers make no mention of their possessing such weapons. With these bows the Arctic Highlander kills the reindeer, the horns of which were found at every settlement we visited; and where the natives themselves were seen, the pelts formed their beds.



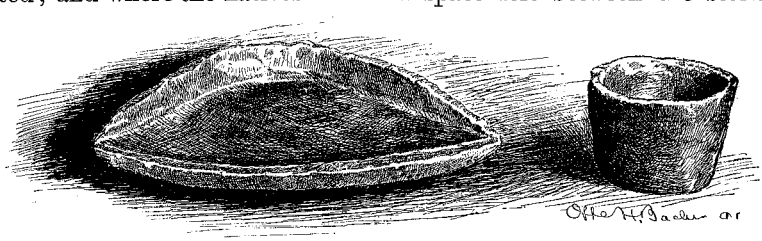
Human Figures of Carved Ivory, actual size.

The walrus, seal, bear, and norwhal are killed with the harpoon or spear.



Ivory Toy for the Game of Ajegaúng.

The only other animals obtained by these people, besides the reindeer, are the Arctic fox and Arctic hare. The fox is taken in an ingenious trap, and many of these were observed at favorable spots along the coast. An oblong box, about two and a half feet long, a foot high, and one broad, is made of rocks and covered with large pieces of the flat sandstone which is found in large quantities all about the shores. One end of the trap when set is open ; opposite this open end a stone, chipped so as to form a hook, projects into the interior and closes this end of the trap. The door, a flat piece of stone sliding perpendicularly over the opening, is fastened to a thong of hide, which passes over the roof of the trap, and enters the interior through a space left between the stones : it is held at the hook by the bait consisting of a piece of blubber. The fox entering



Lamp and Toy Cup of Soapstone, reduced about one-third.

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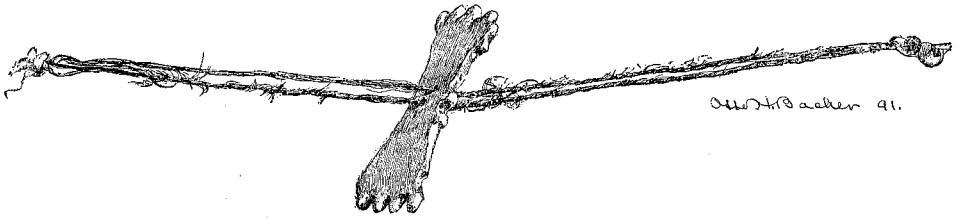
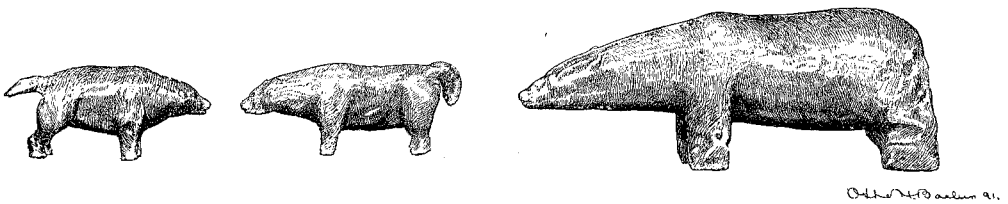


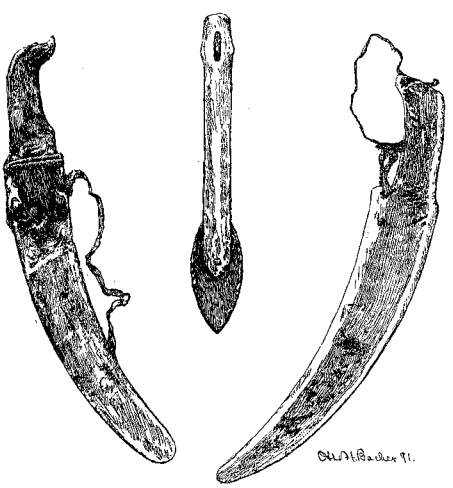
A "Bull-roarer."



Toys of the Children of the Arctic Highlanders.
Dogs and bear of carved ivory, slightly reduced.

the trap seizes the blubber and dragging the thong from the hook, releases the door which slides down behind him, and is held in place by two large stones fixed outside the trap.

The insides of the tents were in a horrible condition: the earth, which formed the floor, was not much better than a swamp, a mixture of mud, water, and oil. At one side a large flat, triangular piece of stone, hollowed slightly on top, held a piece of blubber; and the oil trying from it burned near the edge of the dish with a dim, smoky flame. At the back of the hut, upon a raised platform of stone, were piled reindeer and seal skins, upon which the natives slept. Screwing up our courage we entered a tupik, where a woman and three children lay huddled upon the skins at the back. We presented a small china doll in gaudy silk attire, to the little girl of the family, who seized it with the cry of surprise, "Ee ee." The mother, as interested as her daughter, felt the silk of the dress and looked up inquiringly with wonder and surprise. A brightly painted rubber ball was given to the boy, and his satisfaction was complete when he found that by squeezing it, it whistled. They also had *their* playthings, carved from ivory: miniature bears, with long necks and small heads; dogs with pointed ears and tails curling over their backs; seals with well-marked whiskers; and little sleds about two inches long, with human figures carved to fit them. We picked up from among the rubbish at the side of the tent, a piece of ivory, in each end of which was drilled a large hole, and attached to its middle by a thong was an ivory pin. Wondering what this could be, we asked, by means of the sign language, for what it was used. The woman laughed, took the pin in her hand, and with an upward throw tossed the other piece into the air, which she caught in one of the holes on the pin;



Snow Knives and Lance-head, about one-eighth actual size.

she made several other attempts before she succeeded in catching it again. The principle was the same as that of the cup and ball, so familiar to us.

We found but little difficulty in com-

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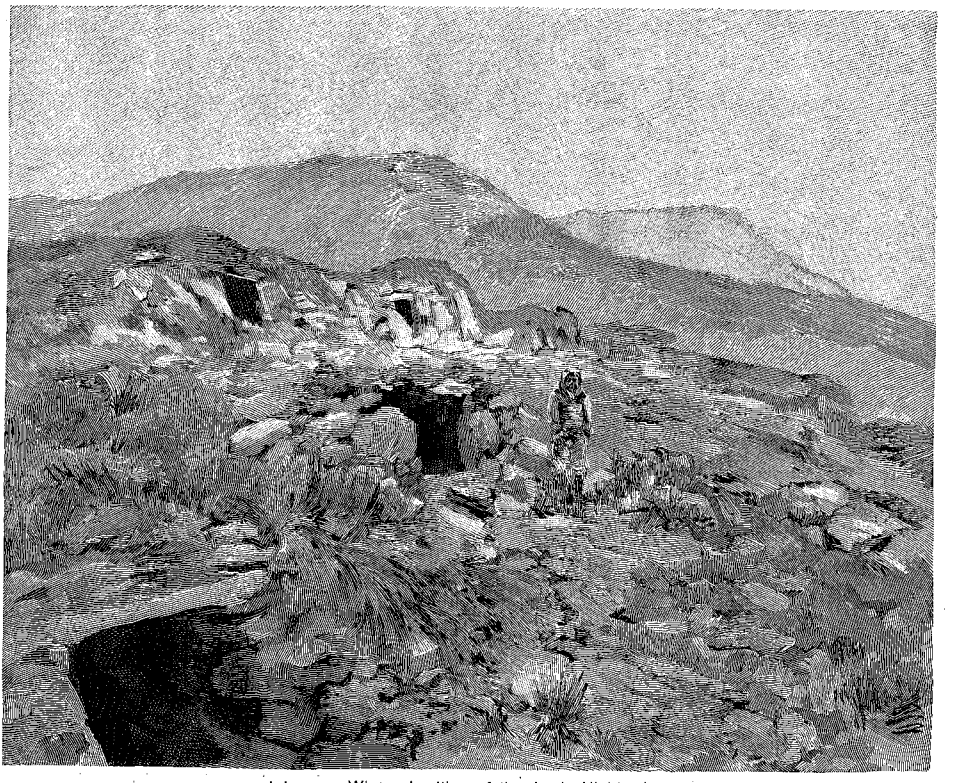

Igloos, or Winter-dwelling of the Arctic Highlander.

municating with these people by means of signs. We were anxious to find the breeding places of the Little Auk, and showing them an egg of this bird, which we had obtained in southern Greenland, they immediately recognized it, and taking it in their hands, made the motion of breaking it open and said "Peep, peep," by which we understood that we were too late, as the birds had all hatched.

The igloos, or winter stone huts, were not far from the summer tupiks. They were built upon the hill-side, a portion of which is dug out to form the interior. The domed roofs were made of large pieces of flat sandstone, carefully arranged and held in place by pieces of bone. These protruded somewhat into the hut, and were utilized as hooks upon which hung harpoon lines, pouches of seal and bird skin, skin drinking-cups, bone-drills, etc. At the back of the hut was a platform raised about a foot from the floor. Opposite this, which served as the bed, was the opening of a tunnel six or eight feet long through which the family must crawl to enter their abode; and here the dogs find shelter during the storms of winter. The tunnel slopes down from the floor, so that water from the melting snows of spring may not run into the house. Over the inner entrance of the tunnel, about four feet square, is another opening of about the same dimensions, which allows light to enter the dwelling. This hole is closed in winter by having stretched over it the stomach of the walrus, scraped thin and soaked in oil. At Herbert Island, several of the igloos were double, that is, two igloos were built close together, each with a separate tunnel, but the dividing, inside, partition was left incomplete.

About the igloos grew masses of rank grass, and bunches of bright yellow poppies; jaw-bones of the seal and walrus, reindeer horns, and other bones were scattered about in great confusion. Near the beach at Ittiblu (Netlik), at Barden Bay, a large erratic bowlder

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stood, and as it was covered with soot it served no doubt as the "try works" of the village.

We returned to the ship on sledges, the whole population following. A crowd from a third encampment, about a mile to the eastward and consisting of eight tupiks, joined us with their sleds, at which the dogs were violently pulling. A sled was on the ice not far from the shore, about which a man was running backward and forward, crying out, in guttural tones, "Uk-uk-uk," and wildly waving his arms. Presently a team of dogs came bounding over the rocks, tied together with their single raw-hide trace. They were soon made fast to the sled and we started for the ship at a gallop, followed by the population of the two villages. When the party came to a crack in the ice too wide to step across, a sled was stopped, put across the space, and with this as a bridge, all were soon on the other side, running ahead to the next crack. The sleds drove on, the dogs pulling as hard as they could; no attempt was made to stop them by calling, and no reins were used. The method of stopping the sled was as novel as it was effective, and recalled a method used by a retired Nantucket whaler, who always carried an anchor in his ox-cart, and stopped the team by casting anchor. Lashed to the high handles of the sled was a walrus harpoon, with its iron spike projecting six or eight inches from the wooden handle. This was driven firmly into the ice in front of the sled; the dogs pulled on the traces until they realized that further progress was impossible, when they lay quietly down upon the ice. Arriving at the ship, the dogs were cast off from the sled; two deep holes, about six inches apart, were cut in the ice and connected at the bottom, the traces were passed into one hole and out at the other, and made fast, thus effectually tethering the animals.

Our stay came to an end; the natives were told to leave the vessel, "Sar pook, sar pook" (we now go home), and they reluctantly left us. As the last man got upon the rail, he drew from his mitten a curious plaything, which he evidently regarded as a great prize. It was an oddly fashioned flat piece of ivory, pierced in the middle with two holes, through which ran a deer sinew. Holding one end of the sinew in each hand, he twirled the ivory round pulling and slacking alternately, which made the toy spin rapidly in the air. How many of us have done the same with a blacking-box lid! He held it up for the highest bidder, and soon disappeared over the side with a pocket knife in his possession.

The ice anchors were taken on board and the "Oomiakschuwa," the "great boat with the fishes tail," moved from their sight into the fog. "Sar pook, sar pook," we cried as they faded from view, and as an echo, came back to us "Sar pook, sar pook."

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THE COMPLETE DUTCH KITCHEN-MAID.

A PICTURE OF HOLLAND A CENTURY AND A HALF AGO.

By Cornelia J. Chadwick.

I HAVE in my possession an old Dutch Cookery Book of the date 1752, revealing quaint glimpses of the manners and customs of that day. The frontispiece is a picture of the kitchen; the fire, which a maid is feeding with a piece of peat, is in the background—on a hearth-stone with a kettle hanging over it from a crane; two birds are roasting in front of the fire, but the legs and wings are not trussed, as they would be nowadays. Three women are busy in the kitchen, but the drawing is not sufficiently careful to show which is the mistress. The table is evidently of dark oak with folding legs, of the kind so much prized for a drawing-room today. The title-page is very comprehensive, and sets forth that this is:

"THE COMPLETE

DUTCH KITCHEN-MAID.

Showing

How one can prepare all sorts of dishes, confections and desserts
without great expense or labor
so that they shall be wholesome and tasteful
for Roman Catholics on Fish days and during
fasts.
How one may preserve everything against
the Winter.
What one must do at killing
time. How Mol and
fresh Bier can be kept
through the Summer.
Besides
an infallible method of determining if the
meat is sound during the cattle disease.
How one shall set the table when one
entertains friends, with some
plates of tables set out.
As well as
some home remedies against colds & intermittent fever, to cure without
fail, to strengthen the sight, etc., some
food & drinks for invalids
all described by
a noble lady
who has lately moved to the Hague.
The third Edition
corrected of a great many mistakes in printing.
Printed after her own manuscript.
Published T'Amsterdam
by Steven van Esweldt
in the Beursteg by the Dam 1752
with privileges."

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On turning the page, there are four lines which state that none of this edition is genuine unless signed by the publisher, and then follows in faded brown ink the proud S. V. Esveldt, with a flourish at the end. Evidently editions were small and time plenty in that publishing house of Amsterdam.

This is the what and where of the book, and next comes the why. It seems a pity to the Editor, as she sets forth in the Introduction which follows, that all the lore of this noble lady should not be for the world at large. "She was one of the best blood of Holland and married to a great Statesman, and was noted as one of the best housekeepers of our Fatherland; her two sons to-day hold high places, and her daughters are married to their equals in birth and position. Knowing how important it was to make her daughters into good house-wives and give them good kitchen-maids, she to this end wrote this celebrated work, which contains such things as her Excellency had learned from her own experience. Several noble ladies hearing of it, asked for a copy, which her Excellency through magnanimity could not refuse; but she could not bring herself to let the original leave her hands, so that few besides her daughters possessed a copy, which made everyone desirous to have one." (Evidently it takes more than one hundred and forty years to change human nature.) "The original Her Excellency left to one of her daughters-in-law, who, dying shortly after Her Excellency, left it to a friend of mine, who has put it into my hands. In order to satisfy the wish of so many ladies, I have concluded to give it to the Press with the permission of those nearest concerned.

"The greatest change which has been made from the manuscript consists in the improving of the spelling and disposition of the recipes. They were in a terrible disorder; so my friend has divided them into eight chapters under A, B, C, etc., and under each heading the recipes that belong there, so that one can see the contents from a very short index. The correcting of the spelling was also very necessary. But one must not think that one belittles Her Excellency thereby, because one knows well that ladies of birth very seldom attempted to learn how to spell. I should have put Her Excellency's distinguished name on the Title page if it had been permitted.

"As to the necessity of this work, I will say there are many Dutch cookery books; but they deal with dishes made in France, Italy, and Germany, and therefore very different from those of Holland, which are more wholesome, tasty, and less expensive. It is true that some things have penetrated to us, but they are very few.

"To whom should I dedicate this work rather than to you, Mothers and Daughters, who put your hands to the preparation of the food? So now you will be able thoroughly to understand everything, so that you can give orders, and they will hence have more weight and make more impression. Not the least of the advantages will be economy and variety. And you, industrious Kitchen-Maid, who will be led to perfection by this book, your health and eyesight have been provided for; if you follow its rules for ease, exactness, and economy, you will not only be beloved and receive good wages, but if you marry, you will yourself become a good housekeeper, and in your old age be able to live off of what this book has saved you, while others, having lost their eyesight, sink into poverty.

"Skilful ladies, honored and lovely maidens, thorough housekeepers and industrious kitchen-maids, use this work to your instruction and the good of the Household, and regard this dedication as a token that I truly am

Your humble but
unknown Servant
and Friend."

Not to come too hastily to the practical part of the book, there is next printed a three-page poem describing the difference between a well-ordered and a disorderly household.

The index, although praised as being very short, is to modern ideas very full of words, every heading ending with "how one shall cook it," "how one shall make it," etc. The first chapter is about the killing and cutting up of beef and pork and the making of sausages. Among these has crept in a sau-

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sage "made of Partridge, to be eaten fresh," which sounds quite attractive.

"Take partridge or chicken meat, free from all skin or bone, four times as much lard, flavor to taste." (The pork sausage is flavored with two ounces nutmeg, two ounces cloves, two ounces black pepper.) "Stir some milk through it and put it in cases. Lay them in milk for a short time and fry them on buttered paper. This is a tasty dish." "If they are not to be put in cases, bread-crumbs and yolks of egg added will enable you to roll them in the shape of sausages and fry in the same manner:—is very good and appetizing." Thus every recipe ends with a good word for itself, a gentle blast of its own trumpet.

The rule for Oly-koeks, dear to the heart of every child of Dutch descent, departs somewhat from the time-honored custom of putting the raisins in the centre of each cake—but I will let the book speak for itself.

"Take 2 pds of wheat flour, 1 pd of raisins which have been carefully stoned, ½ pd of currants, 6 eggs, ½ pd candied lemon-peel, 1¼ pd of orange chips. The two latter can be omitted if desired. Take about 1 pt. milk & a beerglass of fresh yeast in which you have stirred a spoonful of sugar. Mix all well together & let it rise. Shape the dough into cakes with two pewter spoons & throw them into boiling oil & let them brown. This is good."

But I must not forget that I have male as well as feminine readers, and that they will not find recipes entertaining reading, although there are very few who do not appreciate the finished result. The noble lady is very particular about detail, the very water is sometimes "pump water" and sometimes "rain water." In one recipe she even wants you to take half of each. It would strike a modern mind that, with the three or four kinds of spice used almost invariably, it would be rather difficult for the housekeeper to determine if the cook had been exact as to the proportion of "pump water." On page 135 there are a few general rules about setting a table. First. The middle dish must always be the largest. Second. All others, of which there must, if possible, be two to match each other on opposite sides of the table, placed diagonally, are smaller. Some of the viands must be put on pewter dishes and some on porcelain, but the principle reiterated is, that "Fish must stand over against fish," "fine roast over against fine roast," etc. In summer everything is to be decorated with flowers and leaves, but in winter with sugar, gilding, and silvering; but the dishes on fast days must not be decorated. The place of honor in the dining-room is under the mirror, or the farthest from the door. In winter the nearest to the fire. When you entertain guests, the rank is counted by the women and not the men, except at family dinners, such as engagement dinners, birthday feasts or marriages, then you follow the rank of affinity. On the first day of the engagement, the bride's relatives take precedence, on the second day those of the groom.

For dinner at mid-day you may serve anything; at supper, however, you must not have anything hot excepting potatoes or chestnuts or asparagus, which must *always* be hot. After this follow some *menus*. A few of them are simple enough, but how even thirty-five people ever recovered if they ate all the things named in the last table, which I here copy, remains a mystery. The various letters and figures refer to a diagram, which shows where the dishes are to be placed on the table.

A, venison, a,b, salt ham, A,B, large cold roast, c,d, large pies; e,f,g,h, four dishes of small roasts such as chickens and doves; i,k,l,m, large pasties; n,o, oysters or lobsters; a,b, little dishes with pickles; a,b,c,d, fruit dishes with salad; e,f, two fruit dishes with anchovies; g,h, two fruit dishes with caviar; i,k,l,m, four fruit dishes with chestnuts, and c,d, sauce for venison on dishes; e,f, two little dishes with mustard and cinnamon and sugar; n,o,p,q,r,s, six fruit dishes with large fruit; t,v, crême brulé; w,x, whipped cream; y,z, aa, bb, four dishes with citron and "amberlade," etc.; cc,dd,ee,ff, four fruit dishes with small cakes; 1,2,3,4, little dishes with ball radishes; 5,6,7,8, little dishes with long radishes; 9,10,11,12, dishes with ox-tongue; 13,14, dishes with chopped smoked beef; 15,16,17,18,19,20,21,22, little dishes with small fruit, in winter

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with raisins, almonds, figs, prunes, and prunelles, etc.; 23–30, dishes with butter; 31–42, dishes with all sorts of jelly; 43–46, dishes with cut and grated cheese; gg,hh, two fruit dishes with little tarts, and 12 or more sweets to fill the gaps. After this substantial outburst of hospitality the first part of the Cook Book ends, with the advice to give things in their season,—and in order to know what is seasonable you must have the Almanac. "Then if everything goes off well, you will have the highest pleasure of a host, that your guests thank you for your kindness with pleased faces."

Attached to the book I have been describing is an appendix, from the preface of which we can judge of the sensation which it first created. The poor Editor has evidently been attacked primarily on the subject of the title. "The Complete Kitchen-Maid," indeed! and did she not know that many ladies of quality had other manuscript recipes and remedies which are not mentioned in the book? So the good lady says she decided to get possession as far as possible of these manuscripts, and add an appendix as large as the original. She also discovered that many young men knew nothing about carving, and often dimmed their otherwise brilliant qualities by being awkward at this task. Then a great many more remedies have been suggested; but they do not belong properly to a cook-book, so she has added those but sparingly, but she must say they are often very useful to the housekeeper. She now thinks it can certainly be called complete; and with some rather elaborate reasons, founded on the inconsistency and venom of fault-finders, she proudly proclaims this fact. So she again sends out her little book with the new and old parts bound together, and my copy was at once bought by Johanna Deminger, for her name is in it with the date 1752 and a fine flourish under it. In this practical age we have dispensed with the flourish, but then it was necessary to make the signature valid, as is still the case in Spain. For this second part there are two corners turned down,—which I fancy done by the fair Johanna. One points to a recipe for preserving the complexion and removing all blemishes, the other to an elixir by which one can live healthily many years. I fancy her turning to the first while she was still young and dainty-looking, and to the second as she grew in wisdom, but began to fade. This second part of the book has supplementary receipts in every department that the first had. Among the remedies we soar as high as to read: "Remedy of the Grand-Duchess of Tuscany, which instantly removes a pain (*pijn in de maag*).

"Take three drachms of Gum of Tacamahaca and three drachms balsam of Peru, mix them well together with brandy. Put this upon the fire until the brandy has evaporated, spread it on a piece of chamois leather and lay it on the body. It is excellent."

I had hoped to find some such extraordinary remedies as Mrs. Delaney mentions in her letters, when she recommends that her nephew should try a live spider enclosed in a quill and tied around his neck; but there are none but such as the preface says are well known and have really cured people. More attention is given in this part of the work to etiquette and rules. Those which govern the actions of the host and carver are quite detailed. The Editor first reads all men, old and young, a little lecture upon the awkwardness of their situation when they are in society, if, on being asked to carve, they are obliged to reply they do not know how, or carve in an unskilful manner. Even worse, she exclaims, is it when the host has to confess his inability and ask one of the guests to do it for him. To carve well one must give attention to the following rules:

"1. The carver must before all be careful that his hands are well washed and the nails are cut short and are clean. Although one seldom or never touches the food with the hand, still cleanliness is necessary in this instance.

"2. In case the carver has no sharp knife or fork, it is permissible to ask for the same, as otherwise he cannot accomplish his task as it beseems him to do.

"3. He must ask for a clean table-board to be placed at his left side, so

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that he can lay the knife, fork, and spoon on it between times.

"4. If one should soil his hands in carving, he must on no account ask for a half-soiled cloth to wipe them on, as if he were too dainty to use the clean one. This would be no compliment, but a reflection on the cleanliness of the hostess. Besides, with a dirty cloth he would soil his hands more, which would not be agreeable to the other guests.

"5. The carver must stand and carve, because it cannot be done so well sitting; and also to show zeal in helping his friends.

"6. The carver must be bare-headed, but if it is too cold, or his bodily condition will not admit of this, then he must make a short apology. Before beginning to carve he must bow to the company, and then proceed without more ado.

"7. If the company is large, then the gentlemen among the guests should offer to help carve, as otherwise the host would become a slave and find no time to urge his guests to eat.

"8. If anyone is asked to carve he must do so at once and not say that he cannot, because that would be the same as acknowledging that he had had no good bringing-up.

"9. When all the guests are served, then the carver may help himself with what is left on the dish, having given all the best pieces to others without saving the best for himself. He can then sit down quietly and eat.

"10. If a guest asks for more he must at once rise to help him. He must ask of the man or maid who is serving, a clean table-board, knife, fork, and spoon: if he has been using those that he first carved with, for himself, he cannot afterward use these for the other guests."

The directions for cutting are apparently the same as nowadays. She makes one sage remark which is worth repeating, "As to what are the best pieces, it is well to ask each guest, because to each what he likes is the best piece."

The next set of directions relate to the folding of napkins. The Editor opens her instructions with the remark, that whereas it is always customary to give brides and grooms napkins that are folded like cocks, hens, peacocks, etc., such is not the case for the other guests; and then follow various simple modes of folding them.

Just before the book ends we get another look into the past, as our Unknown Friend lays down the rules which govern the drinking of toasts. The heading is:

"Addition which has only come to hand after the book was printed as far as this:—

Customs
regarding
the ceremonial
as to the drinking of healths.

As to rank in placing your guests at table, that has been treated of in the first half; but ere we close this book we give the rule about drinking healths as it is among the Burgers, so that no mistakes may be made.

"1. Offer your friends before going to table a glass of red wine, as that is good for the digestion and is a pleasant way of welcoming them.

"2. With the first glass the host must wish his guests an appetizing meal. His friends must answer with a glass and wish the same to each other also.

"3. If the company consists of only ten or twelve people, one can drink their health in turn, but it is useless to do it all at once, as all may not have such thirst at the same time. When you wish to drink, ask for a glass of wine of the man or maid who is serving.

"4. If the company is large and there are perhaps thirty at table, it would be useless to drink everyone's health separately, as one would then take more wine than one cares to drink. If you please you may include two, four, or six in one salutation of your glass, beginning with those furthest off and then continuing, first on the right hand and then on the left.

"5. The dispute still exists as to the propriety of kissing the lady who sits next you as you drink her health, or thanking her with a kiss when she drinks yours. Still more unmannerly is it to leave your chair to kiss the young ladies who sit at a distance from you. It is not proper to kiss a lady without washing your lips, and besides it creates confusion at table.

"6. It is not well to insist upon any-

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one's finishing his glass each time, as that would do away with the freedom of your guests, but it is quite proper to ask the lady next you if you may fill her glass from time to time.

"7. With the last glass you must thank your host for a pleasant meal, and hope that your fellow-guests have enjoyed their entertainment. But you must not leave the table before you have thanked God for what you have received. You must not fold your napkin, that is the work of the servants."

The book ends with an account of an ingenious machine for stuffing sausages, which is highly recommended. And here I bid good-by to my dear old friend, feeling that if I could remember all she has to teach me I could indeed become the complete Dutch Kitchen-Maid, and the model housekeeper she would wish one to be.

COMFORT OF THE FIELDS.

By Archibald Lampman.

WHAT would'st thou have for easement after grief,
When the rude world hath used thee with despite,
And care sits at thine elbow day and night,
Filching thy pleasures like a subtle thief?
To me, when life besets me in such wise,
'Tis sweetest to break forth, to drop the chain,
And grasp the freedom of this pleasant earth,
To roam in idleness and sober mirth
Through summer airs and summer lands, and drain
The comfort of wide fields unto tired eyes.

By hills and waters, farms and solitudes,
To wander by the day with wilful feet,
Through fielded valleys wide with yellowing wheat,
Along gray roads that run between deep woods
Murmurous and cool; through hallowed slopes of pine,
Where the long daylight dreams, unpierced, unstirred,
And only the rich-throated thrush is heard;
By lonely forest brooks that froth and shine
In bowldered crannies, buried in the hills;
By broken beaches tangled with wild vine,
And log-strewn rivers murmurous with mills.

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In upland pastures, sown wth gold, and sweet
With the keen perfume of the ripening grass,
Where wings of birds and filmy shadows pass,
Spread thick as stars with shining marguerite;
To haunt old fences overgrown with briar,
Muffled in vines, and hawthorns, and wild cherries,
Rank poisonous ivies, red-bunched elder-berries,
And pied blossoms to the heart's desire,
Gray mullein towering into yellow bloom,
Pink-tasselled milkweed, breathing dense perfume,
And swarthy vervain, tipped with violet fire.

To hear at eve the bleating of far flocks,
The mud-hen's whistle from the marsh at morn;
To skirt with deafened ears and brain o'erborne
Some foam-filled rapid charging down its rocks
With iron roar of waters; far away
Across wide-reeded meres, pensive with noon,
To hear the querulous outcry of the loon;
To lie among deep rocks, and watch all day
On liquid heights the snowy clouds melt by;
Or hear from wood-capped mountain brows the jay
Pierce the bright morning with his jibing cry.

To feast on summer sounds; the jolted wains,
The thrasher humming from the farm near by,
The prattling cricket's intermittent cry,
The locust's rattle from the sultry lanes;
Or in the shadow of some oaken spray
To watch as through a mist of light and dreams
The far-off hay-fields, where the dusty teams
Drive round and round the lessening squares of hay,
And hear upon the wind, now loud, now low,
With drowsy cadence half a summer's day,
The clatter of the reapers come and go.

Far violet hills, horizons filmed with showers,
The murmur of cool streams, the forest's gloom,
The voices of the breathing grass, the hum
Of ancient gardens overbanked with flowers;
Thus, with a smile as golden as the dawn,
And cool fair fingers radiantly divine,
The mighty mother brings us in her hand,
For all tired eyes and foreheads pinched and wan,
Her restful cup, her beaker of bright wine;
Drink, and be filled, and ye shall understand!

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THE COMMONEST POSSIBLE STORY.

By Bliss Perry.

PHILANDER ATKINSON, bachelor of law and writer of light verse, sat one murky August evening in his hall-bedroom, with the gas turned low, wondering whether the night would be too hot for sleep. At a quarter before ten a loitering messenger-boy brought him a line from his friend Darnel: *Come around at once. Just back. The very greatest news.* Thereupon Atkinson discarded his smoking-jacket, reluctantly exchanged his slippers for shoes, and took the car down to Twelfth Street, remembering meanwhile that Darnel's brief vacation from the Broadway Bank expired that day, and speculating as to the nature of the great news which the clerk had brought back from Vermont. The lawyer was a Vermonter too, and it was this fact, as well as a common literary ambition, that had drawn the young fellows together at first, long before Philander, on the strength of having two triolets paid for, had moved up to Thirty-first Street. Philander Atkinson liked Darnel, admired his feverish energy and his pluck, envied his acquaintance with books. He had always persisted in thinking that Darnel's stories would sell, if only some magazine would print one for a starter; and he had patiently listened to most of these stories, and to some of them several times over. Yet Darnel had never had any luck; had never had even his deserts; and the sincerity of his congratulations whenever Atkinson's verses saw the light always caused Philander to feel a trifle awkward. He knew that the indefatigable clerk had two or three manuscripts "out" — out in the mails —when the vacation began, and as he turned in at Darnel's boarding-house he had almost persuaded himself that *The Æon* had accepted "Laki," his friend's Egyptian story. It was a long climb up to Darnel's room, and the writer of light verse mounted deliberately, being fat with overmuch sitting in his office chair. On the third floor the air was heavy with orange-flowers and Bonsilene roses, and a caterer was carrying away ice-boxes. A whimsical rhyme came into Philander's head, and he made a mental note of it. Just then Darnel appeared, leaning over the balustrade of the fourth-floor landing, his coat off, his collar visibly the worse for the railway journey, and an eager smile upon his thin, homely face.

"Hullo, D.," said Philander. "Here I am. Been having a wedding here?" he added in a low voice, as he grasped Darnel's hand.

"I believe so. I'm just back. Come in, Phil. You got my message?"

"Why else should I be here, old fellow? Is it 'Laki,' sure?"

Without answering, Darnel led the way into his tiny room. His trunk lay

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upon the floor, half-unpacked, the folding-bed was down, for the better accommodation of some of the trunk's contents, and the desk in the corner, under the single jet of gas, was covered with piles of finely torn paper. Darnel's manner, usually nervous and somewhat conscious, betrayed a certain exhilaration, but he was under perfect self-control.

"'Laki?'" he said, seating himself in his revolving chair and whirling around to the desk, while Atkinson threw himself upon the bed, "'Laki?' Oh, I had forgotten. It's probably here." He pulled over the mail accumulated during his absence. "Yes." He tore open the big envelope. "'The editor of *The Æon* regrets to say,' etc.;" and he tossed the printed slip, with the manuscript, into his waste-basket, with a laugh.

Atkinson's heart sank. Poor Darnel; it was not a cheerful welcome home. But Darnel was busied with his letters.

"And here are the others," he went on. "I thank the Lord none of them were accepted."

"What!" exclaimed Philander, turning upon his elbow.

Darnel looked at him with a puzzling smile.

"That's why I sent for you," said he. "Phil, all that I've been writing here for three years is stuff, and I've only just found it out. I can do something different now."

Atkinson stared. Darnel had rarely talked about his own work, and then in a scarcely suppressed fever of excitement and anxiety. Many a time had Atkinson noticed his big, hollow eyes turn darker, and his sallow face grow ashy, even in reading over with a shaking voice some of that same "stuff."

"I have learned the great secret," Darnel added, quietly.

"You have Aladdin's ring?" said Atkinson. "Or are you in love?"

"Both," replied Darnel. "It is the same thing."

Philander flung himself back upon the pillow, with a little laugh. "Go ahead, D."

"I have found her, and myself. Let me turn down the gas a little; I see it hurts your eyes. I belong in the world now; I am in the heart of it—I said to myself coming down the river this afternoon—in the heart of the world." He lingered over the words. "Phil," he exclaimed, suddenly, "all the time I was trying to write I was really trying to lift myself by the boot-straps. I was laboring to imagine things and people, and to get them on paper. It was all wrong. Do you remember that French poem you read me last winter, about the idol and the Eastern princess—how she lay on her couch sleeping—the night was hot—with the bronze idol gazing at her with its porphyry eyes, while her brown bosom rose and sank in her sleep, and the porphyry eyes kept staring at her — staring — but they never saw? Well, I believe my eyes have been like that. In 'Laki,' now, you know I wanted to describe the exact color of the stone in the quarry, and asked the Egyptologist up at the Museum to tell me what it was? He laughed at me. Very well. It was a dull-red stone, with bright-red streaks across it; I saw the same thing in Troy this afternoon, when a hod-carrier fell five stories and they picked him up from a pile of bricks."

"You're getting rather realistic," muttered Philander. Darnel was not looking at him, and went on unheeding.

"I have but to tell what I see. I have stopped imagining; my head has ached —Phil, you don't know how it has ached—trying to imagine things. I am past that now; if you only shut your eyes and look, it is all easy. Take that old Edda story that I tried to work up, about the fellow who fought all day long against his bride's father, and when night came the bride stole out and raised all the dead men on both sides, by magic, so that the next day, and every day, the battle raged on as before. I used to plan about the magic she used, and tried to invent a charm. Why, all she did was to pass over the battle-field at night, where the dead lay twisted in the frost, and while the wolves snarled around her and the spray from the fiord wet her cheek, she stooped to touch the dead men's wrists; and they loosed their grip upon broken sword and split linden shield, their breath came again, soft and low like a baby's, and so they slept till the red dawn."

"Look here," said Atkinson, sitting

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up very straight, "you've been reading 'The Finest Story in the World,' and it has turned your head."

"Oh, the London clerk who was conscious of pre-existences, and forgot them all when he fell in love? I could have told Rudyard Kipling better than that myself." Darnel gave an impatient whirl to the revolving chair.

"You mean you think you can," replied Atkinson, sharply.

"As you like." He spoke dreamily, and Atkinson dropped back on the pillow again, watching his friend as narrowly as the dim light would allow. Hard work and unearthly hours had told on Darnel; he certainly seemed light-headed.

"Sickening heat — black frost —" he was murmuring; "marching, stealing, fighting, toiling—joy, pain—the life of the race—is a man to grow unconscious of these things in the moment that he really enters the life of the race, that he feels himself a part of it? What do you think, Phil?"

"I think," was the slow reply, "that whatever has happened to you in Vermont has shaken you up pretty well, old fellow. They say that when someone asked Rachel how she could play *Phèdre* so devilishly well, she just opened her black Jewish eyes and said, 'I have seen her.' And I think, in the mood you're in now, you can see as far back as Rachel or anybody else. It's like being opium-drunk; if you could keep so, and put on paper what you see, you could beat Kipling and all the rest of them. But you can't keep drunk, and you can't write prose or verse on love-delirium. It's been tried."

"Suppose Rachel had said, 'I *am Phèdre?*'"

Atkinson lifted his stout shoulders, laughing uneasily. "So much the worse. I should say, the less pre-existence of that sort the better. You might as well tell me the whole story, D. What is her name?"

"In a moment. She loves me, Phil. She is waiting for me in her little house among the hills. I left her only this morning, and soon I shall go back and leave New York forever. I can write the story up there—the story I have dreamed of writing—for I shall always have the secret of it. I have but to shut my eyes and tell what I see; and it is because she loves me. All the life of all the past—I can call that 'A Story of the Road.' Then there will be the future to write of—the men and women that are to come; for we shall have children, Phil, and in them——"

"You're making rapid progress," ejaculated Philander.

"——I shall know the story of the future. Even now I know it; I do not simply foresee it, I see it. Why not 'A Story of the Goal!' For I belong to it—do you not understand? Yet, after all, what is that compared with the present? It shall be 'A Story of the March!' Look there!"

He threw his eyes up to the ceiling, which was brightened for an instant by the headlight of an elevated train as it rushed past.

"Do you know what that engineer was really thinking of as he went by? That would be story enough. Or what was in the heart of the bride to-night, down on the third landing—you smelled the orange-flowers as you came up? To feel that your heart is in them, and theirs in you——"

But Philander Atkinson was not listening to the lover's rhapsody. He was thinking of a certain summer when he, too, had had strange fancies in his head; when his thoughts played backward and forward with swift certainty; when he had grown suddenly conscious of great desires and deep affinities, and for a space of some three months he had dreamed of being something more than a mere verse-maker, a master of the file. Then—whether it was that she grew tired of him, or they both realized that some dull mistake had been made—it was all over. There was still in his drawer a package of manuscript he had written that summer: in blank verse, none too noble a form for the high thoughts which then filled him; in a queer new rhythm, too, the secret of whose beat he had caught at and then lost, for the lines read harshly to him now. He looked these things over occasionally, as a sort of awful example of himself to himself; though he had gone so far as to borrow some of their imagery, not without a certain shame, to

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adorn his light verse. His card-house had fallen, but some of the colored pasteboard was pretty enough to be used again. Curiously, he found that he could cut pasteboard into more ingenious shapes than ever since his brief experience in piling it; fancy served him better after imagination left him; his triolets were admirably turned, and his luck with the magazines began. Altogether it had been an odd experience; half those crazy ideas of Darnel had been his two years before, but he was quite over them—yes, quite—and now it was D.'s turn. He listened again to something that Darnel was murmuring.

"And she is an ordinary woman, one would say; a common woman. That is the mystery and the glory of it. I do not know that she is even beautiful. There must be thousands of women like her; I can see it plainly enough, that there must be thousands of women in the world like *her*." There was a reverent hush in his voice.

Atkinson choked back an exclamation. Was D.'s head really turned? "A common woman"—"not know whether she is beautiful?" A face rose before him, unlike any face in all the world: eyes with the blue of Ascutney, when you look at it through ten miles of autumn haze; hair brown as the chestnut leaf in late October; mouth——

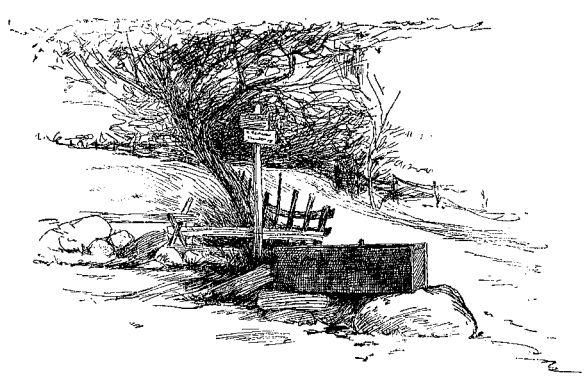
Philander trembled slightly, and rising to his feet, stood looking down at Darnel, haggardly. It was quite over, that experience of two summers before, but while it lasted he had at least never dreamed that there were thousands of women in the world like *her*.

"Sit down, Phil, I am almost through. A woman like other women, and the story, when I write it, a common story. It will be the commonest possible story; common as a rose, common as a child. I am going back to Vermont, where I was born, and where I have been born anew. There will be plenty of time for the story—years, and years, and years. I have only to close my eyes some day, and she will write down all I tell her, and I shall call the story hers and mine."

But Atkinson still stood, his hands in his pockets, his heavy figure stooping, the lines hardening in his face, while he watched the rapt gaze of Darnel, and drearily reflected how strange it was that a woman should open all the gates of the wonder-world to one man's imagination, and that some other woman should close those secret gates, quietly, inexorably, upon that man's friend.

"Wait," said Darnel. "Must you go back to your triolets? Let me show you her picture first." He turned the gas up to its fullest height, and held out a photograph.

It was the same woman!



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THE POINT OF VIEW.

THE comforts of life, at the rate they are increasing, bid fair to bury us soon, as Tarpeia was buried under the shields of her friends the Sabines. Mr. Hamerton, in speaking of the increase of comfort in England, groans at the "trying strain of expense to which our extremely high standard of living subjects all except the rich." It makes each individual of us very costly to keep, and constantly tempts people to concentrate on the maintenance of fewer individuals means that would in simpler times be divided among many. "My grandfather," said a modern, the other day, "left $200,000. He was considered a rich man in those days, but, dear me, he supported four or five families—all his needy relations and all my grandmother's." Think of an income of $10,000 a year being equal to such a strain, and providing suitably for a rich man's large family in the bargain! It wouldn't go so far now, and yet most of the reasonable necessaries of life cost less to-day than they did two generations ago. The difference is that we need so very many comforts that were not invented in our grandfather's time.

There is a hospital, in a city large enough to keep a large hospital busy, that is in straits for money. Its income from contributions last year was larger by nearly a third than its income ten years ago, but its expenses were nearly double its income. There were some satisfactory reasons for the discrepancy—the city had grown, the number of patients had increased, extraordinary repairs had been made—but at the bottom a very large expenditure seemed to be due to the struggle of the managers to keep the institution up to modern standards. The patients are better cared for than they used to be; the nurses are better taught and more skilful; "conveniences" have been greatly multiplied; the heating and cooking and laundry work is all done in the best manner with the most approved apparatus; the plumbing is as safe as sanitary engineering can make it; the appliances for antiseptic surgery are fit for a fight for life; there are detached buildings for contagious diseases, and an out-patient department, and the whole concern is administered with wisdom and economy. There is only one distressing circumstance about this excellent charity, and that is that its expenses exceed its income, and yet its managers have not been extravagant. They have only done what the enlightened experience of the day has considered to be necessary. If the hospital has to shut down and the patients must be turned out, at least the receiver will find a well-appointed institution of which the managers have no reason to be ashamed.

The trouble seems to be with very many of us, in contemporary private life as well as in institutions, that the enlightened experience of the day invents more necessaries than we can get the money to pay for. Our opulent friends are constantly demonstrating to us by example how indispensably convenient the modern necessaries are,

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and we keep having them until we either exceed our incomes, or miss the higher concerns of life in the effort to maintain a complete outfit of its creature comforts.

And the saddest part of it all is that it is in such great measure an American development. We Americans keep inventing new necessaries, and the people of the effete monarchies gradually adopt such of them as they can afford. When we go abroad we growl about the inconveniences of European life—the absence of gas in bedrooms, the scarcity and sluggishness of elevators, the primitive nature of the plumbing, and a long list of other things without which life seems to press unreasonably upon our endurance. Nevertheless, if the *res angustæ domi* get straiter than usual we are always liable to send our families across the water to spend a season in the practice of economy in some land where it costs less to live.

Of course it all belongs to Progress, and no one is quite willing to have it stop, but it does a comfortable sufferer good to get his head out of his conveniences sometimes and complain.

"WHY is it," asks a recent English writer, "that we cannot laugh?" And as if to show that there is good reason for him, at least, to ask the question, he proceeds with gravity to consider whether it is due to the "innate sadness and dulness of democracy." "It is said," he remarks, "that one may travel from one side of the United States to the other, and never in all that weary journey hear the sound of laughter." He confesses that he knows not if this be really true, but if it is, he has "heard no more serious indictment of a democratic people." It might occur to any one but this writer himself that the inability to laugh is in his case due to a serious, a very serious lack of a sense of humor. But apparently he regards his nation as in quite as bad a way, for he asserts that in his land, or, at any rate, in London, an "audience at a comic play" is "a melancholy sight—here and there a spasmodic effort toward laughter dies away in a sardonic grin, but never an honest, open-mouthed roar of laughter in all the house."

Now if there is any considerable number of educated Englishmen who have not yet visited the United States, and who are inclined to think with this critic that a cloud of gloom has settled on England as the result of the progress of the spirit of democracy, I am quite sure that a journey across the Continent, or even a week's sojourn in New York, would disabuse them, so far as our own experience with democracy could influence them. Had it been their privilege to assist at a play in which the late Mr. Florence, of delightful memory, appeared, say, as *Sir Lucius*, and Mrs. Drew as *Mrs. Malaprop*, they would have heard "open-mouthed, honest laughter" that would have compelled them to join in it. And almost any night I could guide them to places of real amusement where the performance is not, perhaps, of high artistic merriment, but where the laughter is not only "honest and open-mouthed," but an indubitable "roar." Nor would it be improbable that they would hear the same cheering noise in the street, or in the public conveyances, particularly if they fell in with some of these joyous play-goers on the way home. And for that matter, unless the English people have changed within a few years, I am convinced that there is laughter to be heard in London streets and play-houses, save by those who, "having ears, hear not."

It is possible that the explanation of the critic's disheartening statement of the condition of the English mind and diaphragm arises from a too sweeping application of the little word "we." It may be that he has mistaken the group, or "remnant," to which he belongs for the people of England. There is, as we know, a considerable class in that land to whom the progress of democracy is very depressing, and not without reason, and even good reason. But to gauge correctly the temper and mood of the people one must take into account the possibility that there are great numbers who laugh now who were not used to laugh, and had scant cause for it, and in whom the change may be fairly credited to that much dreaded, much overrated—for good and for evil—spirit of democracy. In the first third of this century, before the extension of the suffrage began, and just before their own grim philosopher described the English people as "mostly fools," laughter, if we may judge from the diaries of the times, was not a distinguishing English habit. I

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am persuaded that, taking the nation together, it is more rather than less so now, even though "we" cannot laugh.

In a world where it is very desirable to be entertained, and not always easy to find entertainment, there is a great deal to be got out of a discreet consideration of the mysteries of life. They give one something to theorize about in odd moments, and to have theories about them gives one an interest in whole series and classes of facts which seem to fit in with such theories or to upset them. If the facts won't fit the theory, then there is the theory to change; and to have one's theory driven into a new shape is the next best thing to having it justified.

There was a little tale in the newspaper the other day about Mr. Edison, that he held up his finger and bent it, and asked, "What does that?" Failing to get a satisfactory reply, he said he was trying to find out what is the force that pulls the strings that makes animate creatures move. That is one of the great mysteries—the mystery of motion. It is that, we are told, that Mr. Keely, the motor-man, has been brooding over for several decades past. Mr. Keely's experience has not been such as to encourage any poor man to theorize on this subject for a living; nevertheless, it is a great subject for a mind to dwell upon in its leisure moments. Sir Isaac was thinking about it when the apple fell and gave him an idea that was of value to him, and has been useful ever since. There is always this advantage about having one's mind run on something in particular, that even if it does not bring down what it is aimed at, it is more likely to hit something else that is worth while than if it was wandering aimlessly. As witness the usefulness of the alchemists to the science of chemistry. Even if Mr. Edison's mind fails to grasp the force that crooks his finger, it is very possible that he may puzzle out some minor problem that is worth while. Indeed, it is reported already that he has a fascinating theory that attributes an individual will to every atom, and declares that matter is sentient.

Another mystery, of captivating qualities, is that which shrouds the relation of the body to the spirit. It was the mystery whose partial solution led Dr. Henry Jekyll to make the disastrous acquaintance of Edward Hyde. Describing his speculations on the duality of man and sundry chemical investigations that supplemented them, Dr. Jekyll writes: "A side-light began to shine upon the subject from the laboratory table. I began to perceive more deeply than it has ever yet been stated the trembling immateriality, the mist-like transience of this seemingly so solid body in which we walk attired. . . . I not only recognized my natural body for the mere aura and effulgence of certain of the powers that made up my spirit, but managed to compound a drug," etc.

One division of this mystery embraces the subject of cures. Once get on the track of it, and every newspaper story about faith-cure, or any of the varieties of mental healing, becomes a thing to be weighed, and if it seems to have substance, to be held in mind for consideration and future use. All kinds of "miracles" bear on this mystery. Hypnotism and hypnotic cures are intimately mixed up with it. Telepathy has to do with it; apparitions, presentiments, and clairvoyance are more or less allied to it. Even spiritualism is interesting to the investigator who has faith enough in the stories of materializations to consider them seriously. It is a mystery that is a constant practical puzzle in everyday life, and it has been much in mind during the five or six weeks preceding this writing, in connection with a pretty constant wrangling in the newspapers over the question whether Dr. Keeley cures drunkenness by infusing purposes into the spiritual parts of his patients, or by letting drugs into their bodies. By the time this writing becomes reading that question may be settled or obsolete, but at present "the profession" says that if Dr. Keeley cures anything it is the mind.

If existence is a little poky, and if you live in a quiet place and cannot afford to own horses enough to completely occupy your leisure, or if you are restless ashore and too poor to have a yacht, or if you are the husband of one wife, or the wife of one husband, and think it immoral to flirt, it may pay you to attach yourself to one of the great mysteries of human existence. Do it not necessarily in the expectation of solv-

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ing your problem, but for the sake of pure cogitation It is a natural resource of a human being, for to puzzle over the mysteries of life leads to a reaching out after the great Centre and Solution of all the mysteries, and to the establishment of relations in which, vague and slender as they are, the mind of man finds rest.

In my admiration for certain qualities in Browning's poetry I yield to no Browning Society that exists, and certainly not to that Browning society, with a small s, which has just feebly gone out of existence over there in London. At the same time I am not so blind as not to see a rock ahead on which Browning's ship of fame is likely to come to grief. When, in the process of years, our present guileless modes of expression become obsolete—when our clearest writers shall have become to posterity as difficult as Gower and Chaucer are to us, what, I should like to know, will happen to Robert Browning? How will Posterity treat those voluminous poetical works which are in so great part enigmatical, if not wholly unintelligible, to the majority of his own contemporaries? When one contemplates the possibility of even the thinnest layer of obscurity being added to, let us say, Sordello, one has creepy apprehensions touching the security of Browning's future. If *we* sometimes find his utterances as indigestible as those of the Theban Sphinx—if *we* have no very clear idea as to

"Who fished the murex up,"

and are naturally diffident about coming forward and explaining

"What porridge had John Keats"—

if these points stagger *us* more or less, how will they strike our remote kinsmen of the year of our Lord 2392? Perhaps, indeed—and this is the only streak of light in the business—Browning has been so far in advance of his age that his subtle thought and complex expression will seem almost childishly lucid to that higher and happier civilization—that he will, in short, speak to the future in its own familiar language, and be the only poet of the Nineteenth Century who will escape suspicions of insanity. This view, to be sure, involves no compliment to the intellectuality of the current period; but it is a view that must furnish infinite consolation and comfort to properly constructed disciples of Browning, one of which the acute reader has doubtless detected in me.

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"ECHOES OF THE WALTZ."

[From a painting by C. S. Reinhart.]

—See *American Illustration of To-day.*

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